THE PORTFOLIO

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THE PORTFOLIO

AN ARTISTIC PERIODICAL.

EDITED BY

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

With Numerous Illustrations.

LONDON.
SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET.
1874.

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THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

I. MANTEGNA.—*The Triumph of Scipio.*

ETCHED BY W. WISE.

THE *Triumph of Scipio*, so called, recently purchased by Sir William Boxall for the National Gallery, represents the introduction into Rome of the worship of Cybele, or Rhea, the Idæan mother of the gods; or still more appropriately, as in the official Catalogue, and as inscribed on the frame, 'The Reception of the Phrygian Mother of the Gods among the recognised Divinities of the Roman State.'*

The composition is a frieze, in alto-relievo, in chiaro-scuro, painted in *tempera*, and measuring 2 feet 4½ inches high by 8 feet 10 inches wide. On the spectator's left the turret-crowned image of the goddess, with the sacred stone which had fallen from heaven, and a flaming candelabrum, are borne on a litter covered with an embroidered cloth by four Phrygian or Galatian priests, corybantes, or Galli (self-made eunuchs); a fifth is seen above, behind the litter; and a sixth leads the way, gesticulating violently, and howling or shouting. In front of these priests a Roman lady, Claudia Quinta, sent with Cornelius Scipio and various matrons to receive the goddess, has cast herself on the ground before the image of the 'Great Mother.' Behind Claudia stands Scipio himself, with other Romans and some Asiatics. On the extreme right, on steps, at the entrance to a house, is a figure beating a drum and blowing a pipe, agreeably to the rites of the worship of Cybele, attended by the music of drums and pipes: she is reputed to have invented both these instruments. Beyond this figure is seen the end of a trumpet proceeding from within the house. In all there are fifteen figures, or, including mere portions, twenty-two figures. The centre portion only of the composition is engraved in our etching.

The Divinity is the stone, the image or bust of the goddess is an embellishment of the artist; it was the aërolite that was the symbol or object of the wild superstitious worship.

The colouring of the figures is a warm grey, or rather drab, and they are relieved on a variegated marble background, in which red greatly prevails, and heightens the relief. The drawing is in the finest style of the antique, and the costume and draperies are most elaborate in detail, and beautifully arranged. Everywhere the composition shows thought and care in the execution.

The prominence in the composition of the kneeling female, the only one introduced, is explained by the important part Claudia Quinta took in the transaction. She is especially named by Livy and by Ovid in their accounts of the event.† Some slur had undeservedly attached to the lady's good repute, which was, however, on this memorable occasion completely reinstated. Suetonius speaks of celebrated persons of the Claudian house, men and women; and among the latter he mentions this lady, who by her faith and virtue moved off a sand-bank in the Tiber, near Ostia, the vessel which had brought the image of the Phrygian Mother of the Gods to Rome.‡

Ovid gives us the particulars. She threw herself on the ground, and ejaculating a prayer to the 'Great Mother,' with her eyes fixed upon the sacred image, she implored her that if, as she herself was unconscious of any, there was no stain upon her chastity, the ship might follow her. She then with a slight effort pulled it by the rope, and the ship with its sacred freight moved off the shoal and followed her.

* The Catalogue contains a graphic note on the subject of the worship of Cybele, from Mommsen's 'History of Rome,' Dickson's translation, vol. ii. p. 402.

† Livy, l. xxix. chs. 10, 11, 14; Ovid's 'Fasti,' iv. 305, *et seq.*

‡ Suetonius, in 'Vit. Tit.' 2.

The Venetian family of the Cornari professed to be descended from the Roman Cornelii, the house of the Scipios; the subject was therefore one which might be considered to be of great glory to this Venetian family. And from the full particulars introduced, agreeably to Roman tradition, the subject must have been dictated to Mantegna in all its details.

We find no name for it, from the beginning; it is mentioned in a letter published by Gaye, written by Mantegna's son, Lodovico, to the Marchioness Isabella Gonzaga, dated Mantua, 12th November, 1507, where it is simply called the picture painted for the Cornari.* And in a letter from Venice to the same lady, dated January 1st, 1505, from Cardinal Bembo,† likewise published by Gaye, we learn that Francesco Cornelio (Corner, or Cornaro, afterwards Cardinal) had commissioned Mantegna to paint some canvasses, of a certain size (the frieze was probably to be in several portions), for the sum of 150 ducats; that the painter had agreed to the contract in writing, and had received at the time twenty-five ducats as earnest-money in 1504. And that after the expiration of some months Mantegna had refused to complete the order for the money, as quite insufficient, and that he demanded much more—a proceeding which Francesco Cornari considered a most extraordinary one. Bembo accordingly entreated the Marchioness to prevail upon Mantegna to fulfil his contract and begin the pictures; not that Francesco grudged the money, but he much disliked being imposed upon; and he was willing, if need be, to pay as much more as the Marchioness might deem just when the work was delivered.

Here also there is no description of the pictures, but in a letter to the Marquis Francesco Gonzaga, dated the 2nd October, 1506,‡ from Lodovico Mantegna, the son, writing after his father's death, speaks of his difficulties, lamenting that his father had died 200 scudi in debt, and yet it required 200 scudi to be expended on his chapel in the Church of Sant' Andrea.

He is at a loss how to raise this money, mentioning two pictures left by his father in his studio, as the only means of doing this,—a 'foreshortened Christ,' now in the Brera, and 'the picture of Cornelius Scipio, commenced for Francesco Cornari;' clearly that now in the National Gallery. We see, therefore, that originally the picture was never called the 'Triumph of Scipio,' but only briefly the 'Cornelius Scipio picture,' without further description.

There is another interesting letter,§ dated the 26th November, 1506, from Mantegna's second son, Francesco, to the Marquis; in which the writer, not without indignation, says that he was quite willing to repay the twenty-five ducats earnest-money to the Cornari; but that, having sent the picture on inspection to the Cardinal Sigismondo Gonzaga, the Marquis's brother, he had thought proper to retain it. An arrangement he protested against, and he entreated the Marquis to use his endeavours to recover the work for him, as he was most desirous to possess it, as a memento of his father, and as an example in his art; for he also was a painter.

From another letter‖ of Lodovico's to the Marchioness, dated the 12th November, 1506, we learn that the Cardinal had ordered a payment of 100 ducats to be made weekly from the river custom-dues of Mantua; and for this he kept both the foreshortened Christ and the Cornelius Scipio picture.

As the Scipio picture eventually passed into the possession of the Cornari, it is possible that Cardinal Gonzaga afterwards surrendered it to that family.

The subject is quite evident when we compare the details of the composition with the great fact in the career of Publius Cornelius Scipio Nasica, who was distinguished by the Roman Senate with the singular honour of being elected the most worthy citizen of the Roman State, and was on that account deputed to receive at Ostia, from those who had brought it from Asia Minor, the sacred stone or image of Cybele, the Phrygian Mother of the Gods. It is this honour which is indicated in the inscription on the plinth:—

'S. Hospes Numinis Idæi. C.'

* Gaye, 'Carteggio Inedito,' &c. vol. iii. p. 564.
† 'Carteggio,' &c., vol. ii. p. 71.
‡ Carlo D'Arco, 'Delle Arti et Degli Artefici di Mantova,' 1857, vol. ii. p. 70, No. 86.
§ Carlo D'Arco, vol. ii. p. 72, No. 89. ‖ Ibid. p. 73, No. 92.

By decree of the Senate (*Senatus Consultum*) the Host of the Idæan deity; from the third Satire of Juvenal:—

'Da testem Romæ tam sanctum, quam fuit hospes
Numinis Idæi;'*

'Give Rome a witness, so holy as was the host of the Idæan deity.'* Scipio, it appears, preserved the image in his own house until a temple was prepared to receive it.†

The sacred stone, or aërolite, was originally enshrined at Pessinus, in Galatia, the centre of the worship of Cybele. That the goddess might be duly honoured in Rome, it was considered necessary to transfer it to the Eternal City, and to publicly establish her worship there in order to put an end to the calamities which overwhelmed the State towards the close of the second Punic war. This was supposed to be suggested by the Sibylline Books; and a special embassy was sent to Attalus I., King of Pergamus, who was friendly to the Romans, and who delivered the precious symbol into their hands. The stone was brought to Rome in the Consulate of M. Cornelius Cethegus and P. Sempronius Tuditanus, or 204 B.C.

The date of this work is pretty well defined by the letters above referred to. The commission was given only a few months before the date of Cardinal Bembo's letter, January 1st, 1505, that is, in 1504, and it was then not commenced apparently. The effect of this letter seems to have procured its execution, though not its delivery; and that this much of the commission was completed by Mantegna we see from the letter of his son Lodovico, who, in October 1506, speaks of it as completed. Mantegna died on the 13th of September of that year, aged possibly seventy-five.

When the picture first received its name of the *Triumph of Scipio* is not apparent; it is so designated by Dr. Waagen in his 'Treasures of Art in England' (1835 is the date of the original letter); and Count Selvatico, in his commentary on the Life of Mantegna, in the 'Le Monnier Vasari' (1849), speaks of it as the *Trionfo di Casa Cornaro*—the Triumph of the Cornaro Family. Moschini, however ('Guida di Venezia'), writing in 1815, notices it simply as the *Fregio*, or frieze, by Andrea Mantegna, and mentions that it has been engraved as Mantegna's by Francesco Novelli. Boschini, 'Pubbliche Pitture de Venezia,' 1733, does not notice it; neither does Zanetti in his 'Pittura Veneziana,' 1771.

This designation of *Triumph* comes evidently from the inscription on the monument introduced in the background to Publius Scipio, the uncle of Cornelius Scipio Nasica, who fell in the Spanish war, 211 B.C., which is as follows:—

'P. Scypionis ex Hyspanensi Bello Reliquiae;'

'The relics of Publius Scipio from the Spanish War;' which may have been thought to apply to the candelabrum and other objects on the litter borne in the procession. There is represented, also, a monument to Cornelius' father, Cneus Scipio, who fell in the same war, on which is inscribed:—

'S. P. Q. R. Cn. Scypioni Cornelius. F. P.'
'In the name of the Senate and the Roman people. Cornelius to Cneus Scipio. The Son placed it.'

This interesting work was sold early in the century (after 1815) by the Cornari family, for a small sum, says Count Selvatico, to Signor Sanquirico, from whom the late Mr. George Vivian possibly bought it. At his death it was inherited by his son, Captain Ralph Vivian, from whom it was purchased for the National Gallery by a special vote of the House of Commons in August last, for the moderate sum of 1500*l.*—a cheap purchase. It is certainly a most interesting subject, and a most valuable acquisition for the National Collection.

R. N. Wornum.

* Lines 137–8, 'Paterculus,' ii. 3.
† See Valpy's Juvenal, 'Delphin Classics,' note, vol. i. p. 235.

MANTEGNA'S 'TRIUMPH OF SCIPIO.'

THE grand and pervading character powerfully stamped upon all the work of Mantegna is of an ethical kind, and may, perhaps, best be expressed by the abstract term *intensity*. It is not that other great masters of the quattrocento and the period immediately preceding it are wanting in devotion of purpose; for, from the time of Duccio and Giotto, throughout the whole evolution of the Renaissance in art, this quality is strongly manifested by all the leaders in that remarkable movement. But it is very doubtful whether, after Giotto, any one of them exhibited this concentration of profound individuality, undisturbed by contemporary influences, in the same degree as the great Paduan, until the coming of Michelangelo, with whom his inward nature had much that was of kin. Nor is it here meant to imply that the origin and roots of Mantegna's manner are untraceable, though in a merely outward sense. It is easy to see, for instance, what he owed to Donatello on the one hand and to the Bellini, father and sons, on the other, to say nothing of his early schooling in the studio of Squarcione. As much may be said of any man who, nevertheless, justly ranks as an originator. It is the *ethos* of Mantegna that, above all external signs and accidental peculiarities, is apparent in every work that proceeded from his hands; it is this which interests us irresistibly in the man himself. Nor is our interest diminished by the fact that no thought of pleasing *us* seems to have guided his creative pencil. On the contrary, his proud, absorbed, and self-sufficing spirit, appears as if alike unconscious and undesirous of witnesses. As in the scenes of the Passion, and those which follow it, his deep tones of melancholy are given out for the disburthening of his own overladen sense of supernatural agony and human suffering; so, in themes from profane history, his notes of solemn exultation record for himself alone his sympathy with humanity in its heroic moments. This is not saying too much for Mantegna; and it is his due to acknowledge these greater traits of his character, as we should look in vain in his works either for those passages of native tenderness to be found in the Holy Families and Madonnas with the Infant of the Masters of the Christian cycle; or for that play of fancy and those lighter graces of style which show themselves abundantly among his equals. His works, it is true, are often in a high degree decorative; but it is hardly too much to affirm that this quality is with him more *essential* than with others. His ornament, his elaborate detail, his sometimes apparently irrelevant accessories, will be found, when properly viewed, to proceed from the true imagination itself, and to have no originating cause but the desire to intensify the impression of the theme which he was travailing to bring before his outward vision in all its reality. There are, doubtless, many to whom even this qualified praise will seem excessive; who are repelled from the first by the dryness of Mantegna's manner, and who, even could they pass through this to them thorny hedge, would still find in his generally austere mode of conception no sympathetic bond. They might credit him with intensity, but would not acquit him of the narrowness which often accompanies it. But it is in art, as in our personal relations with men, that our idiosyncrasy will often decide early and for ever our likings and dislikings—feelings which in such cases will not be effaced by nearer acquaintance, however they may be modified by judgment or toleration. Yet surely Mantegna's opponents themselves will not ignore the frequent beauty of his masculine forms; nor, in presence of the ideal grace of his *Venus* and the *Dancing Muses*, and the sweet benignity of the *Madonna of Victory*, deny to him a refined perception of loveliness.

The picture by this great master, which has recently been added to the National Collection, although it must take rank amongst his minor works, in no way belies his reputation. It has, too, a history connecting it with his own. It was undertaken towards the close of his long and laborious career; and when that career terminated in the sadness and gloom which have but too often awaited those whose imaginative powers had placed them above their fellow-men, it remained in his studio, probably not fully finished. It may have been the last, it was certainly one of the last, pictures which his pencil touched.

Although the title now long attached to this work may not be strictly descriptive, it is in

so far applicable as that it distinguishes the class of compositions to which it belongs. This class, one eminently characteristic of the period, was the *Triumph*, and its motive to glorify some personage, some moral or intellectual attribute, some noble passion of the soul, or even some power in Nature which dominates mankind. Its complex origin may be partly traced. In the rich Italian life of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries public displays and processions held a conspicuous place. In the pomps of the Church festivals and of the religious communities, and in the fantastic imagery of the Mystery Plays, the Revival found the germs of an idea which it gradually developed and transferred to secular and personal purposes. A passion for allegory must have been strongly fostered by the wide popularity of the 'Divine Comedy,' but it may have been the publication of Petrarch's 'Trionfi' that more immediately opened the way for those great secular pageantries in which various Virtues, abstract ideas, and the very phenomena of existence, were personified, often in the character of historical or mythical worthies. Nor was the Church averse, for she had already annexed the whole empire of paganism. In short, the allegorising idea became an intellectual and æsthetic necessity, interpenetrating both the sacred and profane literature of the time, and naturally assumed its place in the arts of representations, of which these great public celebrations were a mode. 'Das italienische Festwesen in seiner höhern Form,' says Jacob Burckhardt, 'ist ein wahrer Uebergang aus dem Leben in die Kunst.'* In the arts of design in particular, it is needless to adduce instances where Triumphs form the subject, from the quaint decorations of *cassoni* to the *Galatea* of Rafael. One, most pertinent to the occasion, will occur to every reader's mind in Mantegna's own *Triumph of Julius Cæsar*. The picture now treated of evidently had its origin in the prevalent idea. The commission given to Mantegna was to commemorate a striking event in the life of Publius Scipio Nasica, when he was chosen by the Roman Senate to receive the Idæan Mother of the Gods on that famous occasion when the sacred stone, the symbol of her presence, was transferred from the shores of Lesser Asia to the Tiber's mouth. Had the master adhered to the mere dry facts of the reception, he would doubtless have made a stately decorative work, full of that *caractère magistral* which M. Charles Blanc justly attributes to his style. But a highly dramatic legend was interwoven with the historic statement, and it was upon this legend that Andrea seized with true poetic instinct, making it virtually the central motive of the piece. How the ship with its sacred freight grounded immovably on a shoal at the mouth of the river, and how, through miraculous intervention of the goddess, the noble and beautiful Quinta Claudia freed the ship from its position and herself from imputations on her purity, by tying her girdle to the prow and exerting the gentle force of a female arm, need not here be recounted.† It will be seen how well Mantegna has contrived to give prominence to this episode without sacrificing the main action of the piece. For good reasons of his own he has represented the dramatic incident, without slavishly adhering to the text. The ship is not represented. The priests have already borne ashore the costly litter upon which rest the sacred symbol, and the bust of the goddess. They must be, indeed, close to the Porta Capena; and we may suppose the moment intended to be that in which Claudia again flings herself upon her

* See this author's able work, 'Die Cultur der Reniassance in Italien,' Absehn. V. under the head of 'Feste,' for an interesting discussion of this subject.

† Orelli makes Claudia Quinta granddaughter of Appius Claudius Crassus, that aged and blind senator who, after the total overthrow of the Roman army at Heracleia, impelled the wavering Senate to reject the overtures of Pyrrhus, and to announce to him 'that Rome made no peace with a foreign foe on Italian soil.' But the distance of time makes so near a relationship barely compatible with the circumstances of Claudia's story. On the score of three votive inscriptions given by Muratori (p. 98, No. 3, and p. 1985, Nos. 5 and 6), and by Orelli (Nos. 1905, 1906, 2405), 'Matri Deûm et Navisalviæ,' and from the fact that the statue of Claudia stood in the vestibule of the temple of the Idæan Mother at Rome (where it was twice miraculously left intact by conflagrations which destroyed the temple), it has been supposed that Claudia after death received divine honours under the title of Navisalvia, because '*Navem* qua Mater Deûm vehebatur *salvam* traxerat in urbem.' But Orelli thinks it more probable that the ship itself was so named. One of these inscriptions is accompanied by a relief, representing a female standing on the shore, and holding the hawser of a ship, upon which, on a raised platform, a veiled female daily sits enthroned. An engraving is given by Zoëga, and repeated in Müller and Oesterley's 'Denkm. der A. K.' vol. ii. No. 816.

knees, but now in passionate thankfulness rather than in supplication. The whole scene is animated. On one side the jubilant priests in full chant stride forward, with the goddess on their shoulders; on the other, the Roman deputation with the standard of the Republic advance slowly to receive her, and converse among themselves wonderingly. In the centre kneels Claudia, and close behind her stands Scipio, a majestic figure, his face seen in less than profile as he turns to converse with an elder citizen beyond him, who, by the gesture of his hand while he looks down upon Claudia, seems to be speaking of the evil tongues which had assailed her. The group further to the right, consisting of the sage who descends the steps, and the youthful warrior to whom he speaks, is one of uncommon beauty, upon which Andrea must have dwelt with love. Every head in the composition is full of individuality: a trait which differentiates it notably from its prototype, the antique bas-relief. The sacred stone itself Andrea has depicted as a sphere; a formless mass would have been, in a monochrome picture, unintelligible. It rests upon the litter, and beside it is placed the very beautiful bust of the tower-crowned goddess, which both serves to help out the story, and greatly to enrich the composition. In the rear, still upon the litter, stands a flaming candelabrum; and beyond the bust a small youthful figure, with filleted head, and bearing a laurel-branch, kneels on one knee, and with ardour stretches out the right hand towards Claudia, as if confirming the verdict of the goddess. This figure is an emanation of the true Imaginative Faculty, as contradistinguished from the mere Fancy, which has no regard to congruity; and is as necessary to the explanation of the subject as it is permissible in a mode of art raised above common realism. The loose band, which floats downwards from Claudia's shoulder and across her knee, appears to represent her girdle by which, according to the more poetic form of the legend, and not by the hawser, she drew the ship up the river. That the arrival at the Porta Capena is really the moment imagined by the painter is made the more likely by the presence of the twin tombs of Nasica's father and uncle, which form a background on the left of the picture. And although Mantegna invented and introduced these tombs solely to illustrate his subject and to vary his composition, he would never have fallen into the mistake of placing such monuments at Ostia. In point of fact, however, the now well-known 'Tomb of the Scipios' does lie on the Appian Way, less than three-quarters of a mile from the site of the Porta Capena, though it remained undiscovered until 1780; and it is not a little curious to find Andrea, urged by a motive purely pictorial, recording on his canvas a nearer guess as to the true locality of the tomb than had been made by antiquaries up to the time of its discovery.

Mantegna had at his command all the learning which the emulous court of the Gonzagas could afford. But the antique, which he ceaselessly studied and in great measure desired to reproduce, was handled by him with discrimination, and with that independence which belonged to his character. Where authority failed him, his inventive power was never at a loss; yet while it supplied a totally new element, it was guided by the profound knowledge he had acquired, and kept in check by severe taste. Thus an harmonious whole was the result, surpassing in completeness all that was accomplished by his contemporaries under the same influences. Throughout the whole course of the Revival it is powerfully interesting to observe how much which was really pure invention was ingenuously meant by the artists for faithful reproduction. To this is owing in great part, perhaps it might be said in greatest part, the indescribable charm which belongs to the works of that period. The artists were the captives of their time, but never felt its chains; and their dreams of classic beauty and perfection were so mingled with their waking life and the living world around them, that both conspired to form a rounded existence such as will never be seen again. In the special work before us, the striving of Andrea to realise the fruits of his study is everywhere apparent, but nowhere more than in the character he has impressed upon some of the priests of Cybele who form the religious procession. There is no mistaking in the figure who leads, and with excited mien turns his countenance towards the goddess, the person of one of the Galli, probably of the Archigallus himself. The painter could have had no data for the

portrayal of these personages save that with which reading furnished him; but in the half-feminine garb, the Oriental trousers, the beardless face, and above all in the wildly tossed hair, we may see how closely he followed the notices of ancient authors.*

MM. Crowe and Cavalcaselle certainly greatly underrate this work, and would appear to have seen it under adverse circumstances. In describing it as 'roughly executed, wanting in the usual delicacy of Mantegna, and blackened by retouching,' their eyes must have been deceived by the filthy cloud of varnish which then covered it. Those conversant with the master's work will find here no traces of careless execution or of declining power; nor is any retouching, in the proper sense of that word, perceptible. Only one small portion of the composition betrays palpably the intrusion of another hand. This is the lower part of the figure of Claudia. It seems not improbable that the master had postponed to the last the completion of this figure, feeling that it demanded his utmost care, and that, remaining unfinished at his death, it was afterwards roughly cobbled up without reference to any studies he may have made for it. Or it may be that this part of the subject suffered injury and repair at a later period; for the clumsiness of the workmanship is such as can hardly be laid to the charge of any pupil of Mantegna. If the head and hands of Claudia are not quite satisfactory, they bear less demonstrable evidence of having been meddled with, and may simply be unfinished.

With all its keen and unsparing detail this fine hemi-monochrome has a fulness of effect and a richness of chiaro-scuro which satisfy and delight the eye. The glowing colours of the marble background prevent all sense of monotony, increase the decorative character of the work, and transfer it from the mere imitation of a bas-relief to the realm of painting proper. Even in the monochrome parts of the composition there are fine gradations of tint which unobtrusively assist the pictorial effect; as, for instance, in the stonework of the tombs behind, where the cool greys are entirely in place, and show Mantegna's fine sense of colour. All the details of the picture are a subject for endless study. Amongst them the composition and drawing of the branches of bay in the hands of the priests, and of the genius above, are beyond all praise. No picture lately acquired for the National Collection is more calculated than this to elevate and chasten the taste of the rising school of British art.

At a comparatively late period this work had been enveloped in a coat of designedly dark varnish, with what object it is difficult to conceive; and in this state it appeared in the Exhibition of Old Masters in 1871, a painful puzzle to those who had seen it in bygone years in a different condition. Under watchful eyes this dense fog has been dissipated, and we now possess an intact work virtually in as pure a state as on the day when the great hand that was labouring upon it stiffened in death.

FRED. W. BURTON.

* 'Molles ministri . . . . jactatis comis.' 'Tonimus tibinos tibi nunc semiviri Teretem comam volantem jactant Galli tibi.' 'Crinemque rotantes Sanguinei populis ululatunt tristia Galli.' See also the scathing words of Juvenal, Sat. vi. 511.

It is remarkable to find Theod. Mommsen ('Röm. Gesch.' vol. i. p. 866), in a passage on the introduction of the worship of Cybele at Rome, confounding the term *Galli* as applied to an order of her priests, with the name by which the mass of the Celtic race was known to the Romans. That the two appellatives, though identical in form, had no real connexion, is shown by the fact that no ancient author hints at any such; save Ovid indeed, in part of the passage referred to above, where in his picturesque way he alludes to the resemblance, but only to show that it is illusive. Baehr has collected all the passages in which Latin and Greek writers offer explanations of the name. Some, with Ovid, derive it from the river Gallos, a tributary of the Sangarios, flowing by Pessinos, and whose water drove mad those who drank of it: others fetch the name of river and priest alike from a mythical Gallos, an associate of Attys, and like him a companion and minister of Cybele. Ancient etymologies are notoriously worth little; but these at all events negative any association of the priests with Gauls in the minds of the contemporaries of both. And although the district around Pessinus was for a while within the shifting boundary of the Asiatic Gauls, yet the cult of Cybele there, and over a great part of Asia Minor, was of grey antiquity,—the designation Galli of certain of her priesthood must have long antedated the settlement by Nicomedes (*c.* 278 B.C.) of the Celtic hordes in parts of Phrygia and Cappadocia. The Greek writers, too, who had the term at first hand, always use the form Galloi. Had they identified these priests with Gauls they would have written Galatai or Keltoi. Baehr inclines to consider the name of the river as springing out of the same sacred cycle to which the priests and their demigod Gallos owe their origin, and the word itself, following an ancient author, as Bithynian.

MR. WILSON'S CATALOGUE.*

MR. JOHN WILSON is an Englishman living on the Continent, and having the wealth and taste necessary for the formation of an important collection of pictures. He has also that noble desire to achieve considerable public purposes which does not shrink from the trouble and expense that are often involved in their realisation. Having conceived the idea (quite a happy and just idea) that our English landscape-painter, Constable, ought to be properly represented in the Louvre, Mr. Wilson purchased his *Weymouth Bay* for 55,000f., and presented it to the French nation. Mr. Wilson, like Sir Richard Wallace, is also willing to let the public profit by his artistic treasures, and not only the public of connoisseurs but even the very poorest inhabitants of the city that he has desired to benefit. By a scheme of his own which has, at the same time, served the causes of charity and art, this large-hearted collector has ingeniously contrived both to give a vigorous impulsion to artistic etching and a large sum of money to the poor people of Brussels, at a time of the year when help is most sorely needed by them. Mr. Wilson's idea was to exhibit his collection in the gallery of the Artistic and Literary Club at Brussels, the exhibition being *au profit des pauvres*, and at the same time to have a Catalogue prepared, the sale of which should bring money for the poor. And here let me observe that Mr. Wilson's plan was not the common one of handing over the *profits*, 'if any,' to some public charity, he simply presented the whole edition to the Mayor of Brussels, with the exception of a few copies retained for private friends. The first edition was a little private impression of fourteen copies, but the second consisted of five hundred, and the third of a thousand. I have just taken the trouble to go through an accurate calculation, on exact data given opposite the title-page, and find that, after all deductions for reserved copies, this Catalogue has already yielded about 2000*l.* for the poor, whilst the third edition is not yet exhausted.

The secret of so considerable a success is simply that Mr. Wilson gave commissions for sixty-eight etchings from his pictures to a number of the most accomplished etchers on the Continent, and that the Catalogue is superbly printed by Claye of Paris, on paper about the same size as that used for THE PORTFOLIO. Thirty etchers have been employed; and with one single exception, which I will not be cruel enough to indicate, all the thirty have done their work like artists, like men of feeling and taste as well as knowledge, and not like machines. I have not space to enter into a critical analysis of their work, and shall have to return to the subject on a future occasion; but I may say of it generally that, excepting some exaggeration in the blacks of certain subjects, and an occasional excess of mannerism in the landscapes, where the spots of white are sometimes both crude and bewildering, the methods used are generally finely interpretative of oil-painting.

It is superfluous to point out the executive merits of M. Jacquemart's brilliant etching after Sir Antonio More, the portrait of *Elizabeth de Valois, Queen of Spain*. The execution of the jewellery is one of M. Jacquemart's *tours de force*, and so is the texture of the dress. Nobody else could rival this piece of work in its own way. Many engravers could copy the round pearls one by one, and follow the stiff threads of the embroidery; but the wonder here is the union of power of effect at the right distance with the minutest precision of detail. Her Majesty lived in an age when there could be no mistake about wealth and rank. What a barbaric profusion! She seems cased in an armour of jewellery. Only the face is free, the face of a woman more intelligent than handsome.

P. G. HAMERTON.

* Collection de M. John W. Wilson, exposée dans la Galerie du Cercle Artistique et Littéraire de Bruxelles, au profit des pauvres de cette ville.

OLD COAST LINE FROM RYE TO WINCHELSEA.

ON ROMNEY MARSH.

RYE AND THE ROTHER.

WINCHELSEA, RYE, AND THE ROMNEY MARSH.

THE writer of the present series of papers on this subject has two objects mainly in view. The first is, to call attention to one more acre of the field of æsthetic cultivation which lies within easy reach of us in the landscape and architecture of our own country; the second, to try and give an example of that concrete method of art-criticism which is, in his opinion, alone likely to lead to beneficial practical results.

In the assertion of both principles he imagines himself to be in opposition to certain modern tendencies of widely-spread influence, though existing so far unconsciously and not yet formulated into definite theories. The first of these is the tendency to specialise the cultivation of the æsthetic sense and to differentiate it into a distinct study; the second is, to analyse and importunately reduce to abstract principles and universal formulæ the objects of æsthetic pleasure. Both tendencies originate in the predominance of the reflective scientific spirit of the age. No one would venture to assert that in the present day we are insufficiently alive to the value of scenery and of art. It is perhaps an over-consciousness of their general importance which vitiates our relation to both. For whereas the most real and most catholic appreciation of both one and the other is on the whole the most spontaneous and the most unconscious; whereas material for the exercise and development of the sense of beauty is almost universally present; the modern and reflective habit of mind leads us to look upon all such cultivation as a special branch of study to be deliberately undertaken at particular times and seasons, and to limit the field of æsthetic enjoyment to certain geographical areas. The man of business who uses London as his workshop, and a country-house as a means of physical restoration, usually expresses his recognition of the claims of æsthetic cultivation by arranging for the satisfaction of this side of his nature in a month's scenery-hunting in Switzerland or by a surfeit of picture-seeing in Italy. By this arrangement he practically places himself under conditions which make the attainment of his elaborately-sought ends impracticable. Having failed to profit by the infinite material for the cultivation of the eye which the most homely scenes afford in soft and harmonious outline, in delicate gradation and subtile change, in the mystery of atmosphere and distance, in the countless suggestions and associations which to sympathy and imagination are never far to seek; lacking thus susceptibility to the more delicate and refined conditions of beauty, but recognising the importance of the cult, he pays an unwholesome tribute to the delights of nature in an occasional and concentrated worship of her most sensational and most violent types. Not only does this æsthetic dram-drinking act injuriously upon the taste for more wholesome and more homely objects, rendering them permanently insipid; but since its power consists in raising a succession of violent and exhausting emotions, which burn themselves out as fire in the straw, it cannot itself be relied on for permanence of pleasure. Reaction is inevitable, and the verdict against sensational scenery would be almost universal, were it not that in the first place the authority of redoubtable names leads a diffident and gregarious public to distrust its own perception, and in the second, that physical exhilaration and the pleasure of gymnastic exercise fill the gap with sensations cognate and ambiguous in minds unaccustomed to discriminate.

The same vice has, to a less extent perhaps, infected our architectural and archæological studies. The craving for grandeur and for notorious historical associations, neither of which makes any demand upon subtile or trained perception, has checked the appreciation, on the one hand, of homely and delicate beauty, and on the other the due study of that internal history which almost every old building possesses for educated intelligence. Familiarity with the imposing productions of Continental art has blunted our sense of the more quiet but

often more genuine charm of the unpretentious monuments of native architecture; while the fashion of foreign styles, introduced by travelled students and appealing solely to them (since association, an important element in all art and especially in architecture, exists in connexion with such works for the travelled only) has broken up the traditions of our vernacular art which had associations for all. Moreover, in the inevitable and universal contemporary process of vulgarisation, the exotic styles, the standard by which their productions might be tested not being at hand, have reached the lowest depth of degradation—a depth far below that of our modern vernacular, which has always been to some extent influenced by the proximity of ancient monuments. Those who agree with the present writer in thinking that future success in English architecture can only be attained by an accurate and at the same time catholic study of English examples, will appreciate the motives of an effort to describe and illustrate some very homely English buildings of very various styles and periods.

So much for the first of the two objects mentioned above. The second has to do with the method of criticism, and about this a few words may well be said.

Analysis and Art, irreconcilable antagonists in the past, seem little likely to prove more friendly as time goes on. Nor is there much reason to fear that Art will be ultimately unable to defend its own domain. Nevertheless at the present moment, when Science has all the boisterous, exuberant energy and self-assertion of youth, and Art is at the best passing through a critical period of life, there seems to be at least a danger of temporary usurpation. It might be imagined on *à priori* grounds that, since art-creation and analysis are diametrically opposite functions of the intellect, collision in the individual mind would be impossible; and indeed hitherto the analytic spirit is on the whole limited to criticism, which is well. But even in the critic the preponderance of the scientific spirit is injurious, leading him, instead of adopting that passive attitude towards a work of art which is the fundamental condition of appreciation and consequently of criticism, to seek for one or more well-sounding terms of analysis (the more appropriate the better no doubt, but appropriateness is a secondary consideration), and from them to develope his judgment in detail. If this were all—if it were in the critic only that the taint were manifest—we might be resigned: the method of quarantine is obvious; the work of the artist would be objectively the same, and we might resignedly leave the dead to bury their dead. Unfortunately symptoms of the same vices betray themselves here and there in the work of practical artists. Without pausing to speak of that considerable section of workers who employ plastic art as a medium for the expression of ideas whose appropriate development should have taken the form of a tract, a sermon, a pamphlet, a dictionary of antiquities, or a sensation novel, and whose efforts we may finally put aside in the category of art which is not art, we may observe as one of the signs of the times, and by no means the least conspicuous, the intrusion into valuable works of imagination of a reflective and *doctrinaire* element, the appearance of motives which obviously had no spontaneous imaginative origin, but reveal their descent from some logical formula or maxim, specious no doubt and rational when stated in words, valuable in its proper sphere, but heterogeneous and destructive to unity in a work of art as a new piece upon an old garment.

Here however we are on the verge of a very wide and very important principle, which can only be indicated in a preamble like the present.

After all, observation is the only true practical education in art. Sensitiveness to the most subtile and infinitesimal relations of form and colour is the quality of perception on which art-appreciation relies. The same quality, combined with an exceptional amount of the imaginative and creative faculty, forms the intellectual endowment of the artist. And this sensitiveness is to be gained neither by analysing nor by taking thought, but by looking at things. The true function of the critic is to make people look at one thing rather than at another, and to lead them to derive from observation neither abstract theories nor universal principles, but merely an education of those perceptions to which alone the unanalysable and infinitesimal conditions of art are manifest.

The present writer is conscious how much he owes of cultivation in branches of art in which he is a layman to personal contact with others whose relation to them has been closer and more intimate than his own—a cultivation conveyed neither in abstract principle nor analytic dogma, but partly in the awakening of an increased susceptibility to minute concrete conditions, mainly in that intangible communion and sympathy by which in subjects such as art mind strikes fire from mind. With such experiences for precedent, the writer hopes to give some similar help to others in a study in which he may hope to prove a competent guide; and so brings this preamble to an end.

Winchelsea, Rye, and the Romney Marsh, contain an infinite number of historical associations, for all of which the reader is referred to many valuable guide-books. If his ambition leads him to go deeply into this branch of the subject, he will find Holloway's 'History of Rye' quite an ideal of voluminous dulness, and a little research will no doubt bring to light abundant additional material of similar quality. Our business is merely with the actual objective aspect of the country and of its monuments, and with so much of historical interest as these suggest by internal evidence, or which they necessarily involve.

To the north-east of Rye is a windmill on a hill, from the top of which I saw, one brilliant day in early autumn, one of the most interesting and suggestive views which this or any other country could supply, of a part of which an illustration is given. To the extreme right are the Fairlight Hills, towards Hastings; nearer, but still to the right, is the ancient city of Winchelsea. The promontory on which it stands is almost covered with wood, and in the distance no building can be clearly seen excepting the 'landgate' through which the main road passes, winding round the eastern side of the hill. Immediately in front of us is Rye, with its pyramidal grouping of picturesque roofs at all angles and at every level, leading up to the squat tower and stunted spire of the church, crowned by the weather-cock, the apex of the pyramid. Over the left shoulder of Rye, scarcely discernible, is Camber Castle, and in the distance to the left is the Port of Rye, with its few low, straggling buildings, and its little church and group of masts. Between the port and the city runs the river Rother, which to Rye is the river of life, the link between the present and the past, the one differentiating cause between Rye, the Cinque Port of the living, and Winchelsea, the Cinque Port of the dead. To the left, beyond the extreme limits of our illustration, stretches the great Romney Marsh, from which the towers of Lydd and of New Romney stand out in the clear distance. The flat monotony of the marsh, the bed of a recent ocean, the '*mare velivolum*' of Cæsar, which a few touches of the pencil could make into sea once more, fills the landscape in and between the sea-line and the prominences with an equality of level which is almost fluid, up to the *actual* verge of the channel. But the more real and more obvious sea-line skirts the hill on which Winchelsea stands, curves inward and comes almost under us in a well-defined bay, is lost to view behind the city of Rye, to which it clings, passes again behind the shrubs and cottages of our immediate foreground till it meets the wide bay to the right, leaving Rye an island with a narrow channel on the north side, and then passes beneath us at the bottom of the cliff to the left, and so into the infinite regions which lie beyond all vignettes. Looking at this well-defined line, at the features which recall the original conditions of the landscape, at the arches that bridge the high tide, the gate to supplement the defence, with the sea-channel for a moat, the abruptness of the sea-worn limits of the two promontories, it needs a strong and deliberate effort to make us realise the conditions of the present, and give them due preponderance over the suggestions of the past.

The one feature in the landscape, which, suggesting an intermediate stage, reminds us of the gradual nature of the transition from the original to the present sea-line, is Camber Castle. The name is supposed to have been Chamber Castle, or the castle between the two chambers or harbours of Rye and Winchelsea. It was built in the time of Henry VIII.

upon a projecting tongue of land of low elevation, and upon the sea-line of his date. It is now about half-way between the two sea-lines of which we have been speaking.

We said above that the Rother had been the principal cause of the essential difference in character between Winchelsea and Rye, namely, that the latter is a living and the former a dead town. From the distance, as we are now observing them, this is the main apparent distinction; otherwise the similarity in site and general conditions is very striking. The outline of the promontories on which they stand is almost identical, rising gradually on the northern and terminating abruptly on the southern side. Each must originally have been first an island, then a peninsula; each is approached by a road which skirts the eastern side of the hill and gradually ascends, passes through a gateway, and is then lost to sight by a sudden turn to the right; in each the church was, or was meant to be, the apex of the pyramid. So much of similarity can be seen from the present position. When we come to examine each in detail we shall find some few further points of agreement, and more numerous points of difference. In both one striking feature is present. The main street in each running east and west leads to an abrupt descent on the eastern side of the hill, and on the very verge of the declivity turns suddenly to the left, forming the road of approach which we have been seeing from the windmill. The view looking eastward as you walk down the main street is very remarkable, and must have been more so when the expanse lying immediately below and stretching into the infinite distance was sea instead of marsh. But for the leading differences between the two, Rye is a city of unexplored antiquity, whereas the first stone of Winchelsea was laid in the thirteenth century. Rye was a timber city, and grew up fortuitously on an irregular plan; Winchelsea was a stone city, laid out regularly upon a plan of geometrical compartments. Rye Church is a conglomeration of schemes and styles, mostly of a rude vernacular character; Winchelsea Church is an almost ideal gem, of uniform character and of exquisitely studied detail.

But of all this there will be much more to say in connexion with a closer study of each city. So far we have had only a bird's-eye view of the Romney Marsh, and have got a general idea of its amphibious character. This is the principal note of the locality seen either from above or below. Indeed as we come down to its level, which is very level indeed, the impression of amphibiousness is by no means weakened. Not only do the more obvious and practical conditions lend themselves to this effect, such as the elaborate system of dams and deeply-cut drains filled with brackish water, the insular look of the little hamlets and village churches, the arrangements of rustic bridges and stepping-stones, set by the faithful of long-forgotten times, that they might worship dry-shod, saved from the water of flood-tides now ebbed for ever; but the more subtle effects are as those upon the sea. You see the storm gathering in the distance, and it sweeps over the equal ground self-contained, solid and detached, neither distorted nor delayed by any prominence; the wind blows steady and undiverted, and the countryman, who shows you a circuitous path to some distant object on the open plain, has some story to tell of former perils by sea. The farmers keep a few boats, and the retired sailors become farmers or farm-labourers, and the old houses far inland are specially and elaborately planned for hiding smugglers and smuggled goods. Moreover the sea, though from the dead level it is actually unseen, is constantly present to the imagination as a haunting influence, and to the senses as a bright horizon of reflected light; and the sea-shore is marked here and there by a low line of white-washed cottages and a flagstaff.

Next to amphibiousness, isolation is the most striking characteristic of the locality. Every one knows the celebrated subdivisions of the world into Europe, Asia, Africa, America and the Romney Marsh, and the sense of being lost seems to hang about the very air and to be breathed unconsciously into the soul. It is a reaction against this penetrating sensation rather than any dislike to the country which makes you constantly remind yourself that an hour's drive will at any time take you to the nearest railway station and two hours to London. At least the inhabitants, though possibly capable of this calculation, seem as if they made little practical use of it. New Romney has the air of a Kentish village carried violently into a

strange land—its links and associations snapped; and Lydd looks as if it was indebted to the loss of the *Northfleet* for any recognition of the existence of an outer world.

On the level too we get now and again traces of the gradual change from sea to land, of which transition Camber Castle was the monument we saw from the height. Coming, for instance, on Old Romney, now some four miles distant from the sea, and reflecting that it was a Saxon port, that as a port it remained open until the Conquest, when New Romney, itself high and dry by some two miles at the present moment, was built, we look—not in vain—for traces of its original seafaring condition. Old Romney Church stands on a low, isolated hillock, obviously just clear of the flood-tide of antiquity; and a continuous succession of fields running

OLD ROMNEY CHURCH.

seawards between parallel fences, and with a central depression, marks the channel which kept the port open centuries after the last high tide had ebbed. A few ruined churches to right and left, looking very weird and very desolate in a distance, which from its bare monotony we cannot estimate, give us a sense of life ebbed as hopelessly as the sea.

Nevertheless, in spite of the equivocal aspects above noted, and apart from the treasures of art which this, as almost every other province of the country discloses when properly explored, the Marsh has a peculiar charm of its own. As you drive along a road bounded by deep cuttings, fringed with a deep-brown funereal reed, it is borne in upon you that the scene is as beautiful as it is strange. As you look over field after field into distance upon distance, recognised solely by subtile atmospheric change, and see each willow a little greyer, and the tile-roof of each homestead a little less red, and each haystack a shade less golden than the nearer one, till all fades into a shadowy fringe in which individual objects are matters for conjecture, a sense of space and of mystery steals over you which might have inspired David Cox or De Wint; then further, as you watch remote objects, and unconsciously guess at their relative distances, and a sense of motion in one or more of them gains upon you, and finally you become aware that they are ships in full sail in the offing and on the same plane as the trees and the haystacks and only a little more distant; then the sense of strangeness and the sense of amphibiousness rush together, and you feel as detached from the ordinary interests of the world and as amphibious as the oldest inhabitant.

It is just this kind of sentiment in landscape, this sense of personal identification with the physical conditions of the soil, which is the most penetrating, the most wholesome, and therefore the most permanent charm: it is this which has been and will be the motive of the truest art of external nature; and it proceeds neither from grandeur of scale nor ruggedness of outline nor from a vivid clearness of atmosphere nor from any special or exotic conditions whatever, but grows up in the simplicity and grave harmony of native scenes, and demands no energy and no effort, but only a little sensitiveness and a little sympathy.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

THE SYLVAN YEAR.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF RAOUL DUBOIS.

CHAPTER XI.

IT is one of the most striking peculiarities of the scenery around the Val Ste. Véronique, that although the country is almost entirely covered with dens eforest, and although the land is a sea of hills with narrow valleys between them, there are here and there little patches of it in full tillage, and these are often placed in the most unlikely situations. You will occasionally come upon a little field, islanded in the forest, and occupying very likely just the most awkward bit of steeply-sloping hill-side that is to be found there, and yet this little field will be ploughed and sown with the utmost diligence and affection. I know two or three such places, which not only are on a most inconvenient slope to begin with, but have also on their own surface a variety of minor inconveniences, in the shape of miniature hills and valleys, or lumps and holes, which seem as if they would baffle the most ingenious ploughman who ever stood behind a team of oxen. With horses, it is unnecessary to observe, such work as this would be simply an impossibility. The heaviest and most sluggish breed of horses in the world would still be far too impatient for a kind of labour which is as trying to the patience of animals as if it were expressly contrived to irritate and torment them. The oxen go through it in their own inimitably firm and patient way, often dragging the plough against a slope so steep that merely to climb it, without dragging anything at all, would be in itself an exhausting kind of labour, yet keeping up to their work always steadily and well, as if they were inwardly sustained by the firmest sense of duty. Such is the difficulty of the ground that a light plough requires six oxen to work it, and often eight. There is a certain field on a hill-side visible from the Val Ste. Véronique which especially interests me when the farmer is ploughing it, which he does so conscientiously that his example would be excellent if transferred to the intellectual sphere; and many a student, who finds the ground before him irregular and arduous, would do well to imitate that thoroughness which will leave no corner of it untilled. There is one place which interested me most especially, a sort of cup or hollow just on the edge of the field, so that the forest advanced into the very middle of it, and you could not go down one slope and up the other, which would have been comparatively convenient, but must necessarily, if you would plough the place at all, take your team of oxen straight into the hollow, then turn them, and bring them out again up a slope as steep as a house-roof. Would the peasant attempt this? I watched him the first day to see what he would do, but the question was very soon decided. He took his eight oxen straight over the edge of the hole, down into the bottom of it, where they were huddled in temporary confusion, then calling them by their names got them into order and bravely ploughed his way out again. This he repeated till the sides of the hole were as well ploughed as any other part of his little field, and the groupings of his eight oxen when they got into it, with their grandly strenuous labour as they were getting out of it, were well worth the study of an animal-painter. The clear early sunshine cast them into strong light and shadow, and the creamy white of the oxen was splendid against the dark reds and yellows of the earth.

That word 'splendid' which I have used just now, without especially thinking about it, reminds me of the right and accurate employment of the same word by Virgil with reference to a ploughshare. His '*sulco attritus* (*incipiat*) *splendescere vomer*' is just one of those touches which show an artist's sense of what has been called the poetry of common things. Anybody can see that the Shah's diamonds are splendid, and perhaps the most essentially vulgar minds are the most likely to be strongly impressed by a splendour so much associated with great pecuniary value; but only an artist or poet would notice the shining of a common agricultural implement. And yet few things in the world are more resplendent than a well-used ploughshare as it catches the glory of the sunshine; and it may be doubted whether even the glitter of martial steel can awaken more poetical associations. It is a fine sight to see a flash of sunshine

run along a restless line of bayonets, or on the burnished helmets of some emperor's regiment of guards; but a true poet would be set dreaming just as surely by the polish of the ploughshare —a polish not due to any intentional scheming about effect, but simply a proof of labour, like that noble polish which comes of itself upon the laborious human mind when it has toiled in the intellectual fields. The mere fact that Virgil noticed the shining of a ploughshare nineteen hundred years ago is of itself a poetical association, as Thomson felt when he wrote :—

'Such themes as these the rural Maro sang
To wide imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind.
And some, with whom compared, your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and greatly independent lived.'

'I was bred to the plough,' wrote Burns, 'and am independent;' the two ideas of ploughing and independence connecting themselves together very easily, in part perhaps because the ploughman whilst he works is not commanded by another, but is lord of his own team, and guides his own implement as it makes the long furrow in the earth. There is certainly a great dignity in the grand old agricultural operations; so much dignity, indeed, that they are compatible with the grandest traditions of religious or political history. One is tempted to avoid the allusion to Cincinnatus because it is so familiar to every one, but I may observe that the very familiarity of it, the universality of its reception and preservation in the memory of the cultivated world, is the proof that we have an ideal sense of a certain harmony and compatibility between the dignity of ploughing and the dignity of government which finds its satisfaction in the story of that worthy Roman. And I think the true dignity and grandeur of this labour is never so conspicuous as it is under circumstances such as those which I have just now attempted to describe, when the earth to be subdued is so difficult and rebellious, and it is necessary to have a strong team of six or eight well-trained oxen thoroughly under command. Think of the long hours from early dawn to sunset, with the incessant exercise of resolute will and strong, controlling arm on the plough-handle; a guidance needing far more strength than that of the seaman's tiller, whilst the team of animals is not so mechanically obedient as the unresisting ship! Steadily they all go forward together, team and plough and ploughman, through wind and calm, through shine or shower, and still the iron coulter turns up the heavy soil, resisting always, and always resisting vainly!

Of at least equal dignity is the great religious act of sowing, with its sublime well-grounded confidence in the natural repayment of what we wisely trust to nature. We are so familiar with this act of confidence, that the meaning of it is almost lost to our apprehension, yet man's trust in the order of the universe is never more grandly proved than when he goes forth from some poor house where the children have scanty bread, and carries the precious grain and scatters it on the ground. There is another kind of sowing on which it is not always possible to have such secure reliance, because it is so difficult to know accurately the condition of the soil. He who sows corn sows it in earth that can be analysed, and agricultural chemistry can tell him with great certainty what may be his chances of success; but who knows the minds of nations and *their* chemistry? who can tell whether the most precious seed-thoughts of philosophy will lie utterly unproductive or yield illimitable harvests? The condition of *that* soil varies from year to year; one year you might as well sow corn on icebergs as trust any living thought to the deadly coldness of the world, and yet a few years later this same world will be no longer an iceberg but good earth waiting for the seed. We all of us know the parable of the sower, how 'the sower soweth the word' by the wayside, and on stony ground, and amongst thorns, and finally on good ground also. That is the way the preacher sows his doctrine, and in every age

from the day when that parable was first spoken the preacher has had exactly those chances of success. But it is not quite the same in the intellectual sphere, for here the soil itself all changes together, and in one age it will be all stones or thorns, whilst in another it will be good ground ready for the reception of great thoughts or astonishing discoveries. And whatever may be the faults of the age in which we live, whatever may be the crudeness, rawness, uncouthness, of our half-developed industrial system with the unpleasant forms of human life which it has made discouragingly conspicuous, one thing at least may be boldly advanced in defence of it, namely, that it is incomparably more favourable than any age that has preceded it to the sowing of the seeds of knowledge.

There is an old peasant near the Val Ste. Véronique whom I like to see especially at this time of the year. He is very tall and thin, with large bones, and a white head carried high with natural dignity. When he walks steadily along the furrow, casting the seed with that regular motion of the hand and arm which comes from years of practice, I look at him and think that, of all the great works that ancient tradition has handed down to us, there is none more full of majesty than this. The old man has sown crops that were harvested long ago, and his fathers before him have done this also for unnumbered generations. When the legions of Cæsar swept through the country in pursuit of the Helvetii, there were great granaries in the hill fortresses that the Gauls had filled from their well-cultivated cornfields. In what far Eastern land, I wonder, did the sower first go forth to sow? And what keen-minded, far-seeing, early discoverer, aided by no hint from Science, first conceived the notion of cultivating those utterly unpromising gramina which were shortly to become corn, and wheat, and barley? Fancy him gathering the seeds of the grass Ægilops, which looks no more like human food than any other grass that cattle and horses eat, and sowing them with the vague hope or presentiment that by further culture those seeds might become in some way eatable—in some way, but not in bread as we use wheat to-day! Nobody knows how long the human race used the cereal grasses before the clever bakers found out at last the art of making what we call a loaf of bread. It was nearly six hundred years after the foundation of Rome when the Roman bakers developed their art to a degree before undreamed of, and produced what at that time was a novelty and a luxury, but is to us a matter of primary necessity. Before that they made bread indeed, but of the sort that was eaten by the besieged Parisians, with bits of straw and awns in it; and soldiers on the march carried a sack of ill-ground flour, that they mixed with water when they came to a spring or stream. We know nothing of the first discoverers, humanity's earliest benefactors, but not the least among them were the discoverers of the cereals. Not only he who first sowed the grass Ægilops,* but they who in the mountains of the Crimea discovered the use of rye, and they who first used barley on the banks of the Euphrates or in Tartary—barley that grows swiftly, and is therefore precious in the far north, where the summers are so brief—and they who in Mesopotamia first saw the capabilities of a short poor grass, of which it is believed that our oats, beloved of horses, are the developed progeny—all these observant and ingenious men have great claims on the gratitude of the world. The author of 'Lothair' did well to remind us of what we forget so easily—the merits of discoverers whose discoveries have been long familiar. We think that nothing can be more natural than the growth of the cereals, but it is not so: the wild grasses with tiny, uneatable seeds, these are natural, and not the nourishing cereals.

P. G. Hamerton.

* It was supposed by botanists until lately that the wild plant from which wheat has been derived by culture was entirely unknown, but the following extract from Plues' 'British Grasses' will show the present state of the question:—

'Within the last few years the experiments and observations of M. Esprit Fabre of Agde, in the south of France, seem to prove that our agricultural wheats are cultivated varieties of a set of grasses common in the south of Europe, which botanists have uniformly regarded as belonging to a different genus, named Ægilops. That genus is distinguished for the fragility of the spikes and the numerous awns on the glumes and paleæ. But M. Fabre demonstrates how readily these peculiarities become modified by cultivation, and he practically proves the identity of the plants, wide as seem to the partial observer their apparent differences. Seeds of the Ægilops were sown in a garden in 1838, and the produce resown each year until 1846, when as good wheat was produced from the crop as that of any of the fields in the neighbourhood.'

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

II. Joseph Mallord William Turner. (1775–1851.)

Peace—Burial at Sea.

ETCHED BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.

'The midnight torch gleamed o'er the steamer's side,
And Merit's corse was yielded to the tide.'—*Fallacies of Hope.*

SUCH is the title, and such the illustration from his own unpublished 'Fallacies of Hope,' that Turner has given to his picture of the burial at sea of the body of Sir David Wilkie. This took place in June, 1841, off Gibraltar, but not near the shore as represented in the picture.

Sir David Wilkie was returning home from a tour in the East, which he had undertaken in company with his friend, Mr. W. S. Woodburn, in the autumn of 1840. They visited Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Alexandria; and while at Jerusalem they made a journey to the Dead Sea, and at about 11 o'clock on the 5th of March, 1841, took its level for Mr. John Harvey, of Ickwell Bury. The barometer had given at Jaffa, on the coast of the Mediterranean, 29·968 for the level of that sea; for the Dead Sea it showed 31·372, with the thermometer at 68; while on the next day at Jerusalem, with the thermometer at 66½, it marked only 27·278: showing a remarkable depression of the surface of the Dead Sea as compared with the Mediterranean. This was a small contribution of the great painter to the facts of science.

Wilkie embarked, on his journey homewards, on board the *Oriental* steamship, on the 21st of May, and at Malta, on the 26th, he still wrote cheerfully to his sister, Miss Wilkie; but whilst at Malta he indulged imprudently in drinking iced lemonade and in eating fruit, by which he brought on a disorder which, on the morning of the 1st of June, assumed a very serious form, and, in spite of all efforts to restore him, he died on that forenoon, in the 56th year of his age.

Allan Cunningham, in his 'Life of Wilkie' (1843), has given an extract from the Log-book of the *Oriental*, which gives us detailed information of the painter's death and burial:—

'11.10 a.m. Sir David Wilkie expired.
11.15 a.m. Put back, to ask permission to land the body.
0. m. Fine clear weather. The authorities would not allow the body to be landed. Carpenter making a coffin.
0.30 p.m. Anchor up. Full speed.
8.30 p.m. In lat. 36° 20′, and long. 6° 42′, stopped engines and committed to the deep the body of Sir David Wilkie. Burial service performed by the Rev. James Vaughan, Rector of Wroxall, near Bath.'—*The Life of Sir David Wilkie*, &c. vol. iii. p. 474.

This composition is one of those poetical works, plays of colour and light and shade, which distinguished generally the later efforts of Turner's art; that is, during the last twenty years of his life, and when even colour gradually became secondary to effects of light and shade.

It is one of the curious examples of his work in which sun and moon contend together—his own poetical effusion, illustrating his subject, refers to midnight; but he has not represented midnight, nor would midnight correspond with the time of the burial, which should be rather

twilight; for it was, as we have seen, about half an hour after sunset: it also took place many miles out at sea, far away from Gibraltar—indeed, after eight hours' steaming from the rock.

Our picture represents daylight and moonlight at once, and an additional source of light is brought in by what appears to be rocket-signals from Gibraltar, but far too cold for such a light. However, Turner is not to be tested by realism, in his later years at least. The great effect of the work is the contrast between the dark steamship, with its black sails and torchlight ceremony of committing the body to the deep, and the bright moon-light, or other, all around it.

This treatment gives immense effect to the scene—the vast steamer, in deep shadow, and reversed in the water; its black sails; the great cloud of drifting smoke from its funnel; and in the midst of all this intensity of gloom, the glowing yellow torchlight around the coffin, presents a striking effect; and on the whole a remarkable production of poetic art is realised. It is, however, not beyond criticism. The sails are certainly very dark, even too dark in the opinion of Turner's fellow-Academician, Stanfield, who happened to call on the painter when the picture was on the easel; whereupon Turner asked him what he thought of it. 'Well,' answered his friend, 'if I may give an opinion, I should say your sails are a little too black.' 'Too black!' shouted Turner, and dabbing his brush in some of that paint on his palette, he exclaimed; 'if there were anything to be had in nature blacker than that, I'd use it.' It is one thing to be asked for an opinion, and another to give it. Which of the two was right, we will not presume to decide; but the sails form a very conspicuous contrast with the abundance of clear light around.

This *Burial at Sea* was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1842, the year after Wilkie's death, and when Turner was in his 68th year. He had four other pictures in the same exhibition; one of which, painted with quite the same palette, and with the same sentiment of colouring, as the Wilkie, is also in the Turner collection in the National Gallery—that is, *The Snow Storm: Steamboat off a Harbour's Mouth, making Signals.*

The picture is in oil, on canvas, and is a square, 2 feet 8½ inches in diameter: it is in an octagon frame, and under glass. It is part of the Turner Bequest to the nation, or 'Turner's Gallery;' first exhibited to the public temporarily at Marlborough House, in June, 1857, six years after the painter's death.

Turner's Will was disputed; but, in accordance with a compromise, the pictures and drawings, finished or unfinished, were, by the Court of Chancery, awarded to the Trustees of the National Gallery, and the engravings to the next of kin.

The number of the works of art thus accruing to the nation was enormous:—

Finished pictures	100
Unfinished pictures, including nine beginnings	182
Drawings and sketches in colour and in pencil, including about 300 coloured drawings	19,049
Total pictures, drawings, and sketches	19,331

That is about 20,000 works, or about one for every working day of his life, from the time that he commenced to draw.*

The stipulations of Turner's Will were, however, not fully carried out until the pictures were located in the National Gallery building, which was duly done in 1861. He had made it a condition that the Government should provide suitable accommodation for them within ten years, either in the National Gallery or in rooms adjoining thereto, to be called, 'Turner's Gallery;' and the pictures that had been removed from Marlborough House to South Kensington, in 1859, were brought back to Trafalgar Square in 1861, to meet this condition.

R. N. WORNUM.

* See the 'National Gallery Report' for the year ended 31st March, 1858.

WINCHELSEA.

THE present aspect of Winchelsea is desolate and sad to the last degree. The melancholy impression it makes on us is partly strengthened, partly diminished, by some knowledge of its history. On the one hand it is enhanced by the recognition of an almost unbroken succession of calamities from the date of its very earliest records, on the other it loses so much of sadness as lies in the contrast of past prosperity with present ruin.

The causes of this continuous misfortune have been many and various—civil war, the doubly capricious enmity of the sea, the ambition of the founders of the new city, and foreign invasion. The effect of each of these agents towards the dreary result will be shown in a brief summary of the history of the town.

The site of Old Winchelsea lay some three miles south-east of the present town, and must have been built upon the extreme end of the tongue of land which formed the continuation of the Fairlight range of hills. Together with Rye it formed the earliest supplement to the original Cinque Ports, and may therefore be considered to have enjoyed some celebrity at an early date. About 1236 the encroachments of the sea began to endanger its existence, and inundations of successively increasing severity followed at short intervals, until in 1288 the inhabitants—as many, or rather as few, of them as survived—were compelled to petition for a new site. The few only who survived; for not only had the population of Old Winchelsea been decimated by the inundations, but had further involved itself with an enemy little less ruthless than the sea. By siding with Simon de Montfort and clinging to his cause long after it had become hopeless, the men of Winchelsea had rendered themselves obnoxious to the higher powers, and fell victims to the vigorous and uncompromising treatment which was typical of the much-regretted middle ages, the effectiveness and solidarity of which cannot be too highly appreciated. That is to say, Prince Edward made all but a clean sweep of them. On the whole, though the men of those days were unquestionably inured to a certain asperity both in the physical and moral aspect of the universe, it cannot have been a very lively colony which left its habitations a permanent legacy to the fishes, and sought to transfer itself to the high and safe neighbouring promontory, 'the which was at that time a ground wher conies partily did resorte,' as Leland quaintly describes it. Thus did Neptune provide for his own flock at the expense of the rabbits; and if it is in any way conceivable that a sum of human life can be expressed in terms of fishes, probably Old Winchelsea has in point of liveliness had permanently the better of it.

All that authority could do to insure the prosperity of the new town was abundantly done; indeed overdone, as experience proved. Edward I. was a theorist on the subject of towns. He had founded in Guienne and Aquitaine, then part of the English dominions, a number of municipalities, which went by the name of 'The English towns,' and which are still recognisable under the names Villes-franche and Villes-neuve, names which note respectively their special municipal and geometrical conditions. By the latter, these towns were laid out in strict rectangles of equal size. One rectangle was made a market-place, another the site of a church or cathedral (in this aspect Montpazier is the most perfect example extant); by the former was granted every kind of privilege; independence of feudal lords, perfect freedom of movement, &c., which might induce persons to become citizens. This plan of provincial centralisation must unquestionably have had a tendency at that period to forward the civilisation of Europe.

The conditions of the site of New Winchelsea are on the whole similar to those of Rye, with one exception, namely, that on the west side the former is unprotected by the abrupt descent of the ground. The principal approaches were west and north-west. The road which skirts the eastern side of the promontory, and leads up to the Strand Gate, was no doubt the principal thoroughfare between the port and the town, and probably had to creep under

the northern side of the promontory to give access to the adjoining country. The south, eastern, and northern sides still retain all the appearance of having been washed by the sea, and undoubtedly at the period of its foundation the site of New Winchelsea must have been a peninsula. That this was the case is noted in a variety of ways. One of the gates, that which led to the port, is called the Strand Gate. Another, which must have stood just above the estuary which bounded the north side of the peninsula, is called, among other names, the Ferry Gate. Further, the west side of the town alone appeared to its founders to need artificial fortifications, and this was obtained in the form of a deep moat, which may still be traced.

New Winchelsea then was founded on a regular geometrical system; but from the irregularity of the natural boundaries it varied considerably from the ideal rectangular

GROUND-PLAN OF WINCHELSEA, RESTORED.

form. The entire space included in the original scheme amounted to some 150 acres, subdivided into plots varying from about one and a half to three acres, thirty-nine in all. One of these is the site of the church, another of the market-place. The remaining plots appear to have been very sparsely built upon in the best days of Winchelsea. As early as Henry V the scheme appears to have been found to be too ambitious, as the Land Gate notes a contraction of the area of the town on the western side.

It was probably the ambitious character of the original scheme which made Winchelsea so easy and so constant a victim to foreign invasion. We read that the town was invaded, spoiled, and fired, and many of the inhabitants put to the sword by the French, in 1359; that a second invasion followed in 1377, which was however repelled by the bravery of the Abbey of Battle; that in 1380 it was taken by John de Vienne, and was again fired by the French in 1449. The superabundance of space in the plan, especially calamitous to a sea-port town, must have contributed not a little to make Winchelsea indefensible.

Finally, the fickle element which had importunately embraced Old Winchelsea, left its successor at a too respectful distance, no doubt with much 'multitudinous laughter' at the

PIPE WELL GATE, WINCHELSEA.

OLD HOUSE, WINCHELSEA.

STRAND GATE, WINCHELSEA.

THE PRIORY, WINCHELSEA.

NEW GATE, WINCHELSEA.

fatal effects of so sinister a restitution. The poor town made some few struggles after a show of life, and actually won an encomium from Queen Elizabeth, who, as all the guide-books tell us, for the most part interpreting the royal compliment as a statistic, called it a 'little London;' but it was a feeble and hopeless effort, and since then the 'conies' might once more 'partily resorte' thither, for the entire population does not appear capable of mustering the sum of vitality requisite to shoot them.

Such is a brief summary of the actual history of the city; but for those who can find history apart from facts, to whom the colour and character of times and places have more essential interest than matter-of-fact description or accurate chronology, Winchelsea must always have a deeper interest as the scene of Denis Duval's early history, the parish of the stately, humorous old Rector, as the abode of the squire — smuggler — highwayman, Joseph Weston, and the fatal de La Motte. To such readers the picture of the life of contraband and hard knocks and tender young loves and full-bottomed wigs in this perfect fragment, will be more vitally associated with the town and more real than all the records which research could bring to light. Who would not sooner identify the window from which little Agnes hung out her signals 'a flower, for example, to indicate all was well, a cross-curtain, and so forth;' or the doorway from which Doctor Barnard walked out, erect and undaunted, to the yelling Protestant mob in front of those two 'foreign dissenting clergymen,' than the spot where Edward III. and the Black Prince landed after the battle with the Spaniards, or the eminence from which Queen Philippa's attendants watched the battle? Most of us probably find many a locality thus coloured for us with the genial light of fiction. In this manner Paris was for years to the present writer mainly the scene of the suffering and death of a delightful homely heroine, under the good-natured imbecility of '*un bon enfant*,' her husband, and to this day many a street-corner there rouses a kind of sad curiosity in her interest; so too the iron chimney which surmounts Rouen Cathedral has to this day a weird fascination, as if it were a great monument of the crimes of the sinful, but alas! too captivating 'Emma' of Flaubert's masterpiece. So thoroughly does the highest fiction vindicate its right to local habitation, so truly can genius create more than history can renew.

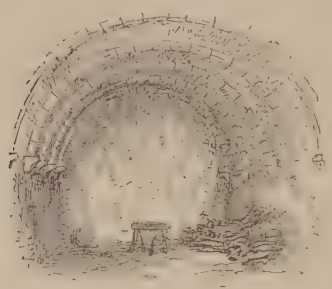
To those who differ from the writer this will have been an unpardonable digression; at all events, there is ample area of safer ground remaining.

The most important monument in Winchelsea is the church dedicated in honour of St. Thomas the Archbishop. It must have been commenced at the date of the foundation of the new town upon a very extensive plan. The extent of the site allotted, and the proportions of the completed parts, suggest a church of very great magnificence. But only the choir and its aisles remain: possibly they alone were ever actually completed. The transepts are in ruins, and there is no evidence that the nave was ever commenced. The remains of the church are among the richest in every element of fine design; and the perfect unity of the work, in which no variation of date is anywhere apparent, gives the fullest effect to its beauty.

The present church is composed of the choir and a north and south aisle, which terminate short of the extreme east. The arcade of grouped shafts, alternately of Purbeck marble, supporting arches of exquisitely designed mouldings, is as perfect in proportion as in detail. The sedilia of the choir must have been very refined and beautiful, their beauty being a matter of induction at the present moment, as they were restored some twenty years back and all the charm of workmanship lost. On the other hand, the sedilia of the south aisle are comparatively perfect; that is to say, they are partially mutilated and wholly unrestored. They form, with two magnificent tombs of Gervase and Stephen Alard—both admirals of the Cinque Ports—a continuous design along the entire south wall. Probably both monuments were executed about 1325, and the south aisle may have been wholly a chantry to the family of Alard. Above the tombs, the windows, of quaint and elaborate tracery, are worked into a continuous design by the introduction into the intervals of small supplementary arches of

a quaint segmental character. The north aisle too is lined with a range of three monuments, occupants unknown, which have suffered so much from the building of a party-wall to screen the vestry and from general neglect, that restoration is the only further deterioration which their state admits of. Externally it should be noted, that the tracery of the windows is set peculiarly near to the face of the walls, and looks well, although this arrangement is opposed to the spirit of later developments. Illustrations of the exterior of the church and of the south aisle will follow in a later number.

We said above that the area of Winchelsea seemed to have been very sparsely built upon. Probably the allotments were intended to contain very ample gardens; but even this very limited scheme of occupation appears to have been only partially realised. The individual rectangular spaces are generally marked by the stone foundation often just clearing the ground, sometimes rising to the height of some feet, and occasionally containing some fragment of mediæval detail: in a few cases a pointed doorway is found complete.



No entire domestic building remains. In many parts are vaulted cellars of very large dimensions, partly below and partly above ground; these may be taken to point to an extensive trade in French wines between Winchelsea and Boulogne. They are too innocently *en évidence* for purposes of smuggling, one would think; possibly however extensive cellarage was a feature of mediæval house-building, even where no special conditions called for it. The rooms above the cellars are usually reached by a small flight of steps from the street. The stonework appears most usually to have included the ground-floor, and above that may have been the timber construction, covered with weather-tiling, which is characteristic of Kent and Sussex, and which no doubt dates from a far earlier period than is generally supposed. Evidence against this supposition is found in the remains of a house shown in the illustration, which shows a mediæval buttress reaching a higher level than the termination of the ground-floor, as well as in an appearance of old character in the masonry adjoining the chimney-stack. The latter is entirely of stone, as it well might have been, even if the superstructure had been of timber and tiles. Between the church and the Strand Gate is a block of houses of the kind we imagine to have been general. The timber-and-tile superstructure is not actually ancient, as is the stonework of the cellars and first floor, but has probably been renewed in the original character. We may well suppose that

COURT-HOUSE AND GAOL.

both manners of building were employed simultaneously, and probably that the more municipal and more monumental buildings were erected in the more permanent material. This is rendered probable by the fact that the most pretentious of the existing fragments, the Court-house and

Gaol, standing to the north-west of the church, is entirely of stone. This building is surmounted by a panelled stone chimney, of which an illustration is given. The capping of the chimney-stack has perished. The building itself is full of details pointing to its earlier uses. Thus there appears to have been an arcading along the ground-floor and a lean-to roof in two sides of the building and door-ways, now closed, which probably led to the cellar; but the original design is lost past hope of recovery.

The Friary contains some interesting remains of the ancient chapel of the Virgin—a building of one span terminating in an apex. The choir-arch, which is the limit of the building westward, is very original in character. The triple shaft and capital is terminated by an abacus struck from one centre, an arrangement by which the group is bound together; and the arch which it carries has a slightly 'horse-shoe' appearance. Whether it was actually built in this form, or whether it gained it by the settlement of the masonry, or whether the appearance is an optical illusion resulting from the stilting of the arch, must remain matter for conjecture. One feature characteristic of mediæval design should be noted. The capitals supporting this arch are carefully and delicately moulded. A string of much bolder profile forms the sill of the windows and returns round the triple shaft, to which it forms an anule. The contrast between the delicacy of the cap and the comparative coarseness of the string-course and the peculiar proportion between the two members of the grouped shaft caused by this subdivision, give a fortuitous and unstudied character to the design, and are a note of the vigour and fearlessness with which the designers of the Middle Ages settled casual problems over which a modern architect might give himself hours of labour. Probably the attempt to reproduce such effects under the essentially opposite conditions, both of mental habit and of method of execution, which are characteristic of the present time, would convey an impression of studied carelessness, and consequently of affectation. This building differs very slightly in date, and very considerably in character, from St. Thomas's Church; which fact confirms the idea—which is suggested by the study of so many localities—of two distinct guilds of masons working simultaneously in one neighbourhood, but preserving the characteristics of their several styles intact. Probably the Franciscans, the founders of this church, had their own school of design as well as their own workmen.

It remains only to notice the three gateways, of which illustrations are given. That at the top of the page is the Land Gate—called also the 'Ferry Gate,'—which, as we have seen, notes a reduced ambition in the scheme of the town. It contains no details of any interest except a shield, on which is carved the word 'Helde,' the name of the Mayor of Winchelsea *temp.* Henry V. when the gate was built.

To the extreme south is New Gate, on the road to Fairlight, illustrated at the bottom of the page. This gate is nearly a mile distant from that last mentioned, and is at the present moment far removed from any remains of the town.

Returning through the streets of the ruined, or more probably unbuilt, southern portion of the town, we leave 'the Friars' on the right and pass St. Thomas's Church on the left, and turning to the right into what must always have been, and still is, the main street of Winchelsea, we get a magnificent view, over the marshes, of Rye—the sister acropolis—of which the grouping and colour are from this point very perfect; then we turn sharply to the left and come upon the Strand Gate, the subject of the central illustration, and note as we pass a doorhead adorned by a panel of delicate tracery; then descend, skirting the hill down to the probable site of the ancient port, and so take the straight road across the marshes to Rye, where we hope to find ourselves in the following number.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

THE WILSON COLLECTION.

BY the kindness of Mr. Wilson we are able to give this month another plate from his richly-illustrated Catalogue—an etching by M. Adrien Didier after Franz Hals, the subject being the wife of Scriverius, or Schryver, a learned historian, poet, and philologist, who was born at Haarlem in 1576, and died in 1660. She is a very sensible-looking lady, and so little did she care to conceal her age that it was painted in plain figures on the background.

As the reader is now in possession of M. Didier's etching, and can judge of it for himself, it is unnecessary for me to say anything farther concerning it, and I therefore take the opportunity of saying something more about other plates in Mr. Wilson's remarkable Catalogue. M. Brunet-Debaines (who etched the Turner in our present number) is one of the best contributors. His *Interior of a Courtyard in Italy*, after Decamps, is one of the most perfect pieces of texture I ever met with in any kind of engraving. It is equal in this respect to the finest lithographs after Decamps; and this is very high praise on the special ground of texture, because although lithography is, on the whole, an art far inferior to etching, it happens to be particularly well adapted to the rendering of those textures which Decamps aimed at in all subjects of this kind. I never met with an engraving which so entirely conveyed to me the impression of a Decamps' picture as this etching does. It is pure Decamps from beginning to end, with all his delightful coarseness, so valuable and right in its own place; all his knowledge of the detail of roughness, and of the play of light upon and amongst such detail; all his depth and breadth of the shadows that seem so impenetrable to eyes dazzled by the glare of the southern sun; all the transparence of those other shadows in which something is to be seen. One of the finest landscapes in the collection, *Le Chemin Creux*, by Jules Dupré, is the work of the same etcher, and as completely in the spirit of the painter's execution as the other was in the spirit of Decamps. It is one of those delightful bits of rough bridle-roads that still exist in those parts of France where the *chemin vicinal* has not yet spread its network of dreadful perfection—a road that you cannot prudently drive upon, because there is sure to be a rut about two feet deep somewhere in a wood, but which is full of charm if you ride on a sure-footed pony, and have a sense of what is best in landscape. In such a hollow as this you see the rich ochres of the earth; and just above the broken ground rises an old oak, mutilated by many winds; and in the middle distance there is a solitary thatched cottage, where you may get a draught of milk and a hunch of good brown bread if you are hungry; after which you resume your ride through hundreds of scenes of the same character, yet always varied enough to be interesting, with pleasant occasional surprises—such as a pond, a strip of forest, a great picturesque farm with turrets, or possibly even some lonely ruined tower. As an interpretation (not servile imitation) of the qualities of a painter this etching leaves nothing to be desired; but there are other plates in the same collection which seem to be mistaken in their principles of work. The object of the artists in these plates appears to be to get as many glittering lights as they possibly can, and as many patches of downright black. I may mention as instances of this sort of work the *Soleil couchant*, by Pirodon; the *Troupeau de Vaches au Bord d'une Rivière*, by Chauvel, both after Jules Dupré; and *Les Chevriers*, by Courtry, after Théodore Rousseau. In these etchings, instead of a properly subdivided scale of tones and semitones, you have just three notes—black (the black of a shoeblack), white, and a middle tint; or at the most two middle tints. This may be very convenient for the artists, but it is not pleasant to the eyes of the spectator; and as for attempting to translate by such means any painting worthy of the name, it is just as wise a proceeding as if a musician were to attempt to play elaborate music with the note A and its octave and D and E between them.

EDITOR.

MR. RUSKIN ON ETCHING.

MR. RUSKIN has sent a letter to the Editor of the 'Architect,' which is interesting as expressing for the first time publicly his opinion upon etching, and on the vexed questions that divide the two schools of line and tone. I wish to examine Mr. Ruskin's doctrine on this branch of art, not at all in the spirit of controversy, but simply to ascertain the exact truth, whether it has been stated by Mr. Ruskin or by any one else.

Mr. Ernest George has published some etchings in the 'Architect,' and it is these etchings which have called forth the expression of Mr. Ruskin's warm approval. All that Mr. Ruskin says about the qualities of these plates seems to me quite true in itself, and disproportionate only when we reflect that although this honest yet not quite mature work is praised so heartily, the really mature and masterly work of this century in etching has never received a word of praise or encouragement from the same critic. Indeed it is evident, that if Mr. Ruskin was moved to write by admiration of Mr. George's work, he was at least moved in an equal degree, and perhaps even more strongly, by a dislike to other work that has been executed upon different principles.

'To return to Mr. George's work. It is precious, lastly, in its fine sense of serene light and shade, as opposed to the coruscations and horrors of common modern attempts in that direction. But it is a pity—and this is the first general principle of etching which I feel it necessary to affirm—when the instinct of chiaroscuro leads the artist to spend time in producing texture on his plate which cannot be ultimately perfect, however laboured. All the common raptures concerning blots, burr, delicate biting, and the other tricks of the etching trade, merely indicate imperfect feeling for shadow. The proper instrument of chiaroscuro is the brush; a wash of sepia, rightly managed, will do more in ten minutes than Rembrandt himself could do in ten days of the most ingenious scratching, or blurt out by the most happy mixtures of art and accident. As soon as Mr. George has learned what true light and shade is (and a few careful studies with brush or chalk would enable him to do so) he will not labour his etched subjects in vain. The virtue of an etching in this respect is to express perfectly harmonious sense of light and shade, but not to realize it. All fine etchings are done with few lines. Secondly—and this is a still more important general principle (I must let myself fall into dictatorial terms for brevity's sake)—let your few lines be sternly clear, however delicate, or however dark. All burr and botch is child's play; a true draughtsman must never be at the mercy of his copper and ink. Drive your line well and fairly home; don't scrawl or zig-zag; know where your hand is going, and what it is doing, to a hairsbreadth; then bite clear and clean, and let the last impression be as good as the first. When it begins to fail, break your plate. Third general principle. Don't depend much on various biting. For a true master, and a great purpose, one biting is enough. By no flux or dilution of acid can you ever etch a curl of hair or a cloud; and if you think you can etch the gradations of coarser things it is only because you have never seen them. Try, at your leisure, to etch a tea-cup or a tallow candle of their real size; see what you can make of the gradations of those familiar articles. If you succeed to your mind you may try something more difficult afterwards.'

To this Mr. Ruskin adds in a note:—

'The value of Rembrandt's etchings is always in the inverse ratio of the labour bestowed on them after his first thoughts have been decisively expressed; and even the best of his chiaroscuros (the spotted shell, for instance) are mere child's play compared to the disciplined light and shade of the Italian masters.'

Readers of the *Portfolio*, who are familiar with the principles and practice of the modern schools of etching, will see at once from these extracts that Mr. Ruskin is an advocate of the schools of line as opposed to the schools of tone, but that he is so not from any decided preference for the line in itself—certainly not from any indifference to tone—as from a strong conviction that true tonic relations are not attainable in etching. The advice which Mr. Ruskin gives to etchers is, on the whole, prudent and good advice, if we suppose them to be amateurs or painters, who have occasional recourse to etching for the multiplication of an idea; but an artist who gave his whole time to etching, as many able men have been doing for the last few years, might reasonably hope for more perfect mastery of the means

at his disposal than Mr. Ruskin believes to be possible, and might without imprudence aim at qualities and effects which Mr. Ruskin does not believe to be attainable. The difficulties of line-etching are much more artistic than technical, but in working for tone every etcher feels that the purely technical difficulties are immensely increased; and besides this, the time required is so considerable that the experience of many plates exacts the devotion of years. There is, however, a clear distinction between difficulty and impossibility. It is difficult for a sculptor in marble to carve a naked man, it is impossible for him to carve a birch-tree. We ought also to remember that there may be personal difficulties and personal impossibilities, which have their origin in organization, and habits, and training, and it may be suspected that there is some personal impossibility in the present case, that a degree of mastery over acid which is difficult, but not impossible, for an etcher who gives his whole time to the art may be difficult *and* impossible for an art-critic. Just so it would be impossible for any one who read and wrote eight hours a-day to carve a naked figure, and yet the experience of artists in sculpture has proved that their art is peculiarly and eminently adapted to such a task as that.

It appears, too, that in this instance Mr. Ruskin has pitched his requirements too high, in not being willing to content himself with anything short of absolute perfection. A criticism equally exigent might reject several other forms of art, as failing to realise some transcendental ideal of what artistic execution ought to be. We *must* be tolerant of imperfection to some extent, or else all human art would become unbearable; but it does not follow, that because we are tolerant of certain forms of imperfection we are ignorantly unable to perceive them. There is a stage of art-culture beyond that of extreme fastidiousness, in which the mind puts up with the necessary imperfections of human work and becomes capable of enjoying great qualities in spite of them. Without this toleration we should not be able to enjoy even oil-painting, which has to make considerable demands upon our indulgence. A space shaded with etched lines can never be exactly and perfectly like a cloud, but neither can a dab of flake-white in oil, nor of any greys that you may be able to mix with your flake-white. And as we come to think of art much more as an expression, a mental expression, than an imitation of objects, we become more and more tolerant of failure or negligence in realization, provided only that the artistic thoughts were noble in themselves and expressed with adequate power. It may be because we feel the imperfections of all the arts that we are tolerant of imperfection in etching—if, indeed, from the high artistic point of view *that* can be considered an imperfection which leads men to become rather the interpreters of Nature than her copyists.

The chiaroscuro of Rembrandt's etchings is arbitrary in the highest degree, sometimes frankly false and impossible; but there is nothing in it to imply any want of mastery over the acid, or any fatal imperfection of means. It is what he intended it to be, and as Reynolds said to a critic of another old master's work, 'had it been better it would have been worse.' It is very likely that any well-trained young man in the best modern schools could set Rembrandt right in the matter of chiaroscuro, and arrange one of his compositions on perfectly scientific principles, settling the weights of dark by rule, and producing in the end something of which criticism could only say that it was perfectly correct and perfectly uninteresting. If you take away Rembrandt's faults you destroy Rembrandt. It is easy to laugh at the Correggiosity of Correggio, but it may be affirmed boldly that a great deal of Correggiosity was necessary to Correggio. And in the same connexion it may safely be said, that Mr. Ruskin's utterances about art would not be so interesting as they have always been if a too meddlesome angel, in the interests of absolute truth, were to purge and purify them of Ruskinism.

Mr. Ruskin says that our 'raptures about blots, burr, delicate biting, and the other tricks of the etching trade, merely indicate imperfect feeling for shadow.' It is, of course, possible to be foolishly rapturous about these things, just as you may become foolishly rapturous about delicate glazings and scumblings in oil-painting; but it is an old habit with artists, and a

habit necessary to their success, to think much about technical matters and to enjoy technical dexterities. The little sneer at the professional etchers, whose art is spoken of as 'the etching trade,' because it is their way of getting a living, deserves, and shall receive, a word or two of answer in their behalf. It is a very common belief, founded on general experience, that professional work, whatever may be its defects, is on the whole the best work. 'The world,' says Charles Lever, 'would rather have its shoes mended by the veriest botch of a professional than by the cleverest amateur that ever studied a Greek sandal.' In the same spirit a famous actor and manager said that he had never known an amateur actor who was worth fifteen shillings a-week. In etching there have been one or two remarkable exceptions to this rule; yet the rule holds good in etching as in shoemaking, and what Mr. Ruskin is pleased to call the 'tricks' of the trade are in fact very valuable technical resources, of which very great artists have humbly and willingly availed themselves. He accuses artists who use frequent and delicate bitings of 'imperfect feeling for shadow,' to which I shall reply by a single but sufficient example. Samuel Palmer is fond of many bitings and stoppings-out, yet all who know his work must be aware that he has the most refined and exquisite sense of light and shade.

Mr. Ruskin challenges etchers to 'try and etch a tea-cup or a tallow-candle, of their real size,' and see what they can make of the gradations of those familiar articles. Of course he is well aware that these objects, though familiar, are very difficult to etch satisfactorily, because a defect in the copy could be so easily detected. In fact, a tea-cup and a tallow-candle are more difficult to etch satisfactorily than the dome of Florence and the tower of Pisa. A tallow-candle, too, is a very uninteresting subject, especially if it is to be done of its real size, and I remember no large tallow-candles in etchings by the great masters. But Jules Jacquemart has etched tea-cups delicately in the illustrations to the 'History of Porcelain;' and in the 'Joyaux du Louvre' he has etched thoroughly well, with all gradations, textures, reflections, and transparencies, a number of precious cups still more difficult to do than tea-cups. If an artist endowed with such ineffable delicacy of perception as Jules Jacquemart can be satisfied with etching as a means of expression, the art is surely exquisite enough for anybody else. And if the rest of us cannot do what he does, it is evident that the fault is not in the art but in ourselves.

Difficult as may be tea-cups and vases, there is one thing generally believed to be more difficult still, and that is a human face. Now it so happens that in a very recent collection of etchings, the set from Mr. Wilson's pictures, there are several faces very well done; but there is one especially adapted to my present argument, that of a Flemish Gentleman, painted by Gonzalès Cocx (or Coques), a painter who knew what modelling was, and put enough of it in this face to puzzle any engraver who attempted it, either with imperfect accomplishment or inadequate means. It has been etched by M. Edmond Hédouin, and that with as thorough a rendering of light and shade as can be got in any black-and-white art whatever. It is admirable at the same time for solid modelling of the facial muscles, for harmonious and transparent shading (one half the face being in semi-obscurity), and for a texture as completely free from hardness as if it had been done in charcoal. The hair, too, including the moustache and imperial, is as agreeable in texture as the flesh. I do not care to multiply examples, because a single example is enough to prove my point. M. Hédouin's copper is in existence, it is published, and until both the copper and every impression from it are destroyed there will be ample evidence, if all other evidence were wanting, that both texture and shade are attainable in etching.

Mr. Ruskin says that it is not possible to etch either a curl of hair or a cloud. Both are very difficult, certainly, and few indeed are the etchers who may presume to attempt either without risk of defeat; yet although it is not many years since the art was revived in Europe, I venture to affirm that there are men now living who can achieve these things satisfactorily. Jacquemart has etched the portrait of Mrs. Seyforth and her little daughter, in Mr. Wilson's

Collection, and the child's curls have as much of the quality of painting as can be got on that scale in any other kind of engraving. Waltner's *Lady Ellenborough,* after Lawrence, has but one fault in the hair—it is rather too coarse in execution; but this is a fault which might easily have been avoided, and the hair in this plate, where it is very important, is completely successful in all other respects. The long-flowing locks in the same etcher's *Jasper Van Westrum,* after Franz Hals, are as good as they can be in that very vigorous sort of work; but the eyebrows, which the etcher has touched rather more delicately, are quite perfect in point of texture. Waltner's hair sometimes errs a little on the side of coarseness, but he has just finished a portrait of Rembrandt for us which will appear shortly in the *Portfolio,* and the reader will then have in his possession a very perfect example of the treatment of hair in etching, both as to texture and gradation, combining the softness of nature with sufficiently decided markings to indicate the directions of growth. In a set of etchings lately published by M. Cadart, of quality much above the average, there is a very charming little plate by Hédouin, representing two young ladies in a garden. One is a *brune* and the other is a *blonde,* and the hair of each is rendered with the utmost delicacy, and taste, and truth.

I cannot name so many instances of the successful etching of clouds, and this for a peculiar reason. When an etcher bestows much labour on a sky it necessitates much more laborious finish in every other part of his performance, so that it is generally prudent to treat the sky as Constable would *not* treat it—that is, as a white sheet on which clouds may be lightly indicated, but no more. The consequence of this is, that the genuine etchers have had very little practice in the treatment of clouds, and without practice in an art so difficult as this it is scarcely possible to achieve anything worthy of special mention. There are, however, three skies by Samuel Palmer on which an argument may be based—one at early dawn, in the *Early Ploughman;* the other two at moonrise, in the *Herdsman* and *The Rising Moon.* There is in these skies some apparent coarseness of execution, because the principles of the work in the landscape are carried out to some extent in the skies also, for the sake of harmony, and that absolute purity of tint which may be obtained mechanically by the machine-ruler is not to be expected in an art which rejects the aid of mechanism. Still these skies were well worth doing, and are well done. They are nobly true to nature, and recall nature to the mind quite as vividly as the most finished engraving. In the *Early Ploughman,* Samuel Palmer has etched a cloud flushing and palpitating with the light of early morning, and in the *Rising Moon* he has etched a cloud in which moonshine and the gloom of night contend. If, instead of being a painter, the author of these plates had been a professional etcher, their good qualities would have been carried to a further refinement; yet although not quite so refined as the same great artist's work in colour, they are sufficiently so to prove that etching may without rashness attack even the chiaroscuro of a sky.

Mr. Ruskin affirms that 'all fine etchings are done with few lines.' I have elsewhere expressed a hearty appreciation of two virtues often neglected by contemporary aquafortists—the virtues of selection and omission. Still this dictum of Mr. Ruskin's seems to me much too absolute, as it happens that some of the finest of fine etchings have been done with many lines. The *Hundred Guilder* print, and the portrait of the *Burgomaster Six,* are done with many lines and yet they are fine etchings. So it is with Claude's beautiful work in etching, in which the lines are very numerous. And if any painstaking calculator would count for us approximately the number of lines in Palmer's plate of *Sheep-washing,* which is undeniably a fine etching, the result would probably surprise us. An actual experiment, the result of a foolish bet, has proved that a man can draw a million lines an inch long in a month. There are fine etchings in which there is fully a month's work, and in which most of the lines are much less than an inch long. Guessing roughly, on such data as these, we may suppose that the lines or touches in each of the plates just mentioned can scarcely fall short of three or four hundred thousand. Whether it may or may not be worth while to give so much labour to a plate is another question. In much modern work the shading is worse than thrown away,

for it hides the organic markings without giving any chiaroscuro that is worth having. But when the artist is a master of light and shade, and a master of his acid also, then if he gives a million lines they are all valuable. In Palmer's *Sheep-washing* the lines are like the hairs of the head for multitude, and the result of the whole is a perfectly harmonious piece of chiaroscuro, just as good as if it had been done in charcoal by the same artist, and possessing in fact all the rich and exquisite quality of a highly-wrought modern *fusain*.

Here ends what I have to say in the way of remonstrance or contradiction. Mr. Ruskin's doctrine seemed injurious to a few highly accomplished artists, and that is why it was necessary to answer it; but as addressed to amateurs it may be extremely salutary, and amateurs are the only practical workers who pay any attention to the dicta of art-critics. Chiaroscuro, in any complete sense, is so immensely difficult in etching that for any one but an artist to attempt it is almost certain to be a throwing away of effort, and therefore a discouragement and an impediment to culture. I heartily agree with Mr. Ruskin in advocating especially the reliance upon the line in etching, upon few lines, first well selected and then drawn firmly, clearly, knowingly, decisively. He is right, too, when advising an amateur, to recommend few bitings. Much can be done with three bitings, or two, or one. M. de Gravesande gives only three bitings, using strong acid, and getting through the whole business of biting a plate whilst another would be stopping out a few details. Mr. Wise gave two bitings to the Mantegna in our last number, and I have seen a plate by Lalanne, bitten once only, in which, by the employment of different needles, he got an effect of space and distance. In fact, the execution of a plate may be so planned beforehand as to make numerous bitings unnecessary. But on the other hand, nobody could etch a plate in full chiaroscuro without many bitings, unless he etched it in the bath. The most accomplished etchers in full chiaroscuro do not hesitate to bite and rebite sixty or a hundred times. Since the introduction of the roller rebiting has taken a much more important place in etching than it had formerly, because it can be so much better done, and now an etcher will sometimes rely upon it for all darks below his middle tints.

There are, in fact, three distinct arts in etching, and it is well that they should be clearly distinguished in our minds. First, there is pure line etching, in which form is expressed by line, and chiaroscuro suggested but not realised; next, there is the combination of line and tone, aiming at the effect of a *Liber Studiorum* print, the lines being deeply etched and the tones laid over them in fine hatchings; lastly, there is etching in pure tone, aiming at the effect of an oil-picture as it would be if it were painted in black and white. Mr. Haden's *Agamemnon* is quite a pure and perfect example of the first; a sunset effect is suggested; yet scarcely more realised than a poet could realise it in words the sides of objects which, according to the effect, would be very dark in nature, are left as light as the sun's disc, and the imagination of the spectator is called upon to do the rest. Mr. Palmer's *Sheep-washing* is a perfect example of the second. Here the organic lines are as strong as in Turner's work for subsequent mezzotinting, and the shading is as textureless and aerial as mezzotint itself. For an example of the third manner I shall mention an etching by Jules Jacquemart, very unattractive at first sight, so that an inexperienced critic would fancy that Jacquemart (who is just the most delicate line-draughtsman living) had no precision, and did not know what a line was. It is the *Interior of a Dutch Cottage* by Willem Kalf, translated into etching with a single eye to the effect of the painting, including what is clear and what is obscure, what is brilliant and what is dull, and never once coming between the painter and the spectator with any display of the etcher's special dexterities. Now, of these three kinds of etching the first is within the reach of an amateur who has the special natural faculty and has studied a good deal in line, but experience seems to show that the two others require more persevering labour than an amateur is likely to give. Amateurs may therefore follow Mr. Ruskin's advice with advantage to their own practice, but it would be well for the justice of their opinions concerning the practice of accomplished artists that they should not despise them as men wholly ignorant of light and shade.

P. G. HAMERTON.

LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE.*

M. VIOLLET-LE-DUC is so well known by his labours as an architect and voluminous writer upon his art, that on receiving the first number of his 'Lectures' in an English edition our only wonder is that a translation has not been attempted sooner. There exists, it is true, a theory that every educated Englishman knows French, so that translations of French books are superfluous; but the plain truth is, that many Englishmen take an interest in artistic subjects who never read French at all, and would no more buy a French book than a book written in Arabic. To all such Mr. Bucknall is rendering a great service by this translation, which is executed conscientiously, and preserves the sense of the original; its only fault being that of all faithful translations, namely, a certain strangeness of manner (the thoughts being the thoughts of a foreigner), which in this edition strikes us the more that the typography and paper are French, for the work is printed at Paris.

M. Viollet-le-Duc has done more for the study of Gothic architecture than any other Frenchman, and, so far as I know, more than any other professional architect in Europe. His 'Dictionary of French Architecture' from the eleventh to the sixteenth century is a splendid monument of labour, and gives the clearest evidence of the thoroughness and intelligence with which the author had pursued his studies. The work contained, in its ten volumes, no less than eight hundred articles and four thousand wood-engravings, the latter being entirely copied from the author's own designs. Then came the 'Dictionary of French Furniture' from the Carlovingian time down to the Renaissance, in four volumes, abundantly illustrated. And lastly the author published a general result, or *résumé*, of his artistic life and experience in the 'Entretiens sur l'Architecture,' twenty lectures, in two volumes, also richly illustrated, and it is these 'Entretiens' which Mr. Bucknall is now translating for English readers. Of all the author's works it is the one which is likely to be most generally read outside of France, because it embraces the widest horizon, and exhibits the operation of ideas, and the determining of principles, which concern architects and their employers in every age and country.

The first lecture is an attempt to answer the old inquiry, *What is art?* and, in connexion with this question, to answer other questions that concern all who care for the development and prosperity of art, 'What is barbarism?' and 'What social conditions are most favourable to the development of the arts?' M. Viollet-le-Duc says much on these subjects which is profoundly true, and yet has never been said before. His distinction between social barbarism and artistic barbarism is, I think, particularly happy. 'May not a people,' he asks, 'be barbarous from the modern point of view—*i.e.* uncivilised, superstitious, fanatical, subject to irregular and incalculable impulses, and governed by imperfect laws—and yet possess arts in great perfection?' And then on the other side of this question, he inquires whether 'man, in becoming civilised, refined, tolerant, moderate in his tastes, and well informed—such, in fact, as our social conditions can make him—is thereby rendered more apt and capable in the domain of art?' The answer is, that 'philosophy, gentle manners, justice, and politeness, constitute a state of society in which it is agreeable to live; but this state may be unfavourable to the development of art.' M. Viollet-le-Duc, like some others who have meditated, with ample materials before them, on the history of the fine arts, has come to the conclusion that they are in a certain sense independent of the barbarism or civilisation amongst which they show themselves. It may be doubted whether the fine arts are powerful as a civilising influence, and it is clearly proved by experience that social civilisation does not necessarily imply artistic taste or culture. An English town, with its well-built dwelling-houses, its good drainage, gas and water supply, its books and newspapers, its telegraph and railway, its enlightened public opinion, is one of the most civilised places in which human beings ever lived together, but it is not likely to be artistic, and all its

* 'Lectures on Architecture,' by E. Viollet-le-Duc. Translated from the French by Benjamin Bucknall, Architect. Vol. I. Lecture I. (Published by A. Morel and Co., Paris; and J. Clark, Stroud.)

essential civilisation is independent of art, and compatible with the total absence of art. Then, on the other hand, not to speak of ancient populations that we know only from hearsay or tradition, have we not quite near to us an artistic populace, endowed with the finest taste and artistic organisation, the working-class of Paris; and is it not precisely that populace which on various occasions has exhibited great barbarousness in the destruction of public monuments and the sacrifice of life? Some writers have been so strongly impressed by such facts as these, that they have believed an artistic development to be positively dangerous to a nation, and likely to lead it towards moral barbarism, towards cruelty and licentiousness. But this seems to be an error in one direction as the belief in the civilising power of art was an error in another direction. The real truth seems to be, as M. Viollet-le-Duc believes, that art is simply independent of moral civilisation, and neither hostile to it nor helpful. 'The arts,' he says, 'may be highly developed and perfected under a very imperfect civilisation, and, rightly to estimate their relative worth, we must judge of them according to certain laws—laws which belong exclusively to the arts, and are independent of the state of civilisation to which nations may attain.'

Like all true architects the author of these Lectures is an artist to begin with; that is, a man endowed with the general faculties of an artist and not a mere specialist. He insists on this necessity for the general artistic endowment. 'An artistic people is one that has equally understood all the different languages of art. An architect who can listen to a melody or a poem, or view a sculpture or a painting, without experiencing emotions as lively as those he would feel in viewing a building, is not an artist, *but a mere practitioner*.' One cannot too highly applaud the temper which, in a successful professional architect, could dictate such a sentence as this, so contrary to the illiberal spirit of speciality which is the bane of all the fine arts in our age. In the author's preface there is an earnest protest against this narrowness,—'In the present day "specialities" alone are recognised. It is not imagined that a savant, an artist, or a man of letters, can move in a wide circle. Each is confined within a narrow sphere, beyond which he cannot pass without losing a great part of his importance in the eyes of the public. If an artist, for instance, has, in the course of his profession, manifested certain preferences (and who is there that has not preferences?), immediately he is classed, "labelled" as it were; he is not consulted or employed, or his capacity acknowledged, except within the range which those predilections are supposed to have marked out for him. If he protests against this limitation which opinion imposes upon his knowledge and tastes, his protest is unheeded. His adversaries, or those who regard themselves as such, if he endeavour to take a single step in their direction, are eager to thrust him back within the narrow circle traced around him; for every one thinks it his interest to make his neighbour's sphere as narrow as possible, and is ready to declare him a trespasser the moment he ventures beyond it. These sentiments appear to me perverse in themselves, hurtful to the interest of Science, Art, and Letters, and unjust to individuals. I will not, however, undertake to criticise sentiments against which I have long deemed it vain to struggle: it is evident that *my* range seemed too wide, seeing that it has been so vehemently contested.'

In reference to M. Viollet-le-Duc, the antagonism was that bitter antagonism of the classical school against the students or advocates of Gothic architecture which, of all literary and artistic antipathies, has been the most intolerant and the most bitter. It operated against M. Viollet-le-Duc in two ways—first, by assuming that, because he saw something worth study in old French architecture, he was a man of barbarous and defective taste; and next, by either really believing, or affecting to believe, that a man who had studied that architecture could not possibly understand any other. It is evident, from the preface to these Lectures, that he was stung by the injustice of this antagonism; yet, on the whole, perhaps it would have been better to take no notice of it. There is, as M. Viollet-le-Duc affirms, a sort of resolute determination in our age to settle for a man that he has this or that narrow speciality, and then to keep him down to it by denying him merit in every other direction.

There is but one way to combat this habit or tendency in the public mind, and that is to prove, by good work of various kinds, that we are not the narrow specialists the public would have us to be. This has been done with success by several distinguished men in our time; and in doing it they render a great service to the liberty of the less distinguished. It is scarcely necessary to observe that a man, with that artistic breadth of mind that distinguishes M. Viollet-le-Duc, is not by nature a specialist, though he may have selected one branch of study as the principal subject of his attention. Whatever he has to say of any branch of his art is sure to be worth listening to, and the very catholicity of his tastes may lead to a sounder appreciation even of classic art than the exclusive preference of the classicists themselves. For as no one critically knows a language who has not the means of comparing it with other languages, so no one critically understands a style of architecture who cannot compare it with other styles.

EDITOR.

WOLVES AND WILD BOARS.

BY LANÇON.

IT has been a cause of regret and some vexation to the Editor and Proprietors of this periodical that the illustrations to the 'Sylvan Year' could not always be ready in time, so that they have not always appeared with the chapters. Here are two which would have been published long since if we had had them; but as they are appropriate enough to the present season of the year we now issue them separately.

The wolves explain themselves, but a word of commentary may be useful as an accompaniment to the boars. These animals are very fond of rooting with their snouts, and the enormous strength of the head and shoulders enables them to do this very effectually, to the disgust of the farmers, who find their crops injured in this way when they live on the borders of a forest. In M. Lançon's plate the near wild boar is kneeling down very determinedly, and applying the power of his huge fore-quarters to the rough work before him. The beasts are drawn with unusual truth and power, and perhaps for that very reason are likely to appear somewhat strange to the English reader, as the animals themselves do not exist in a wild state in the British Islands.

THE ORIGIN OF WHEAT.

MR. DANIEL OLIVER (Keeper of the Herbarium and Library at Kew) has kindly written to the Editor of the PORTFOLIO, with reference to a note in the 'Sylvan Year' concerning the origin of wheat. It appears that M. Fabre's belief, that the *Ægilops* might be the parent of cultivated wheat rested upon imperfect observation; and that M. Fabre had got hold of some forms which occur in the South as hybrids of various grades between cultivated wheat and *Ægilops ovata*, a common South European grass. 'As is the case,' Mr. Oliver goes on to observe, 'with so many plants which have been in cultivation from time immemorial, it is probable that changes so considerable have been induced by artificial conditions that it has become almost impossible to identify several of them with any wild known species. There is, however, some important evidence of wheat occurring in a wild state in Asia Minor.' There exist at Kew some specimens of 'wheat' gathered by M. Fabre himself.

It is rather disappointing to be thrown back into the darkness again on a question so interesting as this, but the best quality of the scientific temper is its frank recognition of obscurity when it exists; so we may be grateful to Mr. Oliver for depriving us of a false light.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

III. Rembrandt Van Ryn. (1607–1669.)

His own Portrait.

ETCHED BY C. WALTNER.

REMBRANDT HARMENSZ VAN RYN was born at Leyden, on the 15th July, 1607, apparently: he was the fifth child of his parents, Harmen Gerritsz and Neeltge Willemsdr (William's daughter), and was born in their house (not in the mill) on the Weddesteeg, nearly opposite the mill on the west rampart, of which his parents were part-owners. This mill was a portable one of wood, and in 1646 it passed into other hands, and was removed to another place on the rampart of Leyden.

Jacob van Swanenburg is a name that Rembrandt has rescued from oblivion, for under him he learned the rudiments of his art, before he went to Amsterdam to work under Pieter Lastman, who had studied in Italy and become acquainted at Rome with Elzheimer, a lover of strange effects of light and shade; and where also Lastman learnt to admire the forcible effects of M. da Caravaggio, which he in a measure introduced into his own works: and so possibly led Rembrandt into a similar pursuit.

In 1630 Rembrandt settled in Amsterdam, and there, in 1632, painted his splendid picture of the *Lesson in Anatomy*, or anatomical lecture, by Nicholas Tulp, now at the Hague. In June, 1634, he married Saskia Uilenburg, a lady of fortune; she died in 1642, leaving the bulk of her property to her husband for life, or, in case of his second marriage, it was to pass to their son Titus; which condition probably was one of the chief immediate causes of his subsequent insolvency in 1656. He had then married again, and was accordingly under the necessity of handing over to his son the property the latter was entitled to: a transaction not fully completed until nine years afterwards, when Titus signed a receipt for 6952 fl. 9 st. on the 9th of September, 1665. Rembrandt no doubt added to his embarrassments by his extravagance in collecting works of art, for which he sometimes paid high prices.

Much absurd gossip has had currency concerning Rembrandt's life and character, through the carelessness of Houbraken and Weyerman, whose unfounded anecdotes have been constantly repeated; but late researches have shown the unsoundness of such reports.

This is not an opportunity for speaking of Rembrandt's numerous and admirable works: his brilliant colour and light and shade are proverbial, and the National Gallery possesses several admirable examples of both his early highly-finished pictures and of his later dashing works. Their dates range from 1634 to 1666,* and extend therefore over nearly the whole of his best years. The dates on his numerous etchings range from 1628 to 1661.

The Gallery possesses two portraits of the painter by his own hand. The subject of our present etching is Rembrandt as a young man (No. 672), painted in his thirty-third year; it is signed *Rembrandt f:* 1640. *Conterfeyct:* that is, portrait. Conterfeyct, our word counterfeit, is an old Dutch expression for portrait: in Germany the word *contrafact* is used. The picture is painted in oil on canvas, and is 3 ft. 3 in. high, by 2 ft. 7½ in. wide. It was formerly in the collection of General Dupont, at Paris, and was purchased from his heirs, MM. De Richemont,

* See the Official Catalogue, in which several facsimiles of his signature are given.

in 1861, for 800*l.* It is a beautiful example of the more delicate and highly-finished work of the painter.

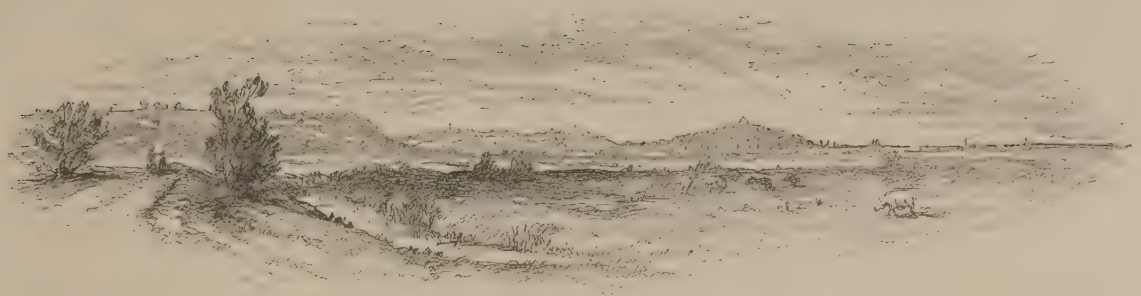
The second example (No. 221) represents the painter as an old man of about sixty, and there is no overlooking the strong family likeness between this portrait and that of the 'Old Lady in a white cap and ruff' (No. 775). This portrait has been described by some as *Rembrandt's mother*, but the date on the picture, combined with the old lady's age, shows that to be impossible: it is however, very probably, the portrait of his mother's mother, Lysbeth Cornelisdr: the signature is '*Æ. S VE.* 83—*Rembrandt ft.* 1634.' Rembrandt's mother was married in 1589, when this old lady was about thirty-nine years of age; his mother survived till 1640, his father had preceded her to the other world about eight years before.

Rembrandt died at Amsterdam in 1669, and his body was buried there, in the Wester Kerk, on the 8th of October of that year. The original entry of the burial in the Register, discovered by M. Scheltema, is,—'*Deynsdach*, 8 *October*, 1669. *Rembrandt van Ryn, Schilder, op de Roosegraft, teghenover het Doolhof. Laet na* 2 *kynders.*' That is,—'Tuesday, 8th October, 1669. Rembrandt van Rhyn, Painter, on the Rosecanal, opposite the Labyrinth. Leaves behind two children.' In this entry the widow is not mentioned, it is therefore possible that he survived his second wife. He had also two children by the first wife, Saskia Uilenburg; the first died an infant in 1638; the second, his son Titus, who was brought up as a painter, died about a year before his father; he was buried in the Wester Kerk at Amsterdam on the 4th September, 1668. Titus left one child by his wife Magdalena Van Loo, who survived her husband only thirteen months: she was buried in the Wester Kerk a few days after her father-in-law, on the 21st of October, 1669.

Among the numerous scholars and imitators of Rembrandt, the most successful have been Gerbrand van den Eeckhout, in biblical subjects; Ferdinand Bol and Govert Flink, excellent in portraits; and Bernard Fabritius, as the imitator of his bolder manner. The last is a name little known, as his works are doubtless very frequently ascribed to his master.

The authorities on Rembrandt and his works are numerous, but the earlier accounts are not now of value, later researches having shown their *facts* to have been often imaginary. The following are deserving of mention:—'A Review of the Lives and Works of the Most Eminent Painters, &c.' by C. J. Nieuwenhuys, 1834. Scheltema, 'Redevoering over het Leven en de Verdiensten van Rembrand van Ryn.' Amsterdam, 1853. 'Rembrandt, Discours sur sa Vie et son Génie, par le Dr. P. Scheltema. Traduit par A. Willems. Revu et annoté par W. Bürger.' Bruxelles, 1859. W. Bürger, 'Musées de la Hollande. Paris, 1860. 'Rembrandt Harmens Van Ryn, &c. par C. Vosmaer,' with a continuation containing a list of his works. La Haye, 1863 and 1869. And 'L'Œuvre complet de Rembrandt, décrie et commenté, par M. Charles Blanc, Ancien Directeur des Beaux-Arts, 1864.'

R. N. Wornum.



RYE.

TO make the most of any place which you visit for the first time you should reach it at sunset. At that hour not only are the effects of landscape and cities most mysterious and suggestive, but the mind is impressed with a sense of vague and indefinite imaginations, which become centred round the place you are reaching, and endow it with unlimited promise of interest and pleasure. Then again there is no fear of discounting the delights of the full revelations of daylight. When you have got rid of the discomforts and restlessness of travelling and have an hour to look about you, you can explore the new locality with a sense of perfect vacancy and irresponsibility, only modified by the suspicion of a fear of losing your way, and can make a note of this object and that which seem likely to turn out well by day. At this time more than any other it is possible to enjoy the feeling of being uprooted and placed in a fresh soil. The phenomena of the outer world have so much of indefiniteness and of a softened outline, that even in the most ordinary locality you may indulge in a temporary relief from the vulgar precision of everyday presentments, and may in the nineteenth century find a little interval in which the imagination may move uninjured by collision with vulgar realities. And when, as at Rye, the whole aspect and position of the place you have reached is a link with a far-off past, when at every street-corner some fragment at least raises suggestions of other days, and gives promise of delightful study in the daylight, then you feel a security in the vaguer pleasures which may be relied on to stand the test of sunlight.

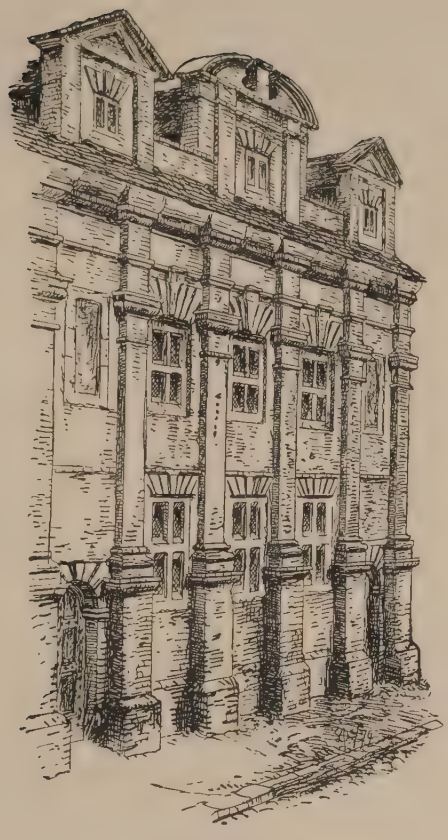
A very informal kind of branch-line takes you from Ashford to Rye across the bed of the Romney Marsh, of the character of which in passing you get a foretaste in a modified form, and brings you to a station on the north side of Rye; while Playden Hill, still having the appearance of a sea-cliff, which it formerly was, stands wooded and dark on your right hand. You alight on the beach of the original northern estuary and mount a steepish ascent, passing the position of the postern-gate, and getting in the twilight an indistinct vision of the old wall-line, and so reach the main street, where is the principal inn, of which the primitive appearance gives promise at least of an immunity from modern æsthetics, more than an equivalent for deficiency in modern comforts. Wandering at random over the town in the evening, first of all the church comes on you suddenly at the end of a narrow street of old houses. After passing the church you come to a ruined keep, close to which a long flight of stone steps winds downwards to the level marsh on the south of Rye; and at the bottom of the steps is a small inn, the site of which, retired as it is and at the same time accessible, probably dates from the time when smuggling considerations were paramount in the choice of position. On this spot the sudden cessation of the lively, garrulous little town, the fall of the ground, the maritime-looking steps, a suspicion of tar and a dim vision of what may be masts, bring sea rather than land to the

imagination as the occupant of the flat extent beyond: but the silence on a breezy evening, the unreflected lights in the distance, and a mass of dark shadow here and there, which may be the trees round a neighbouring homestead, re-assert the conditions of the present and remove the sea to its actual limit two miles away. There are many old streets to explore, one of which, in its steep descent towards the quay with two deserted old houses frowning story over story, promise a wealth of the picturesque. Then the main street again brings you to another eminence overlooking another ambiguous expanse, and it is time to return to the inn, get some dinner and some guide-book information about the place, and enjoy the prospect of turning the evening's notes into sterling architectural studies to-morrow morning.

The site of Rye must have been habitable from a very early geological period. Instead of emerging from the sea and gradually extending its limits, as did the sites of some of the other cities of the Marsh, it must have possessed a far wider area at a remote age, and its history must have been one of gradual diminution until the sea left it. It is strange, therefore, that no records remain of Rye as an inhabited region till a comparatively late date—long subsequent to the earliest mention of Romney, for instance, whose supra-marine existence was very recent. The earliest mention found of Rye is to the effect that Edward the Confessor gave it with Winchelsea to the Abbey of Fécamp in Normandy, at the same time bestowing on the monks of that abbey such rights of visitation and supervision as would enable them to collect their revenues. The revenues of the town continued thus alienated until the time of Henry III., who, finding that the right of entry into so accessible a town was one eminently capable of abuse, as giving the French a ready means of espionage in time of war, resumed the royal rights over the port, and gave in exchange the manors of Chilcenham and Scloutr in Gloucestershire, and the manor of Naveneby in Lincolnshire. Rye, as we have seen, was with Winchelsea added to the Cinque Ports before the end of the twelfth century—at least a century after the charters of the Cinque Ports were originally granted.

It is somewhat difficult to determine at what period Rye ceased to be an island. It may be inferred that the Marsh to the north was partially enclosed as early as Edward III.'s time, as it then appeared to be necessary to give it artificial defence upon the land side. The other sides were sufficiently protected from all enemies but the sea by the abruptness of the ground. The sea, however, appears to have reduced the limits of the town very considerably, especially on the south-eastern and eastern side; 'where,' as Leland says, 'hath been washed away some streets, the Baddings Gate and wall leading therefrom to the Land Gate.' At the present time the principal road of approach to Rye, after passing through the last-mentioned gate, begins to bear towards the right, and on reaching the higher ground makes an abrupt and almost rectangular turn in the same direction. This arrangement is due to the curtailment of the eastern cliff, for this road of approach continued formerly in a direct line to the extreme southern limit of Rye, where must have been the Baddings Gate alluded to above. There is also evidence in the former position of rocks, fragments of the perished cliff, to some distance south of the present town, that the island at least, if not the town, formerly extended far in this direction.

Though the town has at the present time here and there overstepped its artificial boundaries, they are still sufficiently apparent. Making its circuit from the Land Gate in a westerly direction, you can trace the old wall of Edward III., with here and there an inconsiderable interval, as far as the remains of the West Gate. It does not indeed often retain its integrity as a fortified wall, nor is it easily accessible. Here it is the retaining wall of a garden, there the lower story of a dwelling-house, or of one or other of those picturesque amphibious buildings which note an English port. You identify its position here and there by a few fragments of weather-worn stone incorporated in a brick wall, and discerned through a vista of sculleries and backyards; but you never lose sight of it long enough to feel any doubt of its precise position. With the Strand Gate, of which fragments still remain, the cliff begins and the artificial fortification ceases. The maritime buildings cling to the cliff to some small distance



POCOCK'S SCHOOL.

A TUDOR HOUSE.

TUDOR DOOR.

STAIRS LEADING TO THE YPRES TOWER.

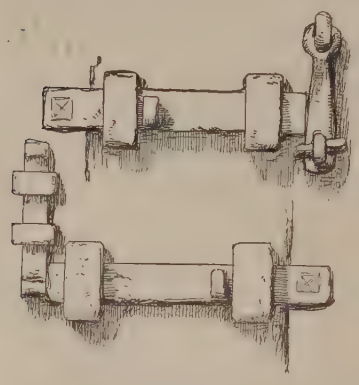
southward, and then leave it free to mark the limit of the town on the south and south-eastern side, until the Land Gate from which we started is reached again.

One of the most characteristic views of Rye is that of the Western Cliff, at the point where it begins to free itself from the surrounding buildings just south of the Strand Gate. Viewed from the further side of the Rother, with one of those effective foregrounds of river with all the picturesque paraphernalia of shipping, the broken cliff with its rude shapes of rock overgrown and softened with rich vegetation of vines, mallow, long grasses and docks, strengthened here and there by rude masonry, buttressed up, topped by vernacular buildings with quaint gables and chimney-stacks, with here and there a wooden summer-house, the look-out probably of some retired skipper, the whole promontory terminating in the level waste marsh stretching unbroken into infinite distance, Rye has, in its general aspect at least, the strangeness of a foreign town, and its individual remains are certainly not less interesting. Before considering each of them separately, it only remains to record very briefly the few historical facts in the history of the town which possess any general interest.

Rye, like Winchelsea, appears to have been exposed to frequent attacks from the French, the most memorable of which was in 1378, and is described by Stow in the following terms of very uncertain interpretation :—'They within five hours brought it wholly into ashes, with the church that then was there of a wonderful beauty, conveying away four of the richest of that town prisoners, and slaying sixty-six, left not above eight in the towne. Forty-two hogsheads of wine they carried thence to their ships with the rest of their booty, and left the towne desolate.' That this account, so far as it is intelligible, is greatly exaggerated, is perhaps sufficiently established by the fact, that in 1448 Rye was deemed worthy of another attack by the French, when it was again captured. In the time of Henry VII. it lost its merchant fleet, and is said never since then to have recovered its ancient mercantile prosperity. The reports of antiquaries, however, almost invariably produce a somewhat dismal impression on the mind ; possibly, among others, for the two following reasons : first, that calamities, being distinct, several events, are more apt to survive in a fragmentary record than the less definite features of gradual progress ; secondly, because the historian or antiquary of former days, lacking the invaluable safety-valve of sensationalism—the three-volume novel being still in the future—was naturally led to colour somewhat highly the events he had to record. So far as the present aspect of Rye affords a criterion of the truth of these accounts, we should be disposed to modify them considerably. At any rate, Rye is at this moment, notwithstanding the increased difficulty of access from the sea, a sufficiently prosperous little town, with all the blessings of a market-place, a member of parliament, and quarter-sessions.

Next to the church, which is reserved for the next chapter, the most notable building in Rye is the Ypres Tower, which stands at the south-eastern corner of Rye, at the head of a flight of stone steps leading down to the level ground which was formerly the beach. The only portion of the original Ypres Tower which appears in the illustration is the round angle tower in the distance, the square battlemented building being a modern addition. Ypres Tower is a square building with a round turret at each angle. In one of these is a circular staircase leading to the different floors. It was built by William de Ypres, Earl of Kent, in the reign of Stephen, and continued to be a tower of defence and a watch-tower, probably until the latter part of the fifteenth century, when it was converted into a gaol ; adjoining it was formerly the Gun-garden Gate. Besides its position, there is no very special interest attaching to this tower, except in the admirable architectural expression in the doorways and windows of the uses to which it is at present applied. These fittings, though they possess little detail by which their date may be assigned, appear to be of the latter part of the fifteenth century. It is well worthy of note how, by a liberal use of material, a thoroughly workmanlike appreciation of the conditions of their practical utility, and a certain *naïveté* and simple ingenuity of method, they attain to a very high degree of æsthetic merit. Notice, for instance, the strong *grille* with its wide iron margin, the bolts of massive iron, with just a *soupçon* of detail which the workman

could not refrain from adding, because workmen were artists in those days, with the hasp or perpendicular bolt to drop behind it and keep it from being unshot from the inside. Then



see how the lock is secured to the door by a huge oaken stile, riveted to the door by bands of iron which crowbars could not remove. Then observe the ready ingenuity with which the special conditions of each several doorway are turned to account. At the top of the page of illustrations, on the left-hand side, we see how the position of the door opposite to a strong wall of masonry has suggested the expedient of forming a strong buttress against the door, when shut, by dropping a powerful iron bar hung to the masonry into a loop fixed in the head of the door. On the opposite side of the page is a door communicating with one of the corner chambers of the tower, for which room has been made by building a recess in the wall with half of a segmental circle above it. At the bottom of the page on the right you see how there has been a difficulty in getting a receiver for the locks and bolts of the door, which has been surmounted by securing a huge oaken log to the masonry by means of strong iron hooks. The readiness and informality of such expedients, the sense of the vigorous action of unfettered intelligence in the simple and natural resolution of casual problems, possesses so great a charm that it is no wonder that the styles of the Middle Ages have an abundant following. Again, the elasticity of the Gothic styles, which allowed each practical feature to gain its appropriate expression, has perhaps been scarcely adequately appreciated by the most devoted advocates of Gothic. As an example of this characteristic I have placed on the same sheet two domestic doorways of about the same period. The homely and refined expression of these is as apparent as the gaunt, forbidding character of those from the Ypres Tower, and is attained with the same unconscious ease. Somehow or other, unconsciousness and elasticity are of all others the elements of effect which seem most foreign to the contemporary mind, and which are most conspicuously absent from the modern school of domestic Gothic, under the auspices of which prisons are too apt to look like houses and houses like prisons, and both and all to look conscious and affected to an extreme degree.

A very interesting specimen of the more formal and studied character of design introduced by the Renaissance is Pocock's School, of which an illustration is given in the centre at the top of the page. It is specially worthy of notice as being a remarkably early specimen of the pilaster treatment, having been erected as early as 1636, as possessing a certain vernacular and maritime character, and as showing signs of the transition by which the later gradually gained upon and eclipsed the earlier style. In the doors, for example, we have the old vernacular

Gothic doorway, with a semicircular head and a modification of molding. In the chimney opening in the first floor the two elements are almost equally balanced; the mullioned and transomed windows are a survival of the earlier style. On the other hand, the general renaissance character is very strongly pronounced in the design as a whole, which is perfectly formal and symmetrical. The architect, however, has evidently been greatly puzzled by the novel conditions. Notice, for example, what an embarrassment the cornice has been to him, and how he has been obliged to cover it with a tile-roof of considerable expanse.

Then the bases of the pilasters only just stop short of the glass of the lower windows, which

they divide very awkwardly in the centre. The astounding proportion of the several members suggests a most diverting ignorance of the laws of the orders, and looks as if the architect had got his knowledge, such as it was, in some extremely indirect manner. On the other hand, its very quaintness and irregularity give it a special interest, even if we did not remember that it is

illustrious as the scene of Denis Duval's school-days. As an instance of the extreme elaboration which the style thus introduced ultimately reached, we give in conclusion a Georgian doorway to a doctor's house, near the top of Mermaid Street; with regard to which we may state, that notwithstanding its extreme intricacy of detail and classicality of expression it still retains the note of the vernacular character, showing that the style had really taken root in out-of-the-way places.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

M. MARTIAL'S TREATISE ON ETCHING.

SOME of our readers may happen to possess, or to remember, the most concise treatise on etching that ever was published, the 'Lettre sur l'Eau-forte' that M. Martial etched (text and illustrations on four plates of copper) a good many years ago. We had expected from the announcement of a new treatise by him that it would be much more complete than its laconic predecessor, but M. Martial's new book has been adisappointment to us precisely from its want of completeness. All that is said is well said, and the explanations, notwithstanding their extreme brevity, are perfectly intelligible; the style is happy and vivid, throwing always a strong light on the point under consideration, but the tendency to brevity, and omission of useless detail, has led to the omission of details which would have been not only useful but even necessary. It was not necessary to give an account of those processes which depend upon etching in the bath, because few etchers make use of them, but such a well-known and useful help as rebiting might have been explained even to a beginner, yet it is never mentioned. Retouches are explained very clearly, but not rebiting in the old lines. M. Martial ignores entirely the use of liquid grounds, such as the chloroform ground and others, which are constantly used by artists. Nothing is said about the *rouleau à revernir* and the ground adapted to it, yet this instrument is now much used, and is a great help to the etcher. But the strangest omission, that which most proves the tendency to omission in the author's mind, is that of dry point, which is not even mentioned. Now dry point is not, strictly speaking, *eau-forte*, as no strong water is used with it; but it has always been used by etchers, and much valued by them as an auxiliary,

especially for delicate effects towards the close of the work upon a plate. Notwithstanding these shortcomings, however, the book will be useful to beginners and amateurs, and it is no doubt in some respects an advantage that they are not confused by accounts of many different processes, but kept down strictly to the old traditional one. The illustrations, thirteen in number, add greatly to the utility of the work. There is no reason why M. Martial's litle book should not become one of the best existing guides to the practice of etching. It is perfectly trustworthy as far as it goes, and only needs additions, in a future impression, to make it all that an amateur need desire when first he enters on the practice of the art.

GIRL FROM ANACAPRI.

BY F. LEIGHTON, R.A. ETCHED BY W. WISE.

MR. WISE, who etched the Mantegna in our January number, has rather severer purposes than the majority of modern aquafortists, and appears to have grounded his style more upon the early Italian than the Dutch, or Flemish, or French school. He is, therefore, all the fitter for the interpretation of such work as Mr. Leighton's.

It seems probable enough that our attention has for many years been too exclusively directed to the work of the Northern schools in etching, and that our criticism would be all the better for being a little more comprehensive. The reader will perceive at a glance, that although this work is singularly 'tranquil' and unpretending in method it is worth his study.

Mr. Leighton's drawing is in black and white chalk on grey paper, and of the same size as the etching.

JACQUEMART'S CERAMIC ART.*

THIS very able as well as beautiful book comes before the English public with double claims to attention. It is a *resumé* of the entire subject, in a historical point of view at least, with more special and practical knowledge than usual on the part of the author, and it is illustrated in a peculiarly attractive way by a series of twelve etchings, so admirable that many will be attracted to the work purely on their account. On the appearance of *La Céramique* in Paris last year, these etchings made it prized by those more interested in fine art than in anything else, in spite of its very doubtful splendours of chromatic bookbinding. Now it appears in an English dress by Mrs. Palliser's trustworthy hand, improved externally, we think; because this work will, of course, after its season on the drawing-room table, take its place on the best shelf of the library.

Having said this much about the etchings, and the readers of this publication may be sure we do not praise them without reason, let us turn to the work itself. Mrs. Palliser's translation appears to be perfectly well done, with one or two little drawbacks. The first of these is the want of a longer preface. As it is, we have a few words to say that a literal translation has been preferred to a free one; but some little information about the author would have been useful, especially as he speaks very decisively on several scientific points, and instances as well as figures examples in 'our collection.' M. Jacquemart is one of the writers who seem to put on the official cocked-hat when he takes up the pen, and who instantly claims a paramount

* 'History of the Ceramic Art: a Descriptive and Philosophical Study of the Pottery of all Ages and all Nations.' By Albert Jacquemart. Containing 200 Woodcuts by H. Catenacci and Jules Jacquemart, 12 Engravings in Aquafortis by Jules Jacquemart, and 1000 Marks and Monograms. Translated by Mrs. Bury Palliser. Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. London.

importance for the subject in hand. '*L'histoire de la céramique, c'est l'histoire de l'humanité toute entière,*' is the motto on the title-page; and the opening sentence of his book affirms at once the same superlative position. 'A philosopher,' he says, 'seeking among the products of human industry the one which would best enable him to follow, through the course of ages, the progress of intelligence, and give him the approximate measure of the artistic tendencies of man, would select incontestably the works of the potter.' We should have thought both architecture and stone-carving, or sculpture, would necessarily rank higher: pottery, indeed, is a division, and a humble one, being mainly applied to domestic uses and perishable materials, of the sculptor's or modeller's art. Mrs. Palliser supports this assumption by translating the author's word *raisonnée*, 'philosophical,' as the reader may observe in the title; but all that any mechanic art can do is to illustrate a philosophical proposition. She also uses the word *fabric* in the sense of manufactory—'This fabric, founded under the Song dynasty,'—which mystifies the reader a little; but once well into her task, Mrs. Palliser is all that can be desired as a translator, having apparently a good deal of special knowledge on the subject herself.

I confess to having made these remarks on the high ground assumed by M. Jacquemart, because he is in this giving way to the fashion of the day—a fashion carried very far indeed by writers of less comprehensive knowledge. We are thus required to think of Bernard Palissy as of a second Leonardo da Vinci, whereas his peculiar art and method of accomplishing it—casting from nature to get the veritable impression of the skin of the creature—filling his dishes so as to make them exclusively ornamental, is all wrong in principle, and his sacrifices and labours in discovering processes and enamels were extremely unnecessary, as these were all in use in Italy at the very time. We are called upon, by several voluminous writers in chorus, to believe that Josiah Wedgwood was a giant intellect in various ways, and that his patronage enabled the obscure and insignificant Flaxman to do all that he accomplished for art; whereas the whole connexion between the manufacturers, Wedgwood and his partner Bentley, and the sculptor Flaxman, was that of sordid stinting on the one side and underpaid labour on the other, labour of so noble a sort that it has been a fortune to three generations of the potter's family. The speculators first knew young Flaxman in his father's plaster-cast shop, and finding him becoming known thought to get his work cheap; Bentley accordingly, a respectable man in a light-brown coat, finds him out again, and the terms in which he speaks of the gentle and humble-minded genius in his letter relating the transaction to Wedgwood make us a little indignant.

The inferiority of the potter's art to any of the fine arts proper, is demonstrated by the class of amateurs who attached themselves to it, from Hogarth's time, when he published his *Taste in High Life*, showing the two absurd fashionables of the day running together in ecstasies, the one having apparently got the saucer of the other's cup, down to the present day, when the fifteenth-century blue-and-white Nankin is in vogue, all of it counterfeit. The information given by M. Jacquemart on the subject of blue Nankin is very interesting. In 1465, Chinese art is at its height; the Tching-koa period, which extends to 1487, offers us the purest forms and most elegant subjects. But these are as much prized and much more intelligently understood in China than anywhere, and we do not even get the good imitations, however liberally the marks on the bottoms of pieces are distributed. 'First the choice of the material, the relative excellence of design, the "science" of inscriptions, as say the Chinese books, ought to enable the collector to recognise every piece issued from the Imperial fabric. But the Chinese are the cleverest forgers, and if they seek to speculate on the taste of their countrymen for works of antiquity, they will sell to foreigners the most odious counterfeits. The pieces must be examined closely, and the eye educated to recognise the indefinable but real kind of patina which age imparts to porcelain as well as to medals.' The very finest imitations, those of Tcheou-tau-souen, whose pieces are now antiques, bring very high prices—as much as 1000 ounces of silver (300*l.*).

This well-known date, 1465–87, which is in the history of porcelain analogous to the

date 1500–1530 in Italian painting, had a long period of preparation; but the earliest authentic record, Mr. Medhurst, the eminent Chinese scholar, could find, is in a poem published B. C. 175 to 151, and this relates to the green porcelain. This record being in verse is of course accidental, and the art we may presume was very perfect at that time; but, compared to ascertained' dates in other countries, carries us no great way into the past. The Babylonian bricks with vitrified glazes now in the Louvre, carry us beyond the destruction of the city, B. C. 522. In India, again, we find M. Jacquemart attributes very early dates to certain red pottery found in a number of topes mentioned, as early as B. C. 260—240; but Mr. Fergusson, who has given Indian architectural remains more attention than all other writers put together, scarcely allows this antiquity to the very earliest remains. Indeed the only constructions to which he allows this remoteness of time are rock-cut temples. One of the most valuable properties of earthenware is its duration, exceeding that of every other substance, except gold; and these distant periods are as yesterday beside those claimed by the remains of Egypt. M. Jacquemart speaks of 3850 years before the Christian era. But this again is a trifle compared to the antiquity claimed by Mr. Leonard Horner, who made ninety-five vertical borings to enable him to measure time by the Nile deposits, and who believed he found a piece of pottery at thirty-nine feet depth, which gave him, as he thought, a date of 13,500 years before his experiment in 1854. All these dates, however, depend on so many corroborative proofs, that they are worth little in serious history. Had their inscribed verses not been identified as those of modern poets, the small Chinese bottles found in the early Egyptian tombs by the rascally guides would have established a similar age for Oriental porcelain, of which it is now acknowledged nothing exists above five or six hundred years old. The Porcelain Tower or Temple of Gratitude, now gone, was built 1403–1424; and in our time immense changes have taken place, the great centre of the manufacture, where nearly half a million of inhabitants were employed, has been abandoned and destroyed, yet no appreciable difference or diminution in production has taken place. In Japan a still greater change has been brought about, which is stated by M. Jacquemart in the broadest terms: 'Japan,' he says, 'in point of art, no longer exists.' This is scarcely the case; we have seen stereoscopes made for the English market admirably decorated with true Japanese design, and trays showing in their own abstract and fantastic way telegraph wires and rails! Not yet is the evil day come, but come it will no doubt. Our naturalism in art, and our science in everything, will subjugate the Oriental mind: the earthen pot, however beautiful, will be broken by the metal one in the stream of time.

In this History of the Art by a Frenchman, France as we might expect comes in for a large share of attention, occupying about 200 pages altogether. The modern faïence of Rouen, Rennes, Monstiers, and other places, all reproducing admirably the most beautiful old styles, are well worthy of the attention they receive. But no country is neglected, and the account of Italian pottery is very well done. To us the historical interest in the subject is almost exclusively an interest in modern European development, so that the end of the middle ages, and the rise of the German and Flemish Gré ware in the north, and of Majolica in the south, is the period by far most worthy attention. In every walk the early renaissance was like the rising of the sun, and in this art of all others. Remains of Christian mediæval pottery scarcely exist, glazed tiles for church floors, and more lately for general use, being nearly all we have. Here, however, is a very excellently designed dish of this period, done in *engobe;* that is, done by ornamentally scratching off a layer of whitish clay spread over a dark body, with a glaze annealing them. We place beside this a characteristic example of Italian grotesque majolica, showing the fully developed imitation of the antique. The only artistic pottery preceding the movement which reproduced the motives of ancient paganism and naturalism at once, was not Christian but Moorish, and its remains, now so much prized by collectors, are by far the most decorative of all earthenware. In the Hispano-Moresque we find not only the splendour of metallic lustres originally and completely carried out, giving it the title of 'gilded work,' but

an entirely new motive of Ornament, which makes it of the highest importance in an art point of view. Besides, in the thirteenth century, the trade carried on by the Moors of Spain and

DISH IN THE MUSEUM OF SÈVRES.

CUP WITH GROTESQUES,
MADE AT CHAFFAGIOLO (COLL. SIR R. WALLACE).

Majorca carried this ware everywhere, and from it sprang directly and solely the earthenware of Italy, which shared the splendours of the art of painting a century and a half later at Urbino and Gubbio. M. Jacquemart, indeed, considers Persian productions to have also furnished 'models to the dawning industries of Italy;' but this is the most gratuitous interpolation, no symptom of Persian ornament or Persian enamel colours (so pure and beautiful) being visible on

ARAB URN (COLL. MARTIN).

PERSIAN FAÏENCE.
WITH POLYCHROME DECORATIONS ON BOTH SIDES.

Italian ware. At that early day, the glass as well as the earthenware of the Arabs and Moors travelled all over Europe, and we see how they were valued by such a tradition as that belonging to the 'Luck of Eden Hall.' This Hispano-Moro manufacture should have occupied more attention in this book; and in respect to it particularly, but also in the sections dealing with all other classes, we should have liked to have found some information as to the localities where the finest examples are to be found. M. Jacquemart cannot be ignorant of those

specimens in the South Kensington Museum. Also, in a book like this the plates should represent not merely the best at hand to the author, but the best existing. M. Jacquemart, however, appears to be one of those Frenchmen whose egotism approaches the sublime. We observe that he scarcely quotes any author not his own countryman. We said no country was neglected, but find we must revoke that statement, seeing England is dismissed with a few pages. When the journal 'L'Artiste' recommenced after the war, we remember a writer at once advancing the assertion that Jacques Callot should never have been considered a French artist, as he was a Lorrainer, first speaking German; but here, on the contrary, we find Strasbourg under the heading of 'France,' although the author acknowledges the first manufacturer came from across the Rhine in 1719, and the materials employed were not the product of France. Speaking of the great vase of the Alhambra, he says, 'Every one knows its form and richness of decoration, thanks to the photograph which has been made, and to the drawings taken by Baron C. Davillier, so that M. Deck has been able to give in faïence an approximate representation of it in its real dimensions, 4 feet 3 inches high by 7 feet circumference.' It was the superb print of it in Owen Jones' great work on the Alhambra that made the literary world acquainted with this most beautiful remaining masterpiece of Hispano-Moro. M. Deck's copy of it is in the South Kensington Museum.

W. B. Scott.

THE SYLVAN YEAR.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF RAOUL DUBOIS.

CHAPTER XII.

AMONGST the good gifts of Nature which have needed absolutely no amelioration by human care or culture, one of the best and handsomest is the common reed, and March is its harvest-time. There is hardly anything in Nature more delicately beautiful than some damp corner where the reeds have grown undisturbed, and turned finally to that pale reed-yellow, a tint far exceeding in refinement the golden hues of straw. The long lanceolate leaves seem like fairy papyrus, on which some elfin bard might indite his exquisite inventions, and the tall stalks rustle together as the cool March wind blows through them, and the sound is very sad and melancholy, because although the glorious spring is coming, when the earth will be covered with flowers, these last year's reeds will never be green again, and they watch the spring as old people watch sadly some festival of youth. Their music is not unknown to thee, great Pan!

'Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken,
And through whole solemn hours dost sit and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds
In desolate places, where dark moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx.'

And in another poem by Keats, where Pan and a reedy stream both recur to his fancy, we have in the space of four lines a strong expression of pity, with weeping, sighing, and desolation:—

'Poor Nymph—poor Pan—how did we weep to find
Nought but a lovely *sighing of the wind*
Along the reedy stream! a half-heard strain,
Full of sweet desolation, balmy pain.'

As the willow is associated with the sadness of disappointed lovers—

'The willow, worne of forlorne paramours'—

so whenever the poets speak of reeds, it is in connexion with dreariness or weariness of some kind, and always to give sadness to the landscape. This may be because no plant answers so exactly to our idea of ghosts as reeds do when they stand still in their places, so changed and pale, when the sap no longer flows, and a phantom of their former self remains, all ghastly in the twilight. So Tennyson says :—

'Ever the *weary* wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.'

And farther on in the same poem the song of the dying swan is associated with

'The wavy swell of the soughing reeds.'

And in the 'Morte d'Arthur,' where the poet has sought every circumstance which could heighten the effect of melancholy sublimity, the 'dark strait of barren land,' the sea-wind singing 'shrill, chill, with flakes of foam,' 'the winter moon,' he has not failed to remember the poetical use of reeds :—

'Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.'

And a few lines farther on,—

'"I heard *the ripple washing in the reeds*,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale,
"Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name."'

This reference to the reeds occurs a second time with the effect of a mournful refrain :—

'Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily,
"What is it thou hast seen, or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere,
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."'

Even in Mrs. Browning's fine little poem, 'A Musical Instrument,' there is an undertone of regretful melancholy. The 'great god Pan' goes 'down in the reeds by the river,' and hacks and hews at them till he has got the material for his instrument; but then comes the deeper meaning of the poem—the regret that poetical culture and discipline should so isolate us from the common world; and pray just observe how sadly sweet are the final cadences of the verse, and how much the sadness is aided by our old association of melancholy with reeds :—

'Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.'

Reeds have many associations of utility as well as poetry. The reed-pen, still used by a few artists and greatly valued by them on account of its qualities as an instrument for powerful and picturesque design, was in the early centuries of our era universally employed by authors and transcribers, so that the plant has been a servant both to literature and art, and has the

dignity which belongs to every instrument of culture.* Besides these delicate uses, the reed has aided the early steps of civilisation by providing its first requisite—a roof; and a requisite only secondary to that, φράγμα, a fence, so that botanists have called it *Arundo Phragmites.* The moralists, on their part, have found the reed extremely useful as an illustration of weakness and instability, which may however save itself by a timely yielding to forces that cannot be resisted. The reed's motto is given with the neatest brevity by Lafontaine :—

'Je plie, et ne romps pas.'

But although the reed in the fable had practically the advantage over the oak that the wind uprooted, and although worldly prudence always counsels us to do as the reed did, and bend; still it may be observed that the reed's lesson is not a very noble one, and that humanity scarcely requires it, being only too ready to bow before every breath that assumes the tone of authority. And it may be observed, farther, that whatever political liberty, and whatever intellectual light, may be at present enjoyed by the most advanced nations of the world, are due to exceptional men, who had much more of the oak in them than the reed; men who often paid their resistance with their life, but who were not failures, since their example has bequeathed fortitude to their successors. Pascal said, '*L'homme n'est qu'un roseau, le plus faible de la nature, mais c'est un roseau pensant.*' Surely, however, the thinkers are of robuster quality than that?

There is a corner of a neglected old garden at the Val Ste. Véronique in which grows a certain plant very abundantly, that inevitably reminds us of an ancient philosopher who had very little of the reed in his composition. Towards the end of March it is all carpeted with young hemlock, which at this stage of its existence lies almost perfectly flat upon the ground, and covers it with one of the most minutely beautiful designs that can possibly be imagined; the delicate division and sub-division of the fresh green leaves making a pattern that would be fit for some small room, if a skilful manufacturer copied it. Our own hemlock is believed to be identical with that which caused the death of Socrates, but its action in northern countries is much feebler than in the warmer climate of the Mediterranean. The Athenians added poppy-juice to the infusion of hemlock, that the approach of death might be painless; and it is said by Valerius Maximus that the civil authorities of Marseilles kept a supply of this drink always ready for weary ones who had obtained the permission of the Senate to lay down the burden of existence. Those indeed were waters of oblivion; and it is astonishing how easily, in certain conditions of society, men have come to look on death as a deliverer, to be invoked whenever life is felt to be unpleasantly painful, or even simply *ennuyeuse.* But the death of Socrates, half-voluntary, was grander than their death which was wholly voluntary. His dignity seemed to him incompatible with flight, and he awaited the fatal cup with that perfect mental clearness which is so well known to us. He died for having preached the philosophy of the conscience, which the Athenians instinctively felt to be opposed to the antique religion of the State, however careful he might be in external conformity to its rites.†

In the same old abandoned garden where the hemlock grows on the walls there remain a few fruit-trees, and amongst these some peaches and apricots. They are in full bloom towards the end of March, and of all the beautiful sights to be seen at this time of the year I know of none to be compared to these old peach-trees with their wealth of rosy bloom, which would be beautiful in any situation, but is so especially in this because there happen to be some mellow-tinted walls behind them, the very background that a painter would delight in. There is some

* To this might be added some reference to the papyrus of antiquity, which was the leaf of the Nile reed, so that this plant has supplied both pens and paper.

† 'En vain prenait-il soin d'assister à toutes les fêtes et de prendre part aux sacrifices; ses croyances et ses paroles démentaient sa conduite. Il fondait une religion nouvelle, qui était le contraire de la religion de la cité. On l'accusa avec vérité "de ne pas adorer les dieux l'état adorait." On le fit périr pour avoir attaqué les coutumes et les croyances des ancêtres, ou, comme on disait, pour avoir corrompu la génération présente.'—*La Cité antique,* by M. FUSTEL DE COULANGES.

pretty colouring in the apricot blossoms, on account of the pink calix and the pinkish brown of the young twigs, which has an influence on the effect, but the peach is incomparably richer; and after the greys of wintry trees and wintry skies the sight is gladdened beyond measure by the flush of peach-blossom and the blue of the clear spring heaven. But to enjoy these two fresh and pure colours to the utmost we need some quiet colouring in the picture, and nothing supplies this better than such old walls as those of the monastic buildings at the Val Ste. Véronique; walls that Nature has been painting in her own way for full four hundred years, with the most delicate changes of grey and brown and dark gleamings of bronze and gold. There is something too, which gratifies other feelings than those of simple vision in the renewal of the youth of Nature, contrasting with the steady decay of any ancient human work; and in the contrast, between her exquisiteness, her delicacy, her freshness, as exhibited in a thing so perfect as a fresh peach-blossom, with its rosy colour, its almond-perfume, its promise of luscious fruit,—and the roughness of all that man can do, even at his best.

If early rising were so much of a virtue as its practitioners generally assume, then indeed, in this respect at least, should we be eminently virtuous in the Val Ste. Véronique. We are all of us up and stirring before the dawn, not from any particularly laudable passion for an ideally perfect life, but in the case of the poor peasants and servants who surround us from immemorial tradition simply, and the daily necessities of existence; and in my own case from taste and choice, and the love of a kind of pleasure which is blameless, and no more. Indeed, I think that early rising is not so much a virtue in people who live in the country as one of the many pleasant compensations of their existence. They cannot go to the opera in the evening, and they miss a hundred delights and advantages of great cities; but they have certain pleasures of their own which it is wise to enjoy to the utmost, and early rising is one of them. We had kept late hours at Paris, as every one must who lives with and in the life of a great capital; but here in the Val Ste. Véronique we followed the life of nature.

Of all early risers that ever witnessed the beautiful Aurora, surely old Chaucer was the happiest, and the most keenly conscious of his happiness. What seemed to him sweetest and purest of pleasant hours was that cool, calm hour of the early morning, at the beginning of the dawn, when having put on his 'gear and his array' he walked forth into the fields and woods with the serenest cheerfulness in all his well-tuned feelings. If it is true that Nature with all her beauty is mere desolation until reflected in the eyes and soul of man, then there must be gradations in the beauty of the image according to the brightness or imperfection of the living mirror; and if so, how fortunate were those dawns, and those dewy fields and flowers, that were reflected in the deep, clear, happy, poet-soul of Chaucer! If it were possible to go back into the past, and enjoy the companionship of the illustrious dead, I should like two things most of all—a drinking-bout with Socrates (not for the wine's sake) and a very early walk in the morning with Dan Chaucer, yet not perhaps on the morning immediately following the before-mentioned Athenian symposium:—

'Wherefore I mervaile greatly of my selfe
That I so long withouten sleepe lay,
And up I rose three houres after twelfe,
About the springen of the day;
And on I put my gear and mine array,
And to a pleasant grove I gan passe
Long er the bright Sonne up risen was.'

Such was Chaucer's way in the pleasant spring-time, especially when he could count upon seeing plenty of daisies, the flower he loved before all others.

'Of all the floures in the mede
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our town;
To hem I have so great affection,

As I said erst, whan comen is the May,
That in my bed there daweth me no day
That I nam up and walking in the mede,
To see this floure ayenst the Sunne sprede,
Whan it upriseth early by the morow
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorow.'

In some verses that follow soon after these we have an account of the poet's own way of observing nature, and notwithstanding the intensity of the modern passion for natural beauty, it may be doubted whether there exists in any writer of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries any passage so full of the true feeling as this is :—

'My busie gost, that thirsteth alway newe
To seen this flower so yong, so fresh of hewe,
Constrained me, with so greedy desire,
That in my herte I fele yet the fire
That made me rise ere it were day,
And this was now the first morow of May,
With dreadfull herte, and glad devotion
For to been at the resurrection
Of this floure, whan that it should unclose
Again the Sunne that rose as redd as rose,
And downe on knees anon right I me sette;
And as I could this fresh floure I gretté,
Kneeling alway, till it unclosed was
Upon the small, soft, swete gras,
That was with floures swete embroidered all.
* * * *
In which methought I might day by day
Dwellen alway, the joly month of May,
Withouten sleepe, withouten meat or drinke.
Adown full softly I gan to sinke,
And leaning on my elbow and my side,
The long day I shope me for to abide
For nothing els, and I shall not lie
But for to look upon the daisie,
That well by reason men it call may
The daisie, or els the eye of the day.'

Who shall say, after this, that etymology may not be poetical, since Chaucer teaches it us in his own sweet, unpedantic way? If he loved the daisy for itself, he loved it also for its association with the day, and liked to see in it the opening of the dawn. So, too, the French *marguerite* has its own beautiful origin. In the Latin Bible *margarita* is the word for pearl, from the Greek μαργαρίτης ; and Littré thinks that the Greek word in its turn comes from the Persian word *mervarid*, which means pearl also. So here we are again *en pleine poésie*, and just as Chaucer's English derivation may be explained in verse without lowering its tone, the origin of the French word might be prettily dwelt upon by any French poet who chose to write about the flower. Shelley, indeed, though an Englishman, having in his mind very probably the beautiful Greek association, uses it as an epithet,—

'Daisies, those *pearled* Arcturi of the earth.'

P. G. Hamerton.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

IV. Albert Cuyp. (1605–1691.)

Ruined Castle on a Lake.

'Behold our lakes . . . .
Each girdled with its mountain belt
Of rock and tower and forest trees,
And gemmed with island sanctuaries!
Like floating palaces, they seem
The Elysium of a poet's dream.'

Beattie's *Scotland.*

ETCHED BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.

ALBERT CUYP, long unknown to fame, met with much the kind of fate that Hobbema has experienced; his works having been for years unknown and neglected. Cuyp was for some time looked upon as an amateur—as a brewer who occasionally diverted himself with the brush, a taste he had acquired from his father, who was a painter by profession—and Albert was admitted to have painted some good landscapes. Albert, however, was not by trade a brewer, but he happened to have a son-in-law who was—Pieter Onderwater, who married Cuyp's daughter Arendina—which is not altogether the same thing, though it may have made Cuyp familiar with a brewery. Cuyp was married in 1658 to a young lady named Cornelia Bosman, the widow of Johan Van de Corput, of Dort.

Albert Cuyp was not only a landscape-painter by profession, but also a portrait-painter, and an enricher with figures of other painters' landscapes. He was as admirable in his figures and portraits as he was in his landscapes and cattle. His portraits, as his landscapes and cattle, will compare with the works of the best masters in either department, and the National Gallery fortunately possesses capital examples of both, on a large and on a small scale. The portrait of a portly burgher (No. 797), signed and dated '*Ætatis* 56, 1649—*A. Cuyp fecit*,' is a good example of the former, and it was painted in the prime of life; of his small figures are those in the large landscape by Vanderneer (No. 152), to which he has thought it worth while to attach his signature, '*A. Cuyp.*' The portrait above mentioned was once in the possession of Mr. Bryan, the author of the 'Dictionary of Painters,' and he supposed it to be the portrait of Cuyp himself, from the inscription; but there is nothing peculiar in the inscription, which is quite the ordinary form of signature on any dated portrait: besides which, the date neither accords with Cuyp's birth nor death. If born in 1605, as asserted by Houbraken, and which seems correct from other sources, he would have been only forty-four in 1649; and if we have the correct year of his death, 1691, which there appears no reason to doubt, he must have been of the very unusual age of ninety-eight when he died.

Albert Cuyp was born in Dort. His father's name was Jacob Gerritsz; his mother's, Grietje Dirckxdochter. The elder Cuyp painted portraits, battles, landscapes, and cattle, and was his

son's teacher and model: he was called 'Old Cuyp,' and was still living in 1642, when he was about sixty-seven years of age.

The view here etched, to which the quotation above given from Dr. Beattie's Scottish scenery is not inapplicable, reminds us in a measure of the lair of 'the Wolf of Badenoch,' in Loch-an-Eilan, in Inverness-shire, of which the Gallery possesses a view by Thomson of Duddingston (No. 731). This little picture by Cuyp represents the ruin of a castle, on a small island in a lake; in the background is a rather lofty hill, and a few figures are seen on the further side of the water. In the foreground to the right is a horseman conversing with a shepherd, but these figures are of such large proportions as to somewhat injuriously dwarf the ruin in the middle distance. It is painted on panel, in oil-colours, and measures 12¾ in. high by 21 in. wide It was formerly in the De Preuil and La Perrier collections, and was imported into this country by M. La Fontaine.

The history of it is given in Smith's 'Catalogue Raisonné,' vol. v., where we find that it was originally picked up at an old clothes-shop at Horn, in Holland, for a few pence; when, passing through several hands, at gradually increasing prices, it was finally purchased by the late Sir Robert Peel for 350 guineas. It was exhibited at the British Institution in 1821, and in 1871 was purchased, with the rest of the Peel Collection, for the National Gallery.

It displays the fine qualities of its author, as well as many a more important work. The management of light was one of Cuyp's capital qualities, and he has been termed the 'Dutch Claude;' but his effects of light are more pronounced, more local, and richer in colour, than Claude's. His power of treating atmospheres was certainly very great, whether of the morning mists, the noontide lustre, or the subdued glow of evening. He excelled apparently in every kind of painting that he tried his hand in; and these were not a few, for besides figures, animals, landscapes, and river-scenes, he painted birds, fish, fruit, flowers, and still-life; and he executed also a few etchings of cows.

We know very little of Cuyp's life, but the date of his death and burial seem to have been at last discovered. An Albert Cuyp, late officer of the High Court of Justice of South Holland, was buried in the Augustine Church at Dort on the 7th of November, 1691; this discovery is derived from a register of burials in the common archives of Dort for the years 1682–1697:— 'Den 7 November, 1691. De Hr. Aelbert Kuyp, gewesene mans man van den hove en hoge vierschare van Zuyt Hollandt, is in den Augustinen (Kerk) begraven, eens luyens [one ringing ?].'

Cuyp was also an elder or presbyter of his church. The house in which he lived, known as the 'Samson House' on the Nieuwenbrug, was only pulled down in 1846.

He has had some imitators, the closest of which was Jacob Van Stry, also of Dort (1756–1815), whose pictures have been not unfrequently sold as 'Cuyps.' (Houbraken, *Groote Schouburg*, &c.; Van Eynden and Vander Willigen, *Geschiedenis der Vaderlandsche Schilderkunst;* Immerzeel, *Levens en Werken Hollandsche en Vlaamsche Kunstschilders*, &c., 1842; and Ch. Kramm, *Geschiedenis van de Beeldende Kunsten in de Nederlanden.* Amsterdam, 1864, p. 308, and supplement.)

R. N. Wornum.

THE SYLVAN YEAR.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF RAOUL DUBOIS.

CHAPTER XII.—(*Continued.*)

JEAN DE LA TAILLE seized upon another poetical opportunity when he wrote those stanzas upon the flower with reference to a lady who was called by the same name ; for there have been beautiful human Marguerites as well as floral ones :—

'En Avril où naquit l'amour
J'entrai dans son jardin un jour
Où la beauté d'une fleurette
Me plut sur celles que j'y vis ;
Ce ne fut pas la paquerette,
L'œillet, la rose, ni le lys :
Ce fut la belle Marguerite,
Qu'au cœur j'aurai toujours écrite.'

Shelley's allusion to constellations reminds one of a flower, or family of flowers, to be seen in the very greatest profusion in the beginning of May, and which have certainly much more the effect of stars upon the earth than daisies ever have. Everybody seems to have been struck by this, as the name implies, *stellaria, starwort, stellaire.* It seems almost a crime to compare anything with the daisy to its disadvantage, and yet so far as mere appearance goes the starworts are greatly superior. In quantity they may often be found, like the stars in a clear sky, by myriads, their brilliant whiteness illuminating the shadiest places; and if you come near enough to see the individual plants, if you lean on your elbow and your side, as Chaucer did when he studied daisies, then are you rewarded by the beauty of one of the most graceful amongst the lighter vegetable forms. The light green stems are elegant beyond the common grace of nature, and there is much delicate curving in the slender pedicels. The whole stalk is but just barely strong enough to support the narrow lanceolate leaves, and the thin, all but imponderable petals. I confess, too, that I feel a certain reasonable preference for plants that carry well-cut leaves in the air to those other plants which, like the daisy, have what botanists call radical leaves, that never get much above the root, and lie for the most part helplessly, making only a sort of leaf-pattern on the green carpet of the earth. Finally, notwithstanding my love and reverence for Chaucer, and all the dear associations that we have with the unpretending daisy, it seems to me that when we know enough of botany for ideas of *structure* to be inextricably bound up with our conceptions, a composed flower, or congeries of flowers like the daisy, must always seem to have much less individuality than a simple flower like the starwort ; and it seems easier to me to fall in love with an object that is clearly individual than with a collection of objects such as the florets of the *compositæ.* This may be fanciful, but there is always a great element of the fanciful in these things ; and it is highly probable that Chaucer loved his favourite all the better for not being aware that what he thought of as a flower was, in reality, a sort of floral village, perched on the top of a stalk.

If the starwort looks like constellations on the land, the water ranunculus covers at the same season the shallow streams and ponds where it has fixed itself with other constellations of its own. Early in the year its wavy hair of green is wonderfully lustrous in the rapid, limpid water : but that green, the most beautiful of all greens in the world, has now become very dull ; yet out of its dulness springs a novel life and beauty, as the plant no longer limits itself to its old subaqueous filaments, but sends forth leaves to float on the surface in the sunshine, and covers the water with white blossom. I find that people who see nature from the gardener's point of view have a hatred and horror of this plant, because it is very prolific and persistent, and invades little streams and ponds very rapidly when once it has got a footing there ; but for my part I feel very grateful to it for two quite distinct kinds of beauty : first and above all, for

the lovely intense green of the moving filaments in February and March, and afterwards for the gaiety of its prodigally abundant afflorescence.

There is a common belief amongst landscape-painters that the minute study of vegetation is a waste of time, and even a snare for them, impeding their broader and more comprehensive observation of natural appearances. It is certainly true that any artist who studied too much from the botanical point of view would be likely to lose himself in unnecessary detail, but it may be shown very easily that a very minute detail may become of immense importance when multiplied, as nature often multiplies it, by millions. One of the best instances of this amongst very familiar plants is that humble little member of the Polygonum family, the sheep-sorrel dock. Its flowers are so small, that one of them, taken separately, is a mere unintelligible speck, until you apply the microscope to it; and yet with these little specks will Nature stipple and colour vast spaces of landscape. The flower is reddish or greenish, and it often turns so red that whole fields and hill-sides are painted with it early in May—painted a deep, rich, hot colour, of the sort which people who do not observe very accurately are accustomed to associate exclusively with autumn. Now I cannot but think that it is an advantage to an artist to have such a resource as this rich colour affords him, and to know the cause of it; and I think also that it would perhaps be well if critics knew enough of nature not to be taken by surprise when a landscape-painter happened to avail himself of this colouring. There are tints in spring, of which this is an example, that everybody would call autumnal in a picture, and yet in nature they often compensate for the crudeness of the early greens by mingling with them in large masses. Amongst the numerous varieties of oak that are indigenous in western Europe there are species whose young leaves, freshly sprouting in the month of May, give the richest golden colour, deepening into red, especially glorious when the sunshine filters *through* them; and so, in a minor degree, do the leaves of the aspen poplar in their season.

Although the May landscape is richer in floral splendour than that of any other time, and splendour of that kind is difficult to harmonise, it is still much nearer to artistic harmony than the hues of April. The hawthorn, having abundant leafage intermingled with its flowers, escapes the extreme chilliness of the snow-like blossoming of the blackthorn, and the plentifully sprinkled starworts carry the white down into the hedge-bottoms. Hardly any colour at this season is unpleasantly isolated. The note that is pitched amongst the branches of some tree or shrub is pretty sure to be repeated on the ground by some humble wild-flower. Notwithstanding the variety of flaming gold and blue that may be found wherever the brooms and bugles are abundant, the chief colours of May are the white and green of Chaucer, as he describes them on one of his customary early walks:—

'Anone as I the day espide
No longer would I in my bed abide,
But unto a wood that was fast by
I went forth alone boldly,
And held the way down by a brooke side
Till I came to a laund of white and grene.
So faire one had I never in been;
The ground was grene, y-poudred with daisie,
The floures and the greves on hie,
All grene and white, was nothing els seene.'

And now, if I were asked to name one plant as typical of the colour and fragrance of this sweet season, what other could it be than that modest and singularly beloved one, the lily of the valley? I know not whether it is from some dear early association, from having seen one who is gone to her rest long ago arranging these flowers that were her favourites, and setting them in clear water on her work-table to be companions for her in bygone months of May, but it is certain that of all the flowers that grow this little one most surely touches the tenderest place in my heart. And every year when the time comes for its blossoming, and when first I find it in the cool and shady spots that suit it best, there comes a film of moisture across my

eyes, not quite consistent perhaps with the hardness of perfect manhood. But let each of us live after his own nature ; for of the two figures that we remember as most characteristic of the middle ages, the poet lying on the earth all through the sunny day dreaming and doting on the flowers, and the knight sheathed in complete steel crushing them under the hoofs of his war-horse and sullying them with the blood of his enemy, it is the first who has my sympathy. Where in the world can there be anything more perfect than these lilies of the valley ? Look at their twin-leaves, outlined so delicately, just two of them, perfect as the wings of a bird, and the few white bells that tremble on the slender stalk, shedding the sweetest perfume ! Be sure that here we have one of Nature's most complete conceptions. You may look upon a mountain and wish that it were loftier or more precipitous, upon a river and wish that it were clearer, upon a tree and desire for it some farther spreading of its boughs, some richer filling of its foliage, but you cannot look upon a lily of the valley and wish it to be other than it is. Only one addition is possible, and that is given in the cool of the early morning, when there hangs upon each of those fairy bells one pure, bright drop of dew.

It is curious that a plant so humble and sweet as this should have had a great reputation for giving strength to the weary and the weak ; but with that strangely groundless faith that characterised the pre-scientific ages, our forefathers were quite strongly convinced upon this point, and distilled from it a miraculous water—the 'Golden Water,' as they called it ; and whoso drank thereof was believed to be sure of regaining the strength that had left his limbs. Is it not sad that we may no longer put trust in all those wonderful remedies—there are a hundred of them—which in old times gave hope at least, if they could not restore to health ? There is another humble little plant that flowers in May (and also in October) in pastures and waste places, and was called Potentilla, because it was believed to be so potent as a remedy. In these days we see its pretty yellow flowers without reverence for its potency. Just in the same temper of ready credulity on the most fanciful grounds our forefathers used to believe that the plant they called Lung-wort (*Pulmonaria*) must be good for the cure of lung disease, because its leaves were blotched like the lungs of a consumptive person ! What a wonderful piece of reasoning that was ! How remote from the scientific spirit ! We may laugh, and yet that is exactly the sort of reasoning which finds ready acceptance with the untrained minds of the vulgar, and a hundred things are still believed by uneducated persons of all ranks on grounds at least equally absurd.

CHAPTER XIII.

It is just a hundred years since Gilbert White of Selborne lamented the 'frequent return of deafness' that incommoded him, and deprived him of much enjoyment and many opportunities of observation. Especially did he lament that when this deafness was upon him he 'lost all the pleasing notice and little intimations arising from rural sounds,' so that May was 'as silent and mute with respect to the notes of birds as August.' Here, indeed, was a sad loss to one who so deeply appreciated the pleasures of a country life, and who used his senses so well for the work of a naturalist while he possessed them. All true rural poets and observers have loved the songs of birds. There are occasionally to be found beings unfortunate enough not to enjoy these melodies, and I know one wretch who says he does not much care for his country-house at a certain season of the year 'on account of that bothersome noise of nightingales.' Certainly this bird-music may sometimes become importunate. There is a landscape-painter in Paris who is a great canary-fancier, and has a very large cage full of these birds in the studio where he paints. So long as he is alone it may be very delightful, for perhaps his little yellow friends sing to him with moderation, but no sooner does a visitor enter the room and try to begin a conversation than all the canaries set up such a clatter that no human voice is audible.

The birds in the free woods fill the air incessantly in spring with their merry noises, but their garrulity never tries our patience like that of the poor prisoners in cages. Is it really

music that they make, and do they charm the ear as music does, or move some fibre of poetic sentiment in our hearts? I believe that the feeling they reach within us is a poetical and not a musical feeling. The notes of birds may be imitated with deceptive accuracy, and yet a concert of such imitations would not attract an audience. The wild bird utters its notes and we are delighted, the human imitator accurately reproduces the same notes with ingeniously contrived whistles and we remain indifferent. Here, too, is another consideration which may be worth notice. So long as one bird performs a solo it may be a melody, but when half-a-dozen are singing at the same time is it concerted music that they sing? Does each of them take his part in a general harmony, like a chorus-singer at the opera? No, their science is not equal to anything requiring subordination of parts. And the plain truth is, that the warbling of a multitude of birds must necessarily be full of discords; yet people of musical taste endure it, and even delight in it. For the birds are pets of ours, they have especially been pets of the poets, and we regard their performances with the most tender and affectionate indulgence. It has occurred to me more than once to hear what I took for birds' notes, and to think 'what delicious purity of tone, what softness, what ravishing quality!' and immediately afterwards to discover that these wondrous notes had been simply whistled by some boy behind a hedge, after which discovery all their fine qualities vanished.

So much for the criticism of reason; but when we let Sentiment have her way, as in this matter we may and ought to do, then we fall at once under the old charm and can listen enraptured, as Chaucer did. For the songs of birds convey to us far more than the mere sound; they are voices of nature speaking to us joyously, tenderly, caressing the childish part of our being with simple lullabies, and thus gently effacing the too sad or awful impression which many other sounds of wild things make upon us, such as the screeching of churchyard owls, the croak of the raven, the wild cry of plovers toppling over in the wind on the ridges of desolate moors. We love the little singing-birds because they so prettily tell us that, notwithstanding the hard regularity of the laws that govern the world, the Divine Mind condescended to take pleasure in cheerful little beings that sing of gladness only, and know no other theme. Who can tell what man himself may have gained from the singing of the birds, how much his heart may have been cheered by it, and his labour lightened? All the poets, without exception, who have written of what is charming and beautiful in nature, have spoken lovingly of singing-birds, and therefore it may be presumed that the great multitude of 'poets who have never proved their inspiration,' and the still greater multitude who, without being mute poets, have nevertheless some share of poetic faculty or feeling, do all take pleasure in this simple sylvan music. In aviaries it easily becomes overpowering, but in the open woods it is mellowed by many various distances; and as there is a perspective in what we see there, as the trees at a distance mingle a thousand various tints into a quiet harmony of colour, so do the songs of a thousand birds mix together into a delicious indistinguishable warbling, of which the most perfect ear could never analyse the elements. And just as some one branch or leaf will detach itself brilliantly in the sunshine from the rich mystery that lies behind it, so will the voice of one songster pipe clearly over all the rest till it is lost again in the pervading atmosphere of sound.

Every one who cares for old poetry will remember the stanzas in Chaucer's 'Court of Love,' where he makes all the birds sing religiously in May—one of the quaintest and prettiest of his fancies, but worked out too fully in detail to admit of any complete quotation. Here are just a couple of stanzas as specimens of the whole:—

> '"*Te deum amoris*," sang the throstel cocke;
> Tuball himself, the first musician,
> With key of armony could not unlocke
> So swete tune as that the throstel can:
> "The lorde of love we praisen" (quod he then,
> And so done all the foules great and lite),
> Honour we May, in false lover's despite.

'"*Dominus regnavit*," said the pecocke there,
"The lord of love, that mighty prince ywis,
He is received here and everywhere.
Now *Jubilate* sing."—"What meaneth this?"
Said then the linnet; "Welcome, lord of blisse."
Out sterte the owl with "*Benedicite*,
What meaneth all this merry fare?" (quod he).'

There is no end to the allusions to singing-birds in Chaucer, but one of the most delicately charming of these consists of three couplets in the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' which always come back to my memory when I hear the birds in May. 'Harde is his heart,' says the poet:—

'Harde is his heart that loveth nought
In May, when all this mirth is wrought,
When he may on these branches here
The smalle birdes singen clere
Hir blissful sweet song piteous,
And in this season delitious.'

P. G. HAMERTON

EXTERIOR OF ST. THOMAS' CHURCH AND VIEW OF THE ALARD CHANTRY, WINCHELSEA.

THE accompanying illustrations were promised in a former number on Winchelsea, and perhaps call for a few observations supplementary to what was then said. The exterior view is taken from the north-east of the church and shows the choir with its two aisles. On the western angle of the northern aisle is placed the little squat spire, which is of a very casual but picturesque character. To the right are seen the remains of the southernmost bay of the original northern transept. The flying buttress at the north-eastern angle of the northern aisle was obviously an after-thought suggested by some settlement in the building. This is rendered certain by the fact that it is built against a smaller buttress, which exactly corresponds with that at the adjoining angle of the same aisle. That the settlement in question took place either during or immediately after the erection of the building is indicated by the character of the flying buttress, which is not apparently later than that which it strengthens, and by the continuity of the plinths of the basement. The enclosure of a square space of ground which resulted from this addition probably suggested a little lean-to erection, which may have been used as a sacristy. It may be pointed out that the east window is a restoration accomplished some years ago. Before that the window was filled with perpendicular tracery. The architect, prompted by a vulgar love for uniformity, removed this and replaced it by an ingenious conjecture of what the tracery filling this opening either was, or should have been. Such liberties with old work cannot be too severely condemned. In the first place, the reduction of old buildings to uniformity in very many cases absolutely misrepresents the actual conditions of their erection, for there is abundant internal evidence that the completion of very many mediæval buildings was delayed until the style had changed, and consequently the mixture of features of various styles in the same building represents in most cases the actual state in which the building was left at its first completion, and is a fact of great interest and importance in the history of mediæval architecture. In this case the probability is that, as the stone-work of the window-tracery is somewhat wanting in depth and the situation exposed, the original tracery had been blown in. Although therefore there is little doubt that this church was finished in a uniform character, still the restoration has been on the whole detrimental; for, had the perpendicular window remained, a little ingenuity could at any time have enabled any fair archæologist to make an equally profitable conjecture as to its original character, while the chance of mistaking a modern guess for a mediæval fact would have been avoided. If we could only estimate the full extent of the injury done to ancient monuments by the zeal of church-

wardens and the vanity and esurience of modern restoring architects, we should before long come to look on our gallery-building and white-washing ancestors not merely with toleration, but with actual reverence.

It was observed before that the section of the window-jambs and mullions is externally extremely shallow, and thus the glazing is very little recessed from the face of the outer wall. The effect in this particular instance is satisfactory.

Further matters of interest with regard to the church are, that there is a vaulted crypt under the choir which was originally lighted, the windows being now closed up; that the foundations of the nave of the church are said to have remained until 1790, up to which date also remained a portion of a detached bell-tower to the south-western extremity of the churchyard. Both are said to have been removed at the above-mentioned date to form Rye harbour, which was then building. Nevertheless, I can find no evidence that the nave was ever completed except this, that Dr. Barnard, Rector of Winchelsea, during the boyhood of Denis Duval, reminded the French Protestants that he had lent them the nave of his church while their own was under repair. The preponderant value of fiction over fact which we maintained before need perhaps scarcely be taken to apply to matters such as these.

The interior view shows the Alard chantry, with its sedilia, piscina and credence. No better example probably could be found in England of the manner in which interiors were completed in the middle ages, and the fact that all the several features are almost of the same date and that very little removed from the date of the main fabric, gives great additional value to the example. As regards the general arrangement, notice how boldly the different gablets cut the sill-line of the windows, standing out strongly against the light. Then again, how the same broad features are introduced into the several tombs and sedilia; and how, notwithstanding, each has its own individuality in design. The scale of the present drawing necessarily makes it impossible for the reader to get more than a general impression of the character of the mouldings and carving, which are however marvellously perfect examples of refinement and beauty. All this work was of course elaborately decorated, and some traces of colour may still be found here and there. The easternmost tomb is supposed to belong to Gervase, the westernmost to Stephen Alard, both admirals of the Cinque Ports.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

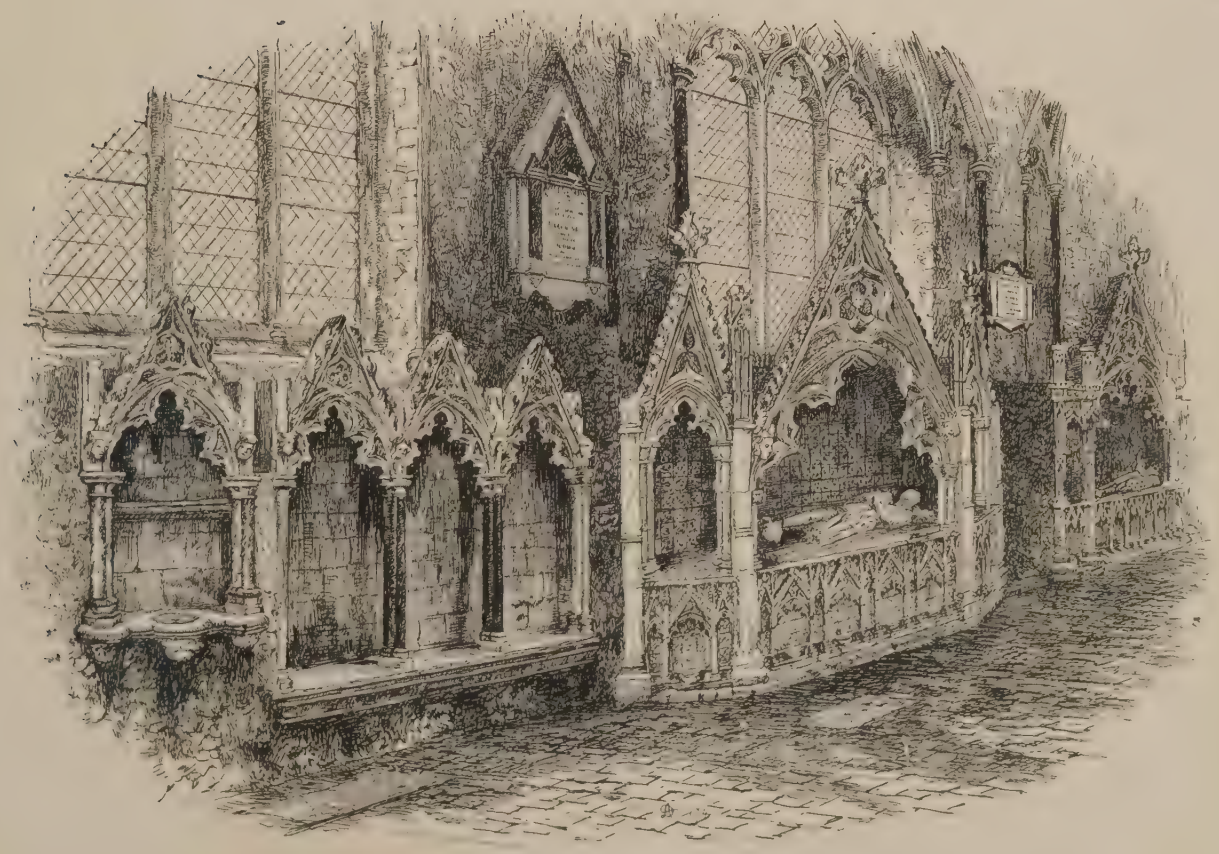
GAVARNI.*

THERE are two classes of satirists—those who treat the ridiculous side of life as its essence, and those who treat it as an accident; the latter, of course, may quite consistently have serious convictions of their own—they may undertake to reform the world, they may at all events be called to respect what it respects. Satirists like Hogarth and Molière, perhaps, may be thought to have come up to this ideal. Thackeray in his later works, and Leech, carry the respect of the respectable so far that they almost cease to be satirists at all; while satirists like Aristophanes, who begin their work with the intention of combating for a serious cause, gradually lose sight of their cause in the reckless glee of the *mêlée*, especially when, as often happens, the cause they have adopted is hopeless. Again, there are satirists like Paul de Kock, who respect in their lives what they outrage in their writings, because their lives are the expression of their character, while their writings are only the expression of their talents; or, to take a nobler example, the author of 'Don Quixote' would have been as consistent a nihilist as the author of 'Gil Blas,' if he had not been restrained by conditions which were in harmony with his character but hardly with his talent.

Gavarni's talent was completely in harmony with his character, and such convictions as he had were not of a nature to hamper it; the ridiculous side of life seemed the essential side to him from first to last, the only change was that at first he was attracted by the gaiety of

* Gavarni, l'Homme et l'Œuvre, par Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. Paris: B. Plon.

WINCHELSEA CHURCH.



TOMBS IN WINCHELSEA CHURCH.

the ludicrous, and passed by degrees through the odd to the disgusting. At the same time it is to be observed that his talent was by no means an essential part of his life; he was late, very late, in finding it, and early tired of it: even when he was most active it never absorbed him as his mathematical speculations did later in life. He had to do something and found he could do that, and having a large fund of activity to draw upon, he did it for twenty years with considerable energy. It would have pleased him just as well to be a landscape-gardener, or a contriver of mechanical nicknacks, if there had been the same demand for work of that kind, though it is probable that he had a sort of feeling that it was a fine thing to be an artist, and also a not irrational perception that the circumstances of an artist, with its recklessness and jovial irresponsibility, would suit him better than anything else, as, until he established himself at Auteuil, he was a Bohemian with expensive tastes.

Guillaume Sulpice Chevallier* was born in 1804. His father, whose memory he always cherished, was a member of the revolutionary committee of Bondy, and got into trouble after the fall of Robespierre; but was acquitted, as having always shown himself '*un homme probe, humain, ami de la Revolution et des honnêtes gens.*' He was strongly attached to both his parents, though the attachment appears to have been somewhat Platonic, like most Frenchmen; when his turn came he was a very devoted father, and actually had the boarding-house where one of his sons was entered installed in his own house at Auteuil, to reduce the separation to a minimum. This seems as if he was naturally of an affectionate disposition, and this is quite of a piece with his goodnature to his comrades in his youth, and when he was artistic editor of the journal 'Le Temps,' and pleaded energetically in favour of young talent against the indifference of the responsible editor. But his life was not one to favour the supremacy which good nature and natural affection might otherwise have asserted. He had a much stronger inclination to enjoy than to produce, and his opportunities gave him very little chance of indulging his inclination. In his boyhood he drew a great deal—no more and no better than many children who leave off drawing with great satisfaction to themselves and everybody else. At thirteen he was apprenticed to a mathematical instrument maker; at sixteen or seventeen he was entered at the school of the Conservatoire, and began to draw for money. When he was twenty he was sent off to draw and engrave the bridge at Bordeaux, with a salary at the rate of forty-eight pounds a-year, which he threw up before the year was out, and had the good luck, in about four months, to get a patron, who made him at home in his family, and gave him a nominal employment on the Cadastre of the Pyrenees, which detained him, to his own satisfaction, till Midsummer 1828, when he was half-way between twenty-four and twenty-five. The first year at Bordeaux, with its uncomfortable contrast between his wishes and his means, and his own position and the position of successful men, had perfected him in the heartlessness and cynicism which are so convenient to a satirist; and his sincere enthusiasm (the only sincere enthusiasm which he ever felt) for Pyrenean scenery decided him, that as he must be something he would be an artist. On his return to Paris he found little employment, and that of a hand-to-mouth and unambitious kind, which left him immense leisure, and the liberty of finding a new though less exalted inspiration in the daily life of the capital to which he had returned. After 1830 he began to get employment, which was not really uncongenial, as a designer of fashion-plates. He had adopted his historical signature a year before, on the hint of a printseller, who pointed out to him the advantages of a striking *nom de guerre.* The name itself is derived by the omission of a letter from the most striking landscape of the Pyrenees. About 1832 his activity as a caricaturist may be said to begin with the *Travestissements de Carnaval.* In 1834 he found himself so popular that he fancied he could set up a journal of his own. He never was able to borrow the money which he understood was promised him, and after a few months the experiment had to be given up, leaving him seriously in debt. As he continued to believe for several years that the immediate pleasures

* That is how his father and his predecessors spelt the name; the son seems to have thought that he knew better, and signed 'Chevalier' till he signed 'Gavarni.'

of life were more important than its permanent objects, he never made any serious effort to extricate himself, and naturally his liabilities continued to grow. For a time he was imprisoned for debt, and actually remained in prison longer than the term for which he was condemned: which explains his indignation when the second republic abolished imprisonment for debt, and so deprived him of the liberty of pawning his liberty when he wanted money.

At this time he made some half-successful attempts at literature, which he rated at only their proper value. In about a couple of years he became notorious, and as he continued to be so till his visit to England he gradually became famous. His visit to England was in almost all senses a misfortune; he had begun to withdraw from society, and he had begun to dwell too much, for a man without mathematical knowledge, upon mathematical problems, when he was thrown into a new world. His shyness and *brusquerie* developed into ferocious discourtesy, and his scientific reveries into something approaching to monomania. In 1844 he married, and began the construction of his famous garden: that completed the ruin which his journal had commenced. Here he remained, after his return from England, till 1864, when he was dispossessed by a railway company that spoilt the property without taking the whole of it, as a practical man could probably have compelled it to do. In 1866 he died, after a couple of years of extreme and humiliating discomfort, endured with a great deal of apathetic fortitude. He had been decorated in 1852, about the time when the public was ceasing to care for him, and when he had already transferred his contempt for his models to his public; from whom, after all, his models were taken. His last important work was done for Count Villedeuil's journal, 'Paris,' which lived a year from October 20, 1852, and contained a design of Gavarni's every day, and is not to be found at the British Museum; but he continued to work to the last, with little falling off of either skill or industry, though he regarded his art merely as a bread-winner, and was, besides, disheartened by the growing indifference of the public, while the wilful solitude in which he lived made it impossible for him to renew his imagination by the constant contact of reality.

His first thought upon returning to Paris from the Pyrenees had been that the only thing left to artists was to be absolutely true, and he expressed much later in life to the brothers Goncourt what he felt to be his incapacity for ordinary caricature—making, as he described it, the same kind of a man that a child of ten years old makes; but it was long before it could be said that realism, in the sense of literalism, was any part of his gift. In fact, when we turn over the early volumes of the 'Charivari,' with their grotesque political fury and their brutal ferocity, which exposes the shabby side of contemporary life with a crude veracity that is too eager to be ironical, it is like getting into the peace of fairyland to come upon a plate of Gavarni's, even if it is only a plate of fashions. The only sign he gives yet of a feeling for truth is that he accepts the actual conditions of the life with which he is familiar, and does not make any effort to transcend them; but what is far more striking than this patience, which he shares with so many subsequent artists, is his feeling for grace and delicacy, for suavity and enjoyment. At this period the literary power of his designs is below that of many of his *collaborateurs;* but he is already on a higher æsthetic level, as a person profoundly ignorant of European manners and customs, and therefore indifferent alike to the point of the plates and to their unreality, would still be fascinated by the grace of the lines and the softness of the timid light and shade. In a series like M. Loyal and M. Vautour the element of Grace is entirely absent from the models, but it does not disappear from the intention of the artist, while one can perceive that the æsthetic interest is by no means exclusively paramount; beside it we have a new motive in an acute, dispassionate curiosity, that does not extenuate or set down in malice, which is content to observe and to analyse without exaggerating or even insisting, and keeps always sufficiently cool to do justice to the picturesque qualities of the subject, such as they are. In this connexion it is interesting to compare *Les petits Malheurs du Bonheur* with a series that ran side by side with it for some time in the 'Charivari,' *Les Malheurs d'un Amant heureux*, especially as the latter series is entirely free from ostentatious

brutality, and even aims, not without success, at a kind of conventional prettiness. Still, after all, one feels that Bouchet is only concerned to tell his story, and that he tells it pictorially, because he can draw better than he can write, not because he can see what cannot be described, because he cares for what he sees, while Gavarni has a serious disinterested care for what he sees; for instance, the pretty young man keeping a rendezvous in the rain is curiously elegant, in spite of his forlorn condition, and the particular way in which the rain is trickling from his best new hat is thoroughly appreciated. An instructive contest of another kind is furnished by the series of *Robert Macaire* and *Les Fourberies des Femmes en matière du sentiment.* The publisher of 'Charivari' had asked Gavarni for a female Robert Macaire. Gavarni could not invent an individual type, and so pronounced that Robert Macaire was of no sex, and that Mrs. Macaire could only be Mr. Macaire over again. The original Robert Macaire is a very comic type indeed, with his broad, apparently fatuous face, and goggle eyes, looking alternately the image of credulity, as if he were the dupe of his own professions, and again the image of virtuous indignation, which serves now as a defence against his victim, now as a weapon against his accomplice. But although Robert Macaire figures in all sorts of professions, the type, after all, is limited and accidental; it is not a satire upon the world at large in the same sense in which Gavarni's series is. It was quite conceivable that the author of *Robert Macaire* should have believed in masculine honesty as a general rule; quite inconceivable that the author of *Les Fourberies des Femmes* should have believed in womanly good faith. And this audacious universality is characteristic of all Gavarni's satire. From the first maturity of his talent he never is in the attitude of a rational man holding up the ridiculous to rational men to be ridiculed. He is always a preacher, but he always is aware that he preaches by example; and his sermon is not repentance, at least it stops short at confession.

What Gavarni called his *Œuvres nouvelles*—the *Baliverneries Parisiennes, Faits et Gestes des Propriétaires,* &c.—mark an epoch rather in his technical achievements as a lithographer (to which his latest biographers complain, not without reason, that his mode of publication did much less than justice) than in his satirical intention; in many of the *Impressions de Ménage,* for instance, the old elegance and untroubled gaiety reappear without perceptible change, while in the *Baliverneries Parisiennes,* and above all in *Chemin de Toulon,* we begin to find unmistakable traces of the inevitable satiety, and in the latter a well-pronounced cynicism and a disposition which pervades all the subsequent work, to dwell with emphasis on the uncomfortable side of things. From this point of view the visit to England was probably not an unmitigated evil. The series entitled *Gavarni in London* is the expression of a simple curiosity, with a great deal of intelligence and no *arrière pensée;* the only sign of bitterness is that the artist has a rather disproportionate attraction for what is odd, and ugly, and poverty-stricken, otherwise it is a very pleasant measure of the superiority of Gavarni to compare such a type as *The Potato-seller* with the grotesque exaggeration of Cham's *Mœurs Britanniques.* It is a purely verbal question whether we are to say that *Les Propos de Thomas Vireloque* represent the intellectual culmination of Gavarni's work—the exaggeration and the one-sidedness are undeniable: it is equally undeniable that the mature convictions of such a clever man as Gavarni, who is judging the world at the point of leaving it, have a value which his jests at himself and the world of which he formed a part have not, and it cannot be said that his one-sidedness has at all impaired the artist's powers of perception and expression. It might be said, perhaps, that Gavarni's merit as a writer of *légendes* continued to improve after the charm of his designs had begun to decline. It would be difficult to find anything in his earlier and more cheerful work quite equal to the remark of Tom Scarecrow, when he sees some children tormenting a rat in a trap: '*Misere-et-corde! Faut pas chagriner ces petits mondes-là, des animaux comme nous autres . . . Ca se dévore entre soi.*'

The brothers Goncourt had some special titles beside their intimacy to write the life of Gavarni. Not only were they among the very few he endured to know to the last, but their sympathetic, disinterested curiosity, put them *en rapport* with all the phases of his talent, which

began with the softest refinement and ended with the crudest bitterness, and fitted them to supply us with what was certainly wanted, an intelligent, unreserved arrangement of the numerous confidences about his own life which Gavarni left behind. He observed the world without judging it, and he observed himself in the same way, and naturally, as his knowledge was fuller, the record was more trustworthy; and, thanks to his candour and to the fidelity of the brothers Goncourt, who have recorded with fidelity, and without comment, opinions which they did not share, and which outraged their religious and even their literary consciences, we know, as completely as can be desired, the life and the intellect of the acute and sensitive artist who recorded the Carnival and the disenchantment of the generation of 1830.

G. A. Simcox.

THE CHILD MIRANDA.

ETCHED BY W. WISE FROM A DRAWING BY F. W. BURTON.

THIS etching is from a pencil study by Mr. Burton, intended for a picture he painted some time ago, which was entitled *The Child Miranda.* The study was on a considerably larger scale, but the etching is large enough to render the expression of the original, and much of its quality of design. In the completed picture Miranda appeared to be listening to the song of Ariel, who flitted through the leafage in the background.

The childhood of Miranda was a peculiarly perfect motive for a picture, whose real subject was simply the innocent ignorance of the child-nature; for of all the little girls in the world of imagination, Miranda was most ignorant. Her answer to Prospero in the first act of the 'Tempest' is the expression of her earlier years. He says:—

> 'I have done nothing but in care of thee,
> Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
> Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
> Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
> Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
> And thy no greater father.'

And Miranda answers:—

> *'More to know*
> *Did never meddle with my thoughts.'*

It was enough that Prospero was her dear father, and she did not ask whether he were prince or plebeian. The narrow life on the island was large enough for all her thoughts, since it could contain the immensity of her love. Such a childhood as that would be sure to bring on the dreaminess which we notice in all children who have no playmates, and there is much of this in the eyes of Mr. Burton's considerably idealised study.

There is not room in a short note like this for any adequate analysis of Mr. Burton's art; a brief notice of its most striking qualities must suffice for the present. There have been instances in which artistic skill (of a manual kind) was separated from intellectual culture, and it was, perhaps, in part due to such instances that painting, in the age that immediately preceded ours, was not generally thought to be a liberal profession. Yet, even then, some of the most highly cultivated of the younger men were devoting themselves to practical art; and now this question about liberal culture may be considered to be settled for ever. Mr. Burton is an example of the compatibility between intellectual and artistic culture, since he has both in a high degree. His writing is as good as any other writing upon art—I make no exception whatever—and his painting is technically as good as any other painting that aims at the same qualities. In the quality of refinement, both intellectual and executive, his artistic work is of extraordinary excellence, and it is especially noble and satisfying because we feel the delicacy and culture of the intellect that lies half-concealed behind the beautiful veil of colour. In fulness of know-

ledge, and calm equality of imaginative thought, such painting or design as this resembles the poetry of a cultivated age, which passion animates like the warmth of a delicate wine, but never wholly possesses or exasperates.

Whilst congratulating Mr. Burton on his appointment to the very responsible post of Director of the National Gallery, let us express the hope that the care for the public interest in the government of that great collection may not too seriously interfere with his own labours as an artist. It is always matter for grave regret when a painter whose powers are in their full maturity is prevented by some external duty or necessity from employing them in his special work. Who has not lamented the engineering business of Leonardo and the courtly duties of Velasquez? Mr. Burton's new duties, it is true, will be more closely connected with painting, but perhaps for this very reason they may be more subtle thieves of time.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THIS Book,* combining archæological inquiry of a systematic kind with pictorial attractions, in the shape of illustrations that make it an interesting and attractive table-book, belongs to a class of publications which only French enterprise ventures upon, and we in England benefit by through the medium of translation. This has, at least, been the case of late years; but if we go a little further back we find it was not always so. Henry Shaw, who died a year or two ago without any adequate notice being taken of the demise of so honest and able a labourer in the literature of art, may be said to have begun the reproduction of mediæval pictures, illuminations of MSS., and others. At that time it was only possible to do so by hand-labour, yet his coloured prints, especially the 'Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages,' have never been excelled, although chromo-lithography makes a large edition of such elaborate miniatures a matter of certain and comparatively easy accomplishment. The publication of that work, thirty or thirty-five years ago, took place when M. Lacroix, who has now largely distinguished himself in the same walk, was beginning his career, by 'La Dance Macabre,' 'L'Origine des Cartes à Jouer,' and other clever little books, under the name of 'Bibliophile Jacob;' a pseudonym in which he still rejoices in addition to his proper name; and, immediately after, he began in conjunction with Ferdinand Seré the elaborate series of volumes in quarto, 'Le Moyen Age et la Renaissance: Histoire et Description des Mœurs et Usages, du Commerce, et de l'Industrie, des Sciences, des Arts, des Littératures, et des Beaux-Arts in Europe.' From 1848 this publication continued for a series of years, both authors, and also M. Rivaud—who did the pictures, about 500 facsimiles, and an immense number of woodcuts—receiving much credit from the enterprise.

The industry of M. Lacroix since the close of that undertaking has been unabated, both in antiquarian art-matters and in other fields. But of late he has taken it up again; and the present publication is a translation of a section of the large work, revised or rewritten, to some extent, and illustrated by M. Kellerhoven, who is perhaps the most expert chromo-lithographer at present to be found. This republication, as we may call it, M. Lacroix began in 1868 by 'Les Arts au Moyen Age,' a similar volume to the one we now review on the 'Manners, Customs, and Dress.' These are distinct and perfect works, but bearing upon each other so intimately that we cannot avoid referring to both. In his preface to the volume on 'The Arts,' the author refers to the European success of his large publication of twenty years before:—'Cette fortune exceptionelle, surtout pour une publication aussi considérable, nous fait croire que notre œuvre, ainsi connue et appréciée par tout le monte savant, peut et doit obtenir désormais un succès plus complet, en s'addressant à un plus grand nombre de lecteurs.' The success of that venture

* Manners, Customs, and Dress, during the Middle Ages, and during the Renaissance Period. By Paul Lacroix, Curator of the Imperial Library of the Arsenal, Paris. Illustrated with Fifteen Chromo-lithographic Prints by F. Kellerhoven, and upwards of 400 Engravings on Wood. Chapman and Hall, 1874.

has led to the present, which deals with the history and aspects of the past from a new point of view, scarcely so interesting, indeed, but more important; not so readily presented to the reader in a distinct and available form, but offering even a wider field for investigation. The publication of the former book, however, we fancy, has somewhat embarrassed the author; the Arts being, in fact, the visible representatives of the Manners of the period in which they flourish, so that the chapter on 'Furniture, Civil and Religious,' in the one, really occupies much the same ground as that on 'Private Life in Castles and Towns' in the other. The volume has, therefore, rather a political and moral bearing in its disquisitions, than an artistic and descriptive one, as the titles of its divisions indicate—'Condition of Persons and Lands;' 'Privileges and Rights, Feudal and Municipal;' 'Commerce;' 'Guilds and Trades;' Law and the Administration of Justice;' and so forth. This understood, and we only mention it because the author is best known for his artistic writings, the field is ample enough and sufficiently interesting to make any well-illustrated volume charming, merely as an epitome and selection of the salient points of the respective subjects treated. M. Lacroix does not disappoint us; he has embodied his general views on the development of modern civilisation, especially, of course, in France, with much tact, employing anecdotes and references to documents in a way rather popular than recondite, and the result is successful.

It is very remarkable that the history of France furnishes examples of more striking barbarities, as well as more romantic incidents, than that of any other European country. These crop up in all periods, and now and then culminate, as it were, in grand *battues*, such as the Jacquerie and the St. Bartholomew; which last abomination was signalized by a Papal thanksgiving at the time, and pictorial commemoration in the Vatican, as may be still seen. The last of those outbreaks was the Terror after the first Revolution, and we cannot help seeing that each of them has been nationally and irremediably punished by their results in the natural order of things. This sensational cruelty, appearing equally in 'Causes Célèbres' and in the annals of the country, does not result from circumstances or accidents, but from a peculiar disposition in the national character, and takes a curious variety of forms. Just at present it is appearing in painting; Gérôme having led the way by pictures of so much ability we accepted them wholly: then came Regnault, and now Lecomte-du-nuoy, whose *Pharaon et les Porteurs de Mauvaises Nouvelles*, exhibited in the Salon of 1872 and now published, ought to be put down and punished by total failure. In no other country would such productions appear with *éclat*, they belong to the city of the *Coup d'Etat* and the Commune. The outrages of the peasantry in the days of the Jacquerie, and their merciless treatment by the privileged order afterwards, perpetuated the degradation of the lower classes in France, confirming and continuing the severity of the laws and the privileges of the owners of the soil. The helpless poverty of the people remained down to the famine years before the Revolution, and the Bastille and the great gibbet at Montfaucon continued in force—evidence of the arbitrary power and cruelty of the middle ages remaining in the most elegant capital of Europe, at the end of the eighteenth century. A cut of this great gibbet is given, showing its construction, by means of twelve (the account says sixteen) high stone piers, placed in a square form and connected with each other by two rows of wooden beams, to which the chains were attached, affording accommodation to a very large number of the unfortunates who had committed any one of the many crimes, some of them not very heinous, then punished by death. The centre of this square was a deep pit, into which the bodies, when exposed a certain time, or when they fell to pieces, were thrown. Here is also an engraving of the Pillory in the Market-place of Paris—a stone octagonal tower with pointed roof, open pointed arches in the eight sides being furnished with the wooden frames for exposing the head and hands of the culprit. These illustrations are in the chapter on 'Punishments,' which has a frightful interest; a chapter unhappily necessary in any picture of the middle ages, but in which we find one of the omissions noticeable in the work—no account whatever of the Prisons of various countries being given. Other omissions of a like serious and unaccountable character there are; the subjects of Tournaments and of Mystery Plays being

entirely omitted in the chapter on 'Games and Pastimes,' and that of Trials by Combat or Ordeal is nowhere to be found.

One of the most oppressive rights exercised by the possessors of land in those early times was the exaction of labour without pay, the *villeins* being bound not only to work themselves, but to bring their horses to do the same. Then there were the dues exacted on all occasions, sometimes quite arbitrarily, the lord simply taking what he required; though these at a later time were regulated and rendered into money, which, however, the peasant had so little means of obtaining that his life was made a burden to him. The most jealously guarded of all the privileges enjoyed by the land was the right of game, the dovecot attached to monasteries being often destructive to half the harvest of the surrounding country, and the killing even of a rabbit being punished by death. There are many authentic cases of this penalty being exacted on record, but fortunately, it must be said, the difficulty of enforcing laws was then as great as that of protecting the peaceable, so that in considering the state of the community we must consider many of the laws on the statute-book to have been rather *in terrorem* than in practice. It was so especially with sumptuary regulations, which were frightfully vexatious for a time—a year or two perhaps; then fell into disuse, except by fits and starts. This was the case with the edicts of Philip le Bel, first in 1294 and again in 1306. These regulated, down to the minutest detail, the expenses of dress, table, and all other equipments of every person according to his rank, or to the amount of fortune provable by him. At this latter date splendour in dress, and also of furniture, and luxury of food, had made a tremendous advance, and had descended to the merchants and bourgeois. The habits of Philip le Bel himself seem to have been of the simplest kind, and it was his queen who is reported to have been scandalised by the dresses of the citizens' wives of Antwerp: 'I thought I would be the only queen there, but I found three hundred queens.'

One of the results of the difficulty of enforcing laws was the origin of Secret Tribunals, a subject dwelt upon by M. Lacroix; and from the chapter dealing with these we may give, as an example of the illustrations on wood, one from a fifteenth-century MS. in the Library of the Arsenal, which is under the author's care; an illuminated copy of Marco Polo's travels. This MS. is no doubt Venetian, and the design we give, which represents the pleasures of the retreat of the Old Man of the Mountain, bears a striking resemblance to the garden-scene in the celebrated Venetian book so much prized for its art, 'The Hypnerotomachia Poliphili,' printed in Venice, 1499.

THE CASTLE OF ALAMOND AND ITS ENCHANTMENTS.

We may add another of a different character, from a MS. about the same date—a translation by Nicholas Oresme of Aristotle's 'Ethics and Politics,' in the Library of Rouen.

SHOPS UNDER COVERED MARKET—GOLDSMITH, DEALER IN STUFFS, AND SHOEMAKER.

These interesting cuts are carefully enough described, but we cannot close without stating how inaccurately others are named; that at page 171, for example, of the Cup-bearer, Cook, Barber, and Tailor, from the 'Triumphs of Maximilian' by Burkqmaier, is said to be 'from a picture' engraved by J. Resch, 'Burgmayer and others, from drawings by Albert Dürer.' Throughout the volume there are many designs, perhaps thirty, from Jost Ammon's curious prints in Hartmann Schopper's 'De Omnibus Illiberalibus sive Mechanicis Artibus, &c.,' first printed in 1568, yet the name of the book and exact date never appear; and in the section, 'Games and Pastimes,' there are seven reproduced from Strutt's English work on that subject, yet the name of Strutt never appears, either in his list of authorities (exclusively French) nor at any of the cuts.

W. B. Scott.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

V. Giovanni Battista Moroni. (1510–1578.)

The Tagliapanni; or, Portrait of a Tailor.

ETCHED BY P. LE RAT.

'Quel d' un Sartor, sì belo, e sì ben fato,
Che 'l parla piu de qual se sia Avocato;
L' ha in man la forfe, e vù el vede a tagiar.'
Carta del Navegar Pitoresco, Vento v. p. 327. 1660.

SUCH is the notice by Boschini of this remarkable portrait; this likeness, more speaking he says, than any advocate; and telling us, too, his occupation by the shears and cloth.

This *Tailor* in the National Gallery, and the *Jesuit* at Stafford House, by the same hand, are two of the best portraits in England. They are both the work of the excellent Bergamasc master Giambattista Moroni, who, according to Ridolfi,* had so gained the admiration of Titian, as to make him politely question the good taste of some of his patrons who came from Bergamo to be painted by him, when they had so great a master of portrait at home. Moroni was an historical and portrait-painter, and a native of Albino, near Bergamo: he studied his art under il Moretto, at Brescia.† He died at Bergamo on the 5th of February, 1578. In the Berlin Gallery is a portrait of himself by Moroni.

The half-length of an *Advocate* (No. 742 in the National Collection) is also by Moroni. These portraits are of the realistic school, yet painted with perfect freedom. In this instance, besides the painting, we must admire also the good sense of the *Tagliapanni*, or cutter-out, who has chosen to be represented engaged in his humble vocation, rather than be painted in fine clothes as a fine gentleman. He did not despise the means to which he owed his position. He is dressed in an undyed flannel jacket and red breeches, with small white frills at neck and wrists, and a leather belt round his waist. He is standing at his board, with the shears in his right hand, on the point of cutting a piece of black cloth, on which the white chalk lines are visible. The expression of the face is thoroughly individual, and it is clear that we have no conventional work here: he is looking towards the spectator and seems to be speaking to some one.

Half-length, life size. On canvas, 3 ft. 2½ in. high, by 2 ft. 5½ in. wide. Formerly in the Grimani Palace at Venice; subsequently in the possession of Signor F. Frizzoni de Salis, at Bergamo, from whom it was purchased in 1862 by Sir Charles Eastlake, for 320*l.*‡

R. N. Wornum.

* 'Le maraviglie dell 'arte, ovvero Le vite degli Illustri Pittori Veneti e dello Stato.' Ed. 2nd. Padova, 1835.
† Tassi, 'Vite de' Pittori Scultori e Architetti Bergamaschi.' Bergamo, 2 vols. 4to. 1793.
‡ Return to an order of the House of Lords, February, 1866, No. 19.

RYE.

CHAPTER II.

THERE is a period in the history of all reforms, however necessary they may have been, when their very success makes it impossible that they shall retain the enthusiasm with which they were inaugurated, when the new idea has passed into the category of commonplaces and has lost its power of stimulating the imagination, which is apt to revert with something of tenderness to the supplanted heresy or vice. The latter has acquired all the attractive force which centres round objects which have associations in the past and no prospective rights in the future; as being in a minority, it enlists the favour of the chivalrous, and as a rarity the fancy of the connoisseur.

It is earnestly to be hoped that even the twentieth century of our era may possess here and there an unrestored church. The restoring persuasion have had it all their own way for some years. Holocausts of pews galleries and tablets have been offered up by them to the new idea. Old-new churches, with spick-and-span correct fittings, are plenty as blackberries; and we are almost prepared to confess to a sneaking tenderness for the high, drowsy-looking pews, gloomy aisle-galleries and the Commandments in the vulgar tongue; even to a mild tolerance for the three-decker. Hogarth's picture of the afternoon service, with all its ugliness, brings with it a redeeming whiff of a past atmosphere; and in a busy and earnest age, when every one will have us be logical and common-sense and practical, when progressive ideas are about our path and about our bed and reach us four times a-day hot from the brain of the public instructor, it is a momentary relief to breathe the drowsy atmosphere which hangs about a time before earnestness was invented; when the parson delivered perfunctorily a sand-glass full of sound and dull theology and the congregation slept deliberately and woke up with a quite illogical sense of edification; when people were generally quiet and frequently dull, and had no sense whatever of the deep meaning and huge responsibility of living; but did nevertheless here and there many things which our earnest contemporaries are glad enough humbly to imitate at a very considerable distance.

We would earnestly plead before Sir John Lubbock's Commissioners of Antiquities that a few old churches, with the eighteenth-century function intact and a parson to preach in the same spirit, should be retained here and there in accessible places throughout the country, and more especially within easy reach of the metropolis. So when Mr. Leslie Stephen and the Positivists have stripped us of our last anomaly and we have been made perfect in the light of the coming age and have learnt to exult in limiting our thoughts and hopes for the future of ourselves and our friends to the innocuous residuum of cremation, which we high-mindedly utilise in the cabbage-garden, we may occasionally on a Sunday, if Sundays then there be, escape from the overpowering blessings of our high calling to consistency and logic, and doze for a placid hour in an atmosphere of exploded art and annihilated theology.

Possibly however this view of the matter may seem to the reader to be fanciful. Even then he will scarcely fail to appreciate a whole range of considerations in favour of the strictest conservatism in questions of restoration. An unrestored church has about it all the charm of infinite possibilities unrealized. All that the past has left it is there. All that the future can do for it may be created by the imagination. It is not only in questions of restoration that we hesitate to discount the possible for the actual. It is an intelligent and harmless amusement both for professional and amateur architects, to effect restorations of the most thorough and complete kind on the tablets of the brain or even upon paper. I know of few more interesting pastimes than for a number of architects archæologists and admiring *dilettanti* to visit an ancient

building, and there to enter upon a tournament of imaginary restorations, provided only that there be an absolute predetermination on the part of its owners and guardians to carry out no single one of the suggestions. Otherwise the game is played with too heavy a stake to be an innocent amusement, with a property to wit of future ages, of quite unascertainable value. Seriously however, admitting as we do that churches may and must be adapted to modern uses, we maintain without reservation and without exception that the obliteration of any ancient feature whatever in an old church is unnecessary and unjustifiable, and that in the great majority of instances restoration should be merely repair. An old church, as for example that which we are about to consider, is frequently not one, but many churches in one. It is possible to trace in it a whole series of rebuildings and to estimate with accuracy the period and the extent of each. A modern love of uniformity often leads to the obliterating of every style but one, and thereby sacrifices a genuine and many-sided historical treasure for the very remote chance of attaining a superior artistic result; remote, because in an age characterised by fluctuations of taste and poverty of design, it needs sublime self-confidence to suppose that one's productions will bear the light of a more æsthetic future generation. At any rate—and this is more directly to our present purpose—Rye Church is not restored. You feel this almost before you catch sight of it and gain the full relief of being saved from an anomaly which would have the effect of a phrase of slang in 'Paradise Lost.'

Of external history in connexion with Rye Church not much is to be found. The historians speak of another earlier church on a site somewhat south of that of the existing building. The antiquary, with I imagine little more recklessness than is characteristic of his fraternity, states that it was a timber church: because forsooth there have been such things as timber churches, and because there was timber to be had within reach. Having examined the very small amount of evidence which exists on the subject, I am disposed to think that the present building incorporates all that there ever was of church in Rye. What details remain are as early as any one would expect to find, and there is abundant proof throughout the length and breadth of the country that a change of site was very unusual in the Middle Ages. Moreover, the whole theory may have originated in the misunderstanding of some ancient record to the effect that the old church was destroyed and a new church built.

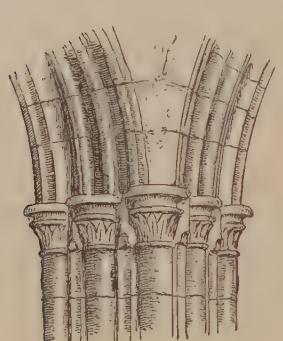
Internal evidence shows that a Romanesque Church was commenced upon this site. Probably the building had not progressed far before the 'transitional' character, in which the church is mainly built, crept into the style. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries contributed respectively a range of triforiated windows on the side of the northern aisle, and a flying buttress to the east of the church. Towards the end of the fifteenth and in the beginning of the sixteenth century the church was partly added to and partly altered in the prevailing style of that date. The additions were mainly the clerestory of the nave, the larger traceried windows, the pulpit and the aisle-screens. With some of the alterations we shall have to do presently.

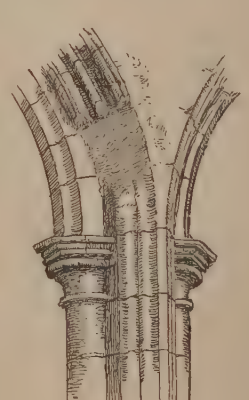
The general condition of the church is one which is specially valuable to archæologists, for the characteristic features of each style are sufficiently *en évidence;* no effort towards congruity appears ever to have been made until the latest modification, and this, as we shall see, has for our instruction been left incomplete. Some features suggesting former conditions of the structure are apparent in the illustration. For example, the remains of a round-arched doorway in the south transept is visible in the external view; in the internal can be seen the corbels which mark the pitch of earlier roofs.

Before proceeding to illustrate the characteristic examples of rebuilding which occur in this church, it may perhaps not be superfluous to say a few words about the spirit in which the builders of the Middle Ages dealt with the monuments of their predecessors, and of the methods which they employed. This spirit was, with a very few exceptions, one of supreme contempt. It is the necessary penalty which men pay for an exclusive training in one school of art, that they should be blind to the merits of all others. On the other hand, the

establishment of such an exclusive standard of taste has almost invariably been the condition under which the greatest works of art have been produced; for under such conditions only can the full force of the mind be devoted to the production of concrete work. In our own day, for the first time in the world's history, are we called upon to create a style; and even when this irrational demand is put aside, the necessity of choice between a number of styles of nearly equal merit and adaptability and the sense of isolation which each little section of artists must necessarily feel, detract greatly from the force which is available for actual design. A master-builder then of one of the later periods of design had no thought but by the readiest means to produce an *ensemble* in the established manner of his own time. Some few modifications of this exclusive spirit are here and there apparent. Some examples show for instance that the builders of one of the later periods have had so much respect for a Romanesque doorway as to incorporate it into a newly built aisle. Occasionally, as for example in Westminster Abbey, in making additions to an old building, the original design has been adhered to but for the modification of some minor details. But it is far more usual to come upon evidence that the earlier work was ruthlessly sacrificed and the ornamental details used in the heart of the new walls. We said above that a change of site was unusual in old churches. This is constantly indicated by the presence on the same spot and in the same structure of fragmentary details of every period. The walls of many churches which appear as uniform monuments of one of the later styles, are perfect museums of remains of the earlier styles. In removing a modern doorway from a sixteenth-century church, I have come upon fragments of Romanesque work of which no trace whatever was apparent in any part of the structure; and lately, in the destruction of a cubical church of the eighteenth century, I collected and classified fragments which would have illustrated a glossary of the Gothic styles without a flaw.

A slightly less contemptuous way of treating ancestral work was simply to build it up. For example, the doorway in the south transept of Rye Church alluded to above was simply built into the flat wall, and a coat of rough cast to conceal the whole was either given or at least intended. But the most interesting phase of rebuilding is that of which two capital examples occur in this church; that namely by which a later character was given to the existing earlier work. Of this practice too there were various methods. One was to draw a section of moldings which could be included in and cut out of the bulk of the existing work, and simply to chisel the new forms out of the old. This was the method pursued in the arcade of the north chancel aisle. The sketch on the left hand shows the detail of the original arcade, of the period of the transition between Romanesque and First Pointed work; on the right is another bay, in which the alteration has been partially carried out. The capital and the moldings below and to a short distance above it have undergone the change. The mason was in this instance working upwards stone by stone, and has stopped, and there is the evidence of his method of handiwork to this day. Some of the other arches have been completely remodelled. The chancel arch has been modified in a similar manner, but as the work was in this case completed, the evidence of the change is not so direct. The reader will see, by carefully examining the interior view of the church, that the nave arch on the left belongs to the transitional period mentioned above. He will also perceive that the arch moldings are set very far back upon the abacus of the capital, by which an exceedingly clumsy appearance is given to the arch. This latter characteristic, as well as the same general





NORTH TRANSEPT, RYE CHURCH.

RYE CHURCH, LOOKING EAST.

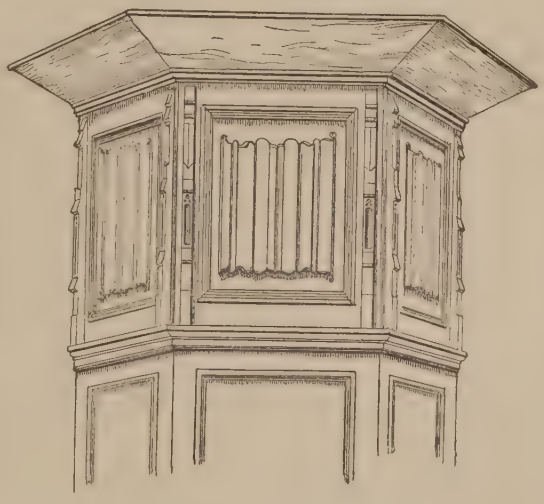
RYE CHURCH.

MERMAID STREET, RYE.

AUGUSTINIAN FRIARY, RYE.

proportions, is present in the chancel arch, and proves it to have been originally of the same date, which is further confirmed by the great crudity of the moldings of the capital, the mason having had to be content with the best effect he could get out of the original stone. These points will be more easily seen in the accompanying marginal sketch, of which the proportions are more correctly given than in the general view of the interior.

Another method of rebuilding was as follows. The new design was executed stone by stone upon the ground, and as each stone was completed its place was cut for it in the position which it was to occupy in the existing work and it was fixed therein. This rebuilding was often made from top to bottom; the entire facing of the work was new and of new material, and the original work remained only as a core to the new. The best-known and most obvious example of this method is at St. Alban's Abbey, where again the work has been suspended and left incomplete; and another good example is Winchester Cathedral, of which the nave was rebuilt from the Romanesque to the Perpendicular style by William of Wykeham. The two easternmost arches, probably because they were intended to be filled up by monuments, remain partially unchanged.



Before quitting Rye Church we may remark especially the late pulpit, of which the linen-pattern panels and little buttresses are very characteristic and good, and the very simple and beautiful screen between the north aisle and the transept. These screens were an integral part of the design of a mediæval church, and their artistic value, as giving a mystery to all the richness and beauty behind them, is quite inestimable, but such as a generation which hankers after huge sheets of plate-glass for its windows will be slow to appreciate. Romney Marsh, owing no doubt to its isolation from advanced ideas, possesses an unusual amount of such features, which, in regions of greater intelligence, have been so generally sacrificed to the refined and interesting zeal of Protestantism.

Such considerations as the above naturally lead us to reflect on the wide difference between the artistic ideal of the past and of the present. Features which were an essential and integral part of the effect aimed at in the middle ages have been completely eliminated from our modern practice as being either superfluous or detrimental; while the popular judgment, though founded upon a precedent of mutilated remains rather than of complete works of art, is as self-confident as even an uninterrupted tradition could make it. How few of the critics of a modern ecclesiastical building finished up to the standard of the present day fully realise how incomplete an aspect it would present to the eyes of a mediæval artist, to whom it would be little more than the ground-work of a great artistic result. Decorations, which according to our present ideas are matters of exceptional, possibly of objectionable, luxury, were, in the intentions at least of the founders of the style we try to reproduce, absolute matters of course. To contentedly complete a church so that it should represent one fresh from the mutilation of Protestant zeal is only a shade less absurd than to erect a ruined castle; and it is pro-

bably due to this misconception that so many spurious methods of veiling the obvious incompleteness have been arrived at. It is undoubtedly true that, owing to many essential changes in the conditions under which churches are now built, the full development of mediæval design in all its aspects is impossible; nevertheless it is only by a due comprehension of the full meaning of an artistic precedent in all its entirety that it can be profitably followed; and a modern designer who kept before his imagination the complete and perfect ideal would probably make a very different use of his limited opportunities to one who recognised only the more permanent and constructional conditions. The essential life and colour of mediæval art is unquestionably more apparent in the less monumental features, which, having by comparison a purely expressional character, are left to impress the imagination unhampered by any utilitarian restraints. But space prevents me entering more fully into the very wide question of the proper use to be made of mediæval examples. Some few remains out of the vast museum which Rye presents are still to be noticed.

From the main street of Rye a lane descends suddenly towards the low ground on the north. Half-way down this is an old Augustinian Priory, which has been turned into a warehouse for wool. The north side of the building, but for the suspicion here and there of a mediæval detail, has been converted into such an appearance as its present uses suggest; but

the south presents one of those picturesque effects which in most minds are associated exclusively with foreign travel. A range of three traceried windows, to the sills of which the present level of the ground almost reaches, overgrown with vine, which finds the Gothic tracery an excellent trellis, forms the background of a pretty minute garden, full, when I saw it, of zinias, and marigolds, and other bright autumn flowers; the *ensemble* producing one of those charming effects of the picturesque which it would perhaps be barbarous to try to analyse. Perhaps the contrast of the present and the past life, and of the uses which the same feature serves in each, has much to do with this. Only the later use should be a simple one, chosen spontaneously and without intention of the picturesque, or the poetry disappears, as it does inevitably when the ruin is *encadré* by a trim flower-garden, through the fatal affection of some accomplished owner and connoisseur. To leave the picturesque for the architectural, the tracery of the windows, of which an enlarged drawing is given, presents an unusual and rather awkward character of late flowing work. The bases of the mullions, which are dropped and continued along the jamb-moldings, are somewhat curious; especially because the junction of the two levels of base-molding suggests the solution of the little casual problem by the ingenuity of the mason, its method being one which could never have been expressed on a drawing.

The remaining illustration shows a view up Mermaid Street, which, both from its steep-

ness and the old houses it contains, is the most picturesque street of Rye. Some distance up the street on the left are two old houses with overhanging roofs, of which readers of the PORTFOLIO will recollect an etching given in a past number. To the right, in the foreground of this illustration, are the remains of the old West Gate, with the Cinque-port arms remaining. The other side of the gate has entirely disappeared, but its position and plan are probably indicated by the contour of the building on the left.

It is only fair to Rye that, in quitting it, we should recognise how very partial our researches there have been. Characteristic examples only have been selected from a vast storehouse of mediæval remains, which it would take a section of a lifetime to exhaust. But it is not so much the wealth of its monuments as the special colour character and suggestiveness of the whole town which remains upon the memory; and it is some hint of this which we would gladly have conveyed to our readers. BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

MR. ERNEST GEORGE'S ETCHINGS.

IN the article in our number for March about Mr. Ruskin's opinions on etching I happen to have said that it was Mr. George's etchings that appeared in the 'Architect' which elicited Mr. Ruskin's observations. Mr. George has since then requested me to correct this, as the only etchings that appeared in the 'Architect' were two litho-transfers, whereas Mr. Ruskin's letter referred to a volume of 'Etchings on the Mosel.'* The mistake, which did not originate with me but began in the newspapers, is of little consequence, as I supposed that Mr. Ruskin's expression of opinion referred to Mr. George's work generally, and the purpose of my article was not to detract from his merits in any way but to defend some other etchers whom Mr. Ruskin had criticised very severely, though without mentioning them by name.

Amongst the numerous publications of etchings that have been issued during the last few years the one before us is remarkable in one point, which is, that every plate in it gives pleasure. Every one of the plates is interesting, and the execution is always good enough to leave no serious reason for complaint. The temper in which the work is done is a right and happy temper. Mr. George is pleased and interested by some picturesque building, or group of buildings, so he sits down forthwith and makes a sketch of it, not for the display of his own abilities, but because he likes the place. Hence the spirit of the book is not that of an artist toiling to prove his own technical superiority but rather that of an earnest and high-minded amateur—not a trifling or idle amateur by any means. Mr. George will certainly not feel hurt if I compare his temper in etching with that of Sir Walter Scott in literature. There is the same healthy freshness in both, the same lively interest in the feudal picturesque, the same ease in execution; but just as Sir Walter looked upon literature rather as the amusement of life than its main business, and came by his effects more through natural taste than laboured study, so in Mr. George's etching we feel the gift of the amateur more than the severe self-discipline of the artist. There are many passages in these plates that the accomplished artist-etchers of the present day would consider curiously unscientific in method, especially in shading. The plate of *Berncastel*, for example, is conceived as a pen-drawing rather than as an etching, whilst there is often an obvious weakness in the drawing of foreground objects and of distant hills; nor has Mr. George in any instance displayed the *full* technical power of the great etchers in line or in tone, but his work is always charming because it is always so thoroughly harmonious. It is very remarkable, too, for its uncommonly good lighting. We are in open daylight everywhere; the light gets round the buildings and into their nooks and crannies, the reflections being everywhere duly cared for yet hardly ever exaggerated. Now and then we have a capital quiet piece of

* Etchings on the Mosel. A Series of Twenty Plates, with Descriptive Letterpress. By Ernest George Architect. John Murray, London.

middle-tint, as in the *Rothes-haus* at Trier. The material is always quite happily chosen, and set forth to good advantage, though there is not much evidence (in the present series) of any great power of composition. Surely no architectural material in the world is so picturesque as this! There is *Schloss Elz*, for example, a poet's dream-castle realised; and one quite agrees with Mr. George in his hearty appreciation of those lofty roofs and spiry pepper-boxes, the loss of which when castles of that class are dismantled is so grievous to the true lover of the picturesque. And not only the castles of the feudal nobles but even such farm-houses as that at Münster-Maifeld, four miles from Schloss Elz, are worth careful study from the architectural point of view, for they have variety and interest in their own more humble way.

One hesitates about saying anything that might possibly have an influence upon Mr. George's future practice, for fear that in trying for more thorough and striking technical mastery as an etcher he should lose that simplicity of purpose which is the charm of his present manner. If, however, he has the ambition of an artist, he might do well to make a few experiments in line and in full tone separately, merely to ascertain for himself what etching can do in tone, and afterwards in future practice make just as much use of these resources as the occasion may seem to him to require.*

EDITOR.

BOOKBINDING.

BOOKBINDING is an art whose difficulties are increasing and whose opportunities are, upon the whole, diminishing. It is one of the arts which depend upon fancy, and fancy is a thing which cannot be taught: it is possible to educate a man to the point of translating his moods and emotions into imagery, but no education can bring back the happy instability of temperament to which one gracious caprice immediately suggested another, and the hand obeyed the eye with the minimum of intervention on the part of the brain, and the requisite elaboration was secured by the development of this consensus by a steady and fastidious practice, not by the mechanical working out of a plan conceived intellectually. This difficulty is common to very nearly all the decorative work of the present day, which is costly and uninteresting, because it is executed by workmen laboriously trained to imitate with variations, by dint of thinking about it, work which is only valuable when done, or at least well begun, without thought. Nor is there any reason at present to expect a remedy; if a workman has no fancy of his own, or very little, no amount of museums will set it working; indeed, it is more probable that any originality he has will be crushed by accumulating facilities of copying. For any real improvement we must look to a rapid increase in the general, moral, and physical energy of the race; which, of course, it does not lie within the power of art-education to command. Probably, though it sounds paradoxical to say so, the best way to profit by any increase that may be in store for us would be, that we should condemn ourselves for several generations to absolute plainness in everything, and renounce all æsthetic satisfactions except floriculture: in which case it might be hoped that the more fortunate organizations among our descendants might go to work again, with innocence of hand and eye recovered, after the inspirations of the *renaissance* had been completely exhausted, as the mediæval artists went to work fresh after the interval of compulsory abstinence imposed by poverty and barbarism which followed the exhaustion of the inspiration of Greco-Roman art.

Of course there is still some fancy, some power of irrational, inarticulate pleasantness, left in the world, and if we are fortunate it may even begin to grow again without the heroic discipline described above; but it is to be observed that bookbinding is one of the last directions it will naturally take. Fancy, which is weak and requires to be nursed, will hardly expose

* It may interest some of our readers who etch to know that half of these plates were done on the smoked ground and the other half by my positive process on a white ground.

itself to the trial of such severe work as tool-cutting; and if it does, it will very hardly escape the risk of being intellectualised.

Moreover, quite apart from the question whether there is as much natural faculty available for bookbinding as there used to be, it is certain that what faculty there is works under much less favourable conditions. When books were few it was possible and reasonable that they should all be well bound—some choicely, some strongly, but all thoughtfully, and in this way the binder had the best chance of cultivating his gift: he always had to design some kind of a side and some kind of a back, because his customer had not books enough to want to pack them close together—in which case high finish of the side is always on the way to become an impertinence; and at the same time he was not always kept on the strain of doing his absolute best: very often he had the rest of designing something plain that nobody cared much for. In no case had he the demoralising feeling that he was called upon to do something out of the way, something that was only exceptionally wanted, that had to be exquisite rather than natural, and admirable rather than appropriate.

The exhibition of ancient bookbindings at the International Exhibition is only indirectly instructive—it shows us what is worth having rather than what we can set ourselves to have; and from this point of view it is consoling to see that not everything which is irrecoverable is worth regretting: for instance, there is a Psalter, bound in embroidery by the Sisterhood of Little Gidding, which makes one decidedly glad that the Sisterhood of East Grinstead, when they are not nursing, have their whole leisure taken up by altar-cloths. Seriously, a book bound in embroidery is one of the stupidities from which no period of art, not even the most fortunate—and there have been many periods more favoured than the reign of Charles I.—is altogether exempt: it has neither durability nor fitness, nor, even when it is new, perfect delightfulness, and it has not even the imperfect excuse of being easy and natural. In the same case, in the row just below this elaborate eccentricity, there is a really admirable book, though it is probably one of the least elaborate works of the period: it is executed throughout in two shades of brown, and is simply an arabesque design, with a bold centrepiece of three crescents overlapping each other. In no part of the work is there any refinement, or even much beauty: only what is really enough strong, ready ingenuity exercised within the limits of good taste. A more questionable example is a Persian binding, in brown golden leather, with a profusion of figures and foliage, in rose, and green, and blue; the whole effect is rich and genuine, but slightly barbaric: the tone has a kind of sunshiny glow about it, and yet the thing has, after all, a narrow escape of being tawdry. And there is not much to be hoped from study of the magnificent collection of bindings exhibited by the Chapter of Durham, with their heavy clasps and jewelled mountings: the style was appropriate to a rich foundation, which had a few works in its library required for constant reference, but it could not be reproduced without anachronism. There would be no anachronism in reproducing any of the other old European styles of decoration: the system of arabesques, inlaid with different coloured leathers, or simply gilded; or the system of richly powdered sides, either with or without a border, or the old German fashion of stamping in relief. But, unhappily, they all require gifts which education and practice will not restore to us. The arabesques of a trained workman are always, or almost always, too symmetrical; and we doubt if any one could be found now to cut the fishes with which, and with fleurdelys, a book of Earl Spencer's is splendidly powdered, and even if the tools could be cut now, a certain caprice in the distribution of the powdering is probably part of the charm: relief-stamping is only valuable when it is quaint—*i. e.* in some measure rude, and rudeness cannot be taught even if it were known that it is worth teaching. It is possible to do more with small books in morocco, which want nothing but a gold border, which is sure to be rich and delicate enough if the work be minute and intricate. In this kind, several of Mr. Rivière's specimens are very satisfactory, and his other imitations of old work show knowledge, and good taste, and modesty. M. Monnier of Paris exhibits some bindings of small books, that have really the spirit as well as the grace of old work. Mr. Tucket, the

binder to the British Museum, has a portfolio of engravings which is quite distressingly superb in the precision and mastery of its arabesques. Mr. Stevens exhibits three loose covers which deserve a word of commendation: the best of them is tree calf, with an arabesque border, the scale of which just avoids obtrusiveness or insignificance: the next best is an interlacing arabesque in two shades of buff, slightly powdered with black, based upon the *vesica piscis*, and so tentative as to seem naïve and fresh.

In a rich and luxurious and even enterprising age it was not to be expected that bookbinders would confine themselves to a more or less unsuccessful repudiation of the art of the past, and accordingly we find plenty of experiments. M. Taddei of Venice sends two mosaic covers, one in relief, which have something of the effect of embroidery, and are, of course, more durable, and may be recommended to those who think embroidery worth regretting. How is it that it has not occurred to M. Salviati that a book—say a photographic album—with glass sides and projecting metal rims, would be a very pretty table ornament? Then more than one address to local celebrities is bound in wood, and this seems to us as if it ought to have a future. Though none of the specimens exhibited is good in execution, the contrast of the dark polished rim and back with the dull light openwork of the foliage is decidedly promising, and would yield good effects if cultivated. An innovation more immediately felicitous is due to M. Machatschek, who sends a portfolio in sealskin, with a silhouette *à la Konewka* stamped on it. The effect is decidedly pleasant, though not quite luxurious enough to be worth eighty florins; but the price would probably fall if the demand became more extensive.

But probably much the most hopeful direction for leather-binders to work in who are not content with the sober elegance of the eighteenth century, which simply let in a rather lighter band into the brown and marked the corners of the hollow oblong with some cheap device, is to be found in the action of stains and acids. These supply of themselves the element of caprice which we can supply no longer; and the training of the eye, which is really in our power, would enable us to use them with perhaps more delicacy than has been hitherto attained. M. Zaehnsdorff's specimens in this line are commendable for boldness and effectiveness rather than for finish and repose, except when he adheres to the tree-pattern, in which it is happily almost impossible to go wrong: but the most promising example is a Walton's 'Lives,' by the southern door, in greens and crimsons, which are rich of themselves, and blend admirably with the natural hue of the leather.

It is to be regretted that the exhibition of cloth binding is upon the whole inadequate. The patterns in which cloth is stamped are much larger than those in which leather is stamped, and in proportion easier to design; and the number of ways in which the ornament can be introduced and combined with the title facilitates invention and disguises the want of it. Moreover, ornamenting the side of a cloth book is a rational luxury, because it is produced for a circulating library, to lie about on a table* till it is read; while ornamenting the side of a leather book is a superfluous luxury, since its habitual place is the bookcase. Of the specimens exhibited the least elaborate are generally the best. Mr. Gough's new process of relief-stamping in different colours gives the sort of crude innocent pleasure to the eye that jam does to the palate, and is laudable for children's books, though in even children's books there should be a certain refinement. The same want of finish and delicacy disfigures a volume of Dr. Vaughan's sermons, with a red arabesque on a black ground, that would have been really admirable if it had been worked out exquisitely. 'Exquisite' is just the word for the well-known binding of Mr. Rossetti's Poems, which imitates brass fretwork with the most lovely sobriety. The cover of 'The Volsungs and Niblungs' is lovely too, but decidedly florid and even effeminate. The inspiration drawn from it runs sadly to seed in the passion-flowers outside Mrs. King's fine poem of 'The Disciples.' The side of 'Love is Enough' is admirable again, but the book is spoilt as a whole by the heavy title running down the back. The only other book in cloth that is well

* Why do not the great libraries have stamps designed for their books, instead of the tawdry adhesive labels, which often disfigure excellent designs?

bound is Mr. Jebb's 'Translations,' with a very rich and delicate cover in white and gold designs, by a Parisian artist, brought to England by political events. Considering the time which most of the books we speak of have been published, it is hardly a good sign that they should not have been imitated to better purpose and suggested a direction for independent work. Upon the whole, though most of the extravagances of the '51 Exhibition have disappeared, the prospects of bookbinding are, as a fine art, very far from encouraging.

G. A. Simcox.

THE SYLVAN YEAR.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF RAOUL DUBOIS.

CHAPTER XIII.—(*Continued.*)

OF all the fine passages in old poetry concerning the life of birds in nature, the most magnificent is the hymn of the birds to the sun in Gawin Douglas's prologue to the twelfth book of the 'Eneid.' I should have been glad to abridge the quotation had it been possible without spoiling it, but I find, as the reader will also, that the series of verses beginning with the word 'Welcome' could not have their due effect if given by themselves; the mind needs to be led up to them and tuned to the proper poetical pitch before it can fully enter into the fine spirit of the hymn itself. As for the little difficulty with the old Scottish words it vanishes on the second or third reading, and such poetry as this is worth reading a hundred times:—

'The cushat crouds and pykkis on the rise,*
The sterling changes divers steunnys nise,†
The sparrow chirpis in the walles cleft,
Goldspink and linnet fordynnand the lyft.‡
The cuckoo galis,§ and so twitteris the quail
While rivers reirdit;‖ schaws and every dale,
And tender twistis tremble on the trees,
For birdes song and bemyng of the bees,
And all small fowlis singin on the spray,—
"Welcome thou lord of light and lampe of day,
Welcome thou fosterer of herbis grene,
Welcome quickener of freshest flouris shene,
Welcome support of every root and vein,
Welcome comfort of al kind frute and grein,
Welcome depainter of the blooming meads,
Welcome the life of every thing that spreads,
Welcome restorer of all kind bestial,
Welcome be thy bright bemes gladding all."'

What is pleasant in these passages of the quaint old poets is their hearty love for the birds themselves and full participation in their gladness. The sylvan feeling of the bird-catcher is of a very different character; he, too, rejoices in the woods; he, too, likes to hear the birds sing, for if they sing they exist, and if they exist they may be ensnared, and afterwards sold or roasted as poverty or gluttony may suggest. The mistletoe is in full berry in the month of May, and its berries, which seem like waxen pearls at a little distance, suggest some rather painful reflections. The birds plant the mistletoe on the branches of trees by depositing its seeds there, undigested; man comes and makes bird-lime from this very mistletoe, which by a strange fatality causes the destruction of the very creatures to whom its own propagation is due. Could any poet rejoice over their miserable fate, and think those moments sweet when his victims are hopelessly struggling? Yes, M. Saint-Lambert, whose poem of 'The Seasons' is, to say the least,

* The dove crows and picks on the bush.
† Tuneful voices. ‡ Heaven. § Cries. ‖ Sounded.

a piece of beautiful versification, sometimes rising into more elevated regions, expresses the keenest delight in that exquisitely cruel business of bird-catching, and avows his crimes in verses of the most finished harmony :—

'Cent fois, dans ma jeunesse, aux rives des ruisseaux
J'ai semé les buissons d'innombrables réseaux :
Avec quel mouvement d'espérance et de joie
Vers la fin d'un beau jour, j'allais chercher ma proie !
A présent même encor, sous les rameaux naissans ;
De l'oiseau de la nuit imitant les accents,
Des habitans des bois j'entends la troupe ailée
S'avancer, voltiger autour de ma feuillée.
J'écoute, en palpitant, leur vol précipité ;
D'un transport vif et doux mon cœur est agité
Quand je les vois tomber sur ces verges perfides
Qu'infecta de ses sucs l'arbrisseau des druides,
O doux emploi des jours ! agréables momens !'

It would be difficult to find anything more gently heartless and amiably selfish than these last well-polished verses. It is like the gentleness of the mild-minded angler enjoying the pleasant sunshine and the purling stream, whilst the living bait writhes in torture on his hook. *Agréables momens !* Not for the birds, surely ! not for the birds ! And before quitting this subject let me just observe how painfully the bird-catcher is continually reappearing in so great a writer as Buffon. He never fails to give his readers instructions in this line of business, and generally tells them whether every little bird is good to eat or not. Fancy eating a brace of wrens, or of tom-tits ! It is true that we eat smaller creatures still—shrimps, for example ; and the Burgundy vine-snail is both good and nourishing : but our sentiments are not enlisted in their behalf. To my feeling the most agreeable bit of information about bird-catching that I ever gleaned from the great naturalist of Montbard is, that the wren, from its extreme smallness, gets through the meshes of the finest nets and so happily escapes. I wish all the other birds could do likewise.

The wonderful work of nest-building goes on with immense activity in the spring. What a difference there is in relation to this business between a human couple and the wedded birds ! The human couple either inherit a nest already made, generally without the most remote conception of the labour it cost to make it, or else they hire another nest without much serious interest or affection ; but the bird and his wife are their own masons, and also their own architects, being usually more successful in this latter capacity than the unprofessional human designer of habitations. Or is it not more accurate to say of them that, strictly speaking, they are masons only, working after the plans of a greater Architect than those who devise big palaces in stone and mortar ? If masons only, at least they are most industrious masons. The Marquis de Cherville, who is an accurate observer of what passes too often unobserved in the quiet routine of nature, says that he watched a pair of magpies from the beginning of their nest-building to the end. They had fixed themselves in a large poplar, just before M. de Cherville's window, and he watched them both from his desk and from his bed, missing hardly anything that they did. The work lasted for forty-seven days, during which, especially in the morning and evening, the two birds carried materials with a feverish activity. In a single day he counted two hundred and eight journeys in quest of material, and this was not the whole. But the nest of a magpie is a very rude affair, indeed, when compared with the highly finished and delicate workmanship of many other birds. The thrush, the tom-tit, and some kinds of linnet, are master-builders in different ways. The thrush makes the outside of his nest with almost anything that comes to hand—with moss, with straw, or dried leaves ; but his great skill is displayed in the fabrication of the stout mill-board that constitutes its inner wall or shell, made of wet mud well beaten, strengthened with bits of straw and roots. The thrush likes

this hard and smooth interior, not caring for the luxury of soft feather-beds, but some other birds are more luxurious. The greenfinch and goldfinch are amongst the cleverest of bird upholsterers. They know how to feather their nests well, and have an English taste for carpets and interior comfort, well knowing the value of bits of wool, and hair, and feathers. The wren has another English taste also, for he likes his house to be not only comfortable, but big; and, small as he is, he has large ideas in the way of architecture. I like his plan of a little doorway in the side, just big enough for his small person to pass through; it is infinitely more snug than the commoner system of sitting in a sort of enlarged egg-cup: and, besides these advantages, the wren's house is not easily discovered, being apparently a shapeless lump of moss, though so artfully shaped within. How interesting it would be if some observer, like the Marquis de Cherville, could watch a couple of wrens at work from the very beginning to the moment of their happy house-warming, when the soft clear down was all arranged snugly as a lining to the wee dwelling, and just ready to receive the wonderfully tiny white eggs! Is not this much more interesting, as well as more admirably laborious, than the furnishing of some house in a row run up by some speculator, with balconies that you dare not step out upon for fear that they should fall with you down upon the dangerous-looking railings? I think there must be an infinite pleasure in building one's own house—not as rich people use the words, when they say 'I am going to build,' but in doing it with one's own hands—a pleasure founded upon the primitive depths of our original wild nature. It has sometimes occurred to me to talk with very poor men who really had done this with their own hands, and the satisfaction their rough work gave them was evidently of a kind that no wealth could ever purchase. Observe the zest with which travellers in wild countries, who have been compelled to erect dwellings for themselves, describe the interesting process, and gravely give directions to others, a spirit of the keenest enjoyment being visible throughout the prudence of their precepts!

I have noticed the wide difference of refinement and skill in nest-building between such different birds as the magpie and the thrush, linnets, &c., but Gilbert White remarked that there was a great disparity in this respect between 'birds of the same genus, and nearly correspondent in their general mode of life; for while the swallow and the house-martin discover the greatest address in raising and securely fixing crusts, or shells, of loam, as *cunabula* for their young, the bank-martin terebrates a round and regular hole in the sand or earth, which is serpentine, horizontal, and about two feet deep. At the inner end of this burrow does this bird deposit, in a good degree of safety, her rude nest, consisting of fine grasses and feathers, usually goose-feathers, very inartificially laid together.' Here, in a very few words, he perfectly describes what is most wonderful in the skilful toil of the swallows and house-martins, their address in raising and *securely fixing* the crusts they build so cleverly. The *raising*, however, is comparatively mechanical; it is the *fixing* that always surprises one. Some windows in the old house at the Val Ste. Véronique had been left unopened for years, and the *hirondelles des fenêtres* had fixed their nests in the corners, partly on the woodwork and the stone sides, but partly also upon the very glass itself. It seemed necessary to air these chambers and to open the windows, which I did with the greatest regret, but it afforded a singularly good opportunity for ascertaining the actual strength of adhesion in the nests, which was truly surprising. Not only are the birds themselves perfectly safe in them, for they weigh scarcely anything to speak of, but it would require a considerable weight to detach the little structure from its place; and even after the nests had been torn away from the windows, large fragments of them still adhered obstinately to the stonework. I imagine that these birds, which are almost always in movement, have a particular satisfaction in feeling that their nest is firm and substantial, so they fix it to the strong work of human masons that is not shaken by the wind. In this preference for what is fixed and substantial they differ notably from some other birds that like their nests to be rocked like a sailor's hammock, which one would imagine must be fatiguing in windy weather; however, it is their taste, and there is no disputing about tastes.

Buffon remarks that goldfinches like to build upon thin and weak branches, especially of plum-trees and walnuts, that are rocked by the wind. It is to be supposed that these little creatures are independent of the sensation of sea-sickness.

One has a particular respect for the industrious nest-builders that have houses of their own and establish themselves respectably in life, but it is difficult to feel any such sentiment towards the cuckoo when we hear the two notes of his monotonous ditty, and see him pass from grove to grove with his silently gliding flight. But if the cuckoo is not a respectable personage, since he will neither build his own house nor bring up his own offspring, he has an advantage in common with certain celebrities in literature and art; which is, that everybody knows his voice. It requires considerable sylvan experience to distinguish some birds by their voices, and it is only the most observant naturalists who can recognise each of them with certainty; but the citizen, who rarely visits the country, knows the cuckoo when he hears him. The reader at once perceives the moral which is impending. The cuckoo is like a poet who says but little, and always repeats that little without variety, yet who enjoys a great reputation because his one song is at the same time agreeable, perfectly original, and perfectly inimitable. There have been such poet-cuckoos.

Nothing is more curious in popular botany and ornithology than the way in which popular beliefs associate together certain birds and plants. Why, for example, is the cuckoo particularly associated with the common arum, which is called the cuckoo-pint? Is the bird supposed to drink the dew or the rain-water from the spatha? The explanation of the popular fancy about cuckoo-spit, which is the frothy exudation of a certain larva, was suggested with great probability by Buffon. He thought it possible that a cuckoo might have been observed in the act of seeking the larva in the froth, and that the rustic observer had concluded the froth to be the cuckoo's own saliva; after which it might have been noticed that an insect came out of such froth, whence the conclusion that vermin was engendered from the saliva of the bird. And what a strange old notion it was that the cuckoo travelled on the back of a kite, which was thought to be amiable enough to submit to the inconvenience of such a burden! It is almost impossible to imagine any observed fact which may have given rise to such an improbable myth as this.

Whether or not the cuckoo takes any particular interest in the common arum, it is a valuable foreground plant for artists, being one of the earliest in the season of those whose leaves are large enough to be of some consequence in a picture. The only misfortune about it is a love of shelter, which makes it grow almost always in situations where it is half-concealed, such as nooks and thickets, and shady places under hedges. One of the earliest of our botanical experiences is a feeling of astonishment about its peculiar way of flowering, and the incipient botanist is sure to feel at the same time interested and puzzled by the long spike and the leafy spatha, which he always remembers afterwards.

Of other plants that show themselves in May it would be easy to make a considerable catalogue. There is the water iris, for example, which in this part of the world has tall blades early in the month and flowers towards the end of it, giving considerable magnificence of colour to the banks of streams. It is remarkable amongst flowers as having been chosen by the kings of France to decorate their shields and banners, for in the middle ages it was called the *lis*. This, at least, is the more probable view, considering the form and colour of the flower, though the popular belief is that the large white lily is the royal flower of the Bourbons. But the white lily bears no resemblance to the fleur-de-lis, whereas the water iris curves out its petals in such a way as to produce a very striking likeness to the heraldic flower. Besides this, the *fleur-de-lis* is *or* in heraldry, and, without attaching too much importance to the choice of the metal, one cannot but think it likely that a sovereign who had felt pleased with the white lily would have preserved the record of its whiteness by blazoning it *argent*. For my part I feel no doubt about the matter, and the golden flowers of the water iris have, for me, associations with history as well as landscape.

From the beginning of May there are also immense quantities of flowering lychnis, whose

bright red is like gems scattered prodigally by field and river. The plant was used in Greece for garlands, and it seems possible that in this way it may have been associated with the idea of a light-giving gem that was called λυχνίς also. I am aware that another interpretation has been suggested. It is said that the Greeks used a plant of this kind for lamp-wicks, and as they called a portable lamp λύχνος the flower got its name from this more utilitarian origin. I cling by preference to the association with the gem rather than the lamp, and I should like very much to know what was the colour of the gem λυχνίς. If it were red, that would almost settle the question. But whatever may have been the origin of its name, the lychnis is one of the brightest and most abundant of wild flowers, giving a wonderful gaiety to foregrounds wherever it occurs.

A perfect contrast in this respect are the members of the humble spurge family, with their flowers, green like leaves, and their cold, white, milky blood, caustic and pungent. With a poet's felicity of choice Rossetti selected this unattractive plant as the object of contemplation in an hour of bitter reverie :—

'Between my knees my forehead was;
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass;
My naked ears heard the day pass!

My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon:
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory:
One thing then learnt remains to me,
The woodspurge has a cup of three.'

This, of course, is a poet's botany, and one does not expect it to be very accurately scientific. Rossetti means by his 'cup of three,' the pair of flowers at the end of each ray of the umbel, and the floral leaves beneath the pair which are connected into one large orbicular leaf. The two flowers and the orbicular leaf below make up the number three, and this is the only explanation I can venture to suggest. Is it worth while to dwell in this way upon poets' fancies in connexion with the subjects of our study? Yes, I think it is; for experience proves that nothing impresses natural objects upon the memory so much as association with human thought and fancy, even when, as in the case of many popular superstitions, it has no foundation in fact.

One of the most striking examples of the difference between artistic ideas of beauty and those ideas of beauty which we derive directly from nature without the intervention of painting is supplied by the horse-chestnut. In nature it is one of the most noble of all trees, yet it has rarely been celebrated by landscape-painters, who, when you talk to them about it, almost invariably express a dislike for the peculiar quality of its foliage; nor have they been more attracted by its magnificent efflorescence, although in our northern countries no other tree of equal dimensions bears such splendid flowers, or anything comparable to them. The reason is easily discovered. In the art of painting there is always a peculiar embarrassment in dealing with things that are countable and yet exceedingly numerous. Such things require great labour for their individualisation, because the eye so easily detects a failure or insufficiency in design; whilst, on the other hand, there is a difficulty in passing from this complete individuality of the things seen near at hand to the mystery of the things that are utterly past counting. When things are large enough, and shapely enough, to require careful drawing, an artist does not wish them to be too numerous; thus, there is no work that can be offered to a figure-painter more distasteful to his artistic feeling than a crowd of a hundred faces, of which every one must be a portrait, since the mere attention to individuality imperils the unity of the whole work. On the other hand, if the numbers are *very* great the painter likes them to be far past any possibility

of counting, so that his only duty may be to represent the mystery and infinity of the innumerable. Thus, in leaf-drawing, the greatest figure-painters have always designed a *few* leaves of the kinds whose forms are beautiful, both pleasurably and successfully, and such a thing as a wreath of laurel is perfectly agreeable to their taste; whilst, on the other hand, the great landscape-painters have delighted in the immensity of *foliage*, where the leaf is nothing individually and only the mass is seen. The objection to the horse-chestnut is, that to render it perfectly we should need the skill of the figure-painter drawing a wreath of laurel, and the skill of the landscape-painter sketching the masses of a forest. The leaves are so large, and so peculiar in their form, that they *cannot* be treated negligently, for the negligent hand would commit errors in shape and scale that the first comer would at once detect; yet, at the same time, they are so numerous, that any attempt to draw them individually, as you would the twin-leaves of the lily of the valley, must inevitably spoil the unity of the tree, not to speak of the still vaster unity of a picture. The consequence of this is, that the horse-chestnut is hardly ever painted, and never painted quite sufficiently and successfully. But now, having stated the artistic difficulty, let us turn our backs for the moment upon all picture exhibitions, and, forgetting art altogether, go straight to the world of nature. The horse-chestnut, in the earlier weeks of May, is a sight for gods and men. If you are well outside its branches, you see the richly-painted flowers rising tier above tier on all its glorious slope up to the odorous heights that belong to the birds and the bees; if you are under its shadow, you walk in a soft green light that comes through the broad-spreading leaflets. No transparencies are finer than this sun-illumined canopy of green, and whilst the leaves are quite young and perfect, they are cut out so clearly as to have a grandly decorative effect. Next, as to direction of line and surface, this tree is very remarkable for its bold and decided contrasts. You have the curve of the twig, first downwards and then upwards, where it carries the flowers at its extremity. The tendency of the flowery spike itself is to be vertical, and the large leaves spread themselves out horizontally and as flatly as possible to right and left. The flowers themselves are amongst the very richest of spring blossoms. The colouring of the petals is made lively by the presence of white, but admirably preserved from crudity by dashes of red and yellow. When the spikes or cones of flowers are in their full splendour, the horse-chestnut reminds one of a magnificent Christmas-tree, carrying a thousand lighted tapers upon its branches, but with the difference that the flowers promise life, and the renewal of life; whereas when the pretty Christmas tapers are lighted upon a tree they are a sign that its end is near, according to Andersen's melancholy story. The horse-chestnut has only been an European tree for the last three centuries, and is one of the happiest importations from Asia. There is an octagon of them at the Val St. Véronique, and the eight brothers are all equally well grown—tradition says, that eight boar-hounds are buried under them, a hound under each tree. In the heat of summer they offer a delightful shade, for their broad leafage makes an impenetrable dome of verdure.

P. G. Hamerton.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

VI. VELAZQUEZ. (1599–1660.)

Philip IV. King of Spain.

ETCHED BY P. RAJON.

DON DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DE SILVA, commonly called, after his mother's family name, VELAZQUEZ, was born at Seville in 1599; and after having been initiated into the practice and elements of his art by the elder Francisco Herrera, he became the scholar and son-in-law of Pacheco.

Velazquez was still a young man in 1623, when he was invited to Madrid and presented to the youthful king, Philip IV., by Gaspar de Guzman, the Count-Duke of Olivares. He became the King's painter, and enjoyed his special favour for nearly forty years, until his death, in Philip's service, in the summer of 1660. In was in this same year, 1623, that Velazquez made a sketch of our Charles I. when he was Prince of Wales.

Velazquez had a style of his own, though not wholly original, and chiefly distinguished for mastery of touch. Himself of the school of Seville, he was the real founder of the school of Madrid. He had visited Italy in 1629–31, and at Naples made the acquaintance of Guiseppe Ribera or Spagnuoletto, and no doubt fell under the influence of this remarkable painter, with whose works he may have already become acquainted at Madrid.

The Gallery at Madrid contains a vast number of pictures by Velazquez. Among them, besides many portraits and a few landscapes, some of the most striking examples of that large, bold, *genre*-painting almost peculiar to himself: most remarkable are—the party of rough topers or bacchanalian revellers known as *Los Borrachos*—the Drunkards, with life-sized figures; *Las Hilanderas*—or the Spinsters, women in a tapestry manufactory at work; *Las Lanzas*—the Lances, or the Surrender of Breda; *Las Meniñas*—or the Juvenile Maids of Honour: here the painter is himself introduced (1656), taking the portrait of the child Infanta Doña Margarita Maria, afterwards Empress of Germany. The *Aguador*—or Water-Carrier, at Apsley House, is in a similar style, and all belong to what is called the Naturalist school.

Velazquez had a painting-room in the Royal Palace at Madrid, and was much loved and honoured by Philip IV., who sent him in 1648 to Rome to procure works of art for him. He decorated the painter with the Cross of St. Iago when he painted the Infanta, and he gave him the fatal appointment of *Aposentador Mayor*—Quarter-master, which involved honourable but not altogether light or agreeable duties. It was the function of the Aposentador Mayor to be in constant attendance on the King on his journeys; he was accordingly, in his official capacity, on the Bidassoa, providing on the Isle of Pheasants suitable quarters for the King and suite on the occasion of the Conference in June, 1660, which preceded the marriage of Louis XIV. of France with Philip's daughter, the Infanta Maria Theresa. Velazquez was so worn by his labours on this occasion, in the height of the hot season, that he took ill and died a few days after his

return to Madrid, August 7th, 1660. The shock of his death seems to have killed his wife, Juana Pachero, for she followed him to the other life seven days afterwards: their bodies were laid in the same grave in the church of San Juan. His remains were buried with great pomp.

Juana's supposed portrait, a bust in profile, in a yellow mantle, is in the gallery of the Royal Museum at Madrid.

The portrait of the King—the patron of Velazquez—in the National Gallery, given in this number of the PORTFOLIO, a bust showing nearly the full face, is dressed in black and gold. It is on canvas, 2 ft. 1 in. high by 1 ft. 8½ in. wide. It was formerly in the collection of Prince Anatole Demidoff, at Florence; and was purchased by Sir Charles Eastlake, with the Ruysdael, No. 746, from M. Emanuel Sano, at Paris, for 1200*l.** in 1865.

This head is a work of the painter's best time, and is a marvel of light and skilful execution. It has the appearance of being a sketch carried through at a sitting, so thin, so free, and so wholly unwrought is the colouring; for here is no affectation of freedom, a roughness produced at the cost of slow and anxious labour—this is the true free-hand painting, like many of the excellent works of Rembrandt, of Rubens, or of Sir Joshua Reynolds. We see the same freedom in the corner group of figures and dogs in the *Hunting of the Wild Boar*, also in the National Gallery.

All the four examples in the National Gallery ascribed to this great painter are remarkable pictures, but two of them are questioned—the *Adoration of the Shepherds*, a reputed early work, from King Louis Philippe's Spanish Gallery; and *Orlando Muerto*, the figure of a dead warrior in a cave,† from the Pourtalès Collection.

R. N. WORNUM.

GREEK SCULPTURES FROM THE WEST COAST OF ASIA MINOR, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

SINCE the year 1840, the sites of a number of Greek cities on the west coast of Asia Minor and in the Turkish islands of the Archipelago have been explored, chiefly through English and French enterprise. It is not my purpose here to give a history of these expeditions, but to draw attention to their results, to show how much they have added to our knowledge of Greek art. To make this clear, I shall arrange the objects discovered, not geographically, but according to their presumed dates. It is convenient to conceive of Greek art as divided into the following succession of periods:—The Archaic period, ending a little after the close of the Persian war, B.C. 450; the period of finest art, including the schools of Phidias and Praxiteles, which may be considered as ranging between B.C. 450 and the death of Alexander the Great, B.C. 324; and the Macedonian period, extending from this last date to the accession of Augustus, after which the Greek artist became the hireling of his Roman conqueror.

Now, in regard to the first of these periods, the harvest has been very considerable. Before the year 1840 our knowledge of archaic sculpture was almost limited to a few specimens in Italian museums, most of which are rather *hieratic* than *archaic;* that is to say, conventional reproductions of the archaic, executed at a much later period. It is in the sculptures of Athens and from the west coast of Asia Minor and the islands that we can best study the true Archaic. The first Greek sculptors, according to Pliny, who attained eminence by working in marble, were two Cretans, Dipœnos and Skyllis, whose date he gives as about B.C. 580.

It is in this same period that Pliny places the Samian artist Rhœkos and his two sons,

* Parliamentary Return, House of Lords, No. 19. 1866.

† See Cean Bermudez, 'Diccionario Historico de los mas ilustres Profesores de las Bellas Artes en España' (Madrid, 1800); and Sir William Stirling Maxwell's 'Velazquez and his Works' (1855), which contains a portrait of the painter and a catalogue of the prints after his works. The 'Penny Cyclopædia' has a good article on Velazquez, by the author of the 'Handbook of Spain.'

Theodoros and Telekles. Rhœkos is said to have invented the art of casting statues in bronze and iron; he was also an architect, and built the Heræum at Samos, which Herodotus considered the largest Greek temple of his time; and he took part in the building of the Lemnian labyrinth. There was in the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, in the time of Pausanias, a bronze statue representing Night (perhaps Leto, the mother of Artemis), which was believed to be the work of Rhœkos. His son Theodoros, if we are to believe all that is attributed to him by later authors, must have been a very Michael Angelo for versatility. He assisted his father in constructing the Lemnian labyrinth; and it was he who is said to have advised the laying down a layer of charcoal, covered with fleeces, under the foundations of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. He is said to have made his statues according to a fixed canon of proportions, so that when he and his brother, Telekles, made a statue of the Pythian Apollo for the Samians, the one half of the statue made by Telekles in Samos was found to tally exactly with the other half made by Theodoros in Ephesus. He was great as a worker in metal, and made for Crœsus the silver crater which he dedicated at Delphi. He also excelled in gem engraving, and the celebrated ring of Polykrates is attributed to his cunning hand. Now, whether these varied excellencies were combined in one man, or whether, as seems more probable, there was an elder Theodoros, the son of Rhœkos and the architect of the Heræum, and a younger Theodoros, who excelled in statuary in bronze, we shall not stop here to inquire. The traditions about the family of Theodoros suffice to prove that they represent a school of sculptors and architects of great eminence, who were employed on various public works, and especially on the west coast of Asia Minor, between B.C. 650 and 550.

The two places in which we might reasonably hope to find traces of the Samian school of sculptors are Ephesus and Miletus, which before the Persian war ranked as the two most important cities of Ionia. At Branchidæ, near Miletus, are the ruins of a celebrated temple of Apollo, which was connected with the port on the north by a Sacred Way, flanked on each side by a row of statues. In 1858 I removed from this way ten statues, a lion, a sphinx, and a very ancient dedicatory inscription, which were all found on the sides of the ancient road, and probably not far from their original position. These sculptures, now to be seen in the Lycian Room at the British Museum, are described and engraved in my 'History of Discoveries.' The statues are all seated in chairs: with two exceptions they all represent male figures. An inscription on the chair of one of them tells us whom the marble commemorates—'I am Chares, son of Klesis, ruler of Teichiousa: an offering to Apollo.' On the chair of another statue is part of the name of the sculptor. On the side of the lion is an inscription in five lines, stating that certain persons, probably citizens of Miletus, 'dedicated those statues as a tenth to Apollo.' These figures are all draped in a chiton, or tunic, falling to the feet, and with sleeves as far as the elbows, over which is a mantle wound round the body. Down the outside of the sleeves runs a seam ornamented with the Mæander pattern. The folds of the drapery are kept very flat, and arranged in parallel lines, showing little or nothing of the forms underneath, except in the sleeves, through which the outline of the upper arm is marked with more skill and knowledge of modelling than the general treatment would lead us to expect. The modelling of the figures is very imperfectly carried out. The limbs do not stand out free, but seem welded into the mass of marble out of which they are carved; the feet are placed close together on the same line; the hands rest on the thighs, the palms downwards, and with no sign of flexibility in the finger-joints. The type is characterised by the squareness and width of the shoulders: the general proportions are fairly calculated. Only one of these statues has preserved its head, and this is so mutilated that the features are hardly distinguishable, but we see the same symmetrical treatment of the hair in the heads on early Greek coins. The long parallel tresses are divided by horizontal lines into equal spaces, which rudely represent the succession of waves in the hair. There are many curious details about these figures, such as the structure and ornaments of the chairs and cushions, which resemble the ornaments of couches on early Greek vases. It is evident that all these accessories were brought out with colour, the use of which

would also in some measure atone for the flat treatment of the drapery, which has nowhere sufficient variety of plane to give due discrimination of surface.

These statues have a peculiar value from the fact that they bear inscriptions. On palæographical grounds, into which I shall not enter here, I have assigned these statues to a date ranging from B.C. 580 to 540, so that they may have been already in position on each side of the Sacred Way at Branchidæ when Crœsus sent his envoys to consult the oracle there before going to war with Cyrus. This date has been accepted by Kirchoff in his work on the Archaic Greek Inscriptions. In the recent excavations by two French archæologists on the Akropolis at Miletus, two seated statues, very similar in style but on a smaller scale, have been brought to light, and may now be seen in the Louvre. Among the marbles discovered by Mr. Wood in the Temple of Diana at Ephesus were certain fragments of archaic sculpture, which are evidently works executed in the same school as the sculptures from Branchidæ. They consist of a female head, on which the remains of colour still remain, part of two other heads, and portions of the bodies of several draped female figures under life-size. All these sculptures have been attached as decorations to a marble back-ground; the figures are not, therefore, sculptured in the round, but, if we may borrow a term used by architects, are *engaged* figures. Now, when we compare the statues from Branchidæ and Miletus with the Ephesian fragments, we find a resemblance sufficiently strong to justify us in supposing that the sculptures from both localities are the product of the same school; and when we take into consideration the connexion of Theodoros and Telekles with Ephesus, which has been already noticed, we can hardly doubt that we have in these most ancient sculptures in marble works of the Samian school, founded by that family. To the same school and period may be referred the interesting little fragment from Samothrace in the Louvre, in which Agamemnon, Talthybios, and Epeios, the inventor of the wooden horse, are represented in relief, their names being inscribed in early Greek characters, similar to those which we find on the Branchidæ figures. In the Phygalian Room at the British Museum are two heads, one from Ægina, the other from Calymna, sculptured in the round in the same early style.

The discoveries recently made at Cyprus, by General Cesnola and Mr. Lang, have greatly added to our knowledge of the Archaic period of the Greek art. In that island, inhabited by a mixed population, and subjected in turn to Egyptian, Assyrian, Phœnician, and Persian influence, we find a series of sculptures in calcareous stone, some of which are direct imitations of Egyptian statues, others have much of the peculiar mannerism of Assyrian art, while the style of others again reminds us so closely of the sculptures from Branchidæ and Ephesus which we have been describing, that they may be referred with probability to the same school and period. An interesting series of the three Cypriote sculptures may be seen at the end of the Egyptian Gallery.

It is interesting to compare some of the heads in this series with those from Branchidæ and Ephesus already noticed. The nose is generally sharp-pointed, though in one of the Ephesian heads it is unusually broad and flat at the end. The mouth has the stereotyped smile characteristic of Greek archaic art, the corners having an upward tendency; the angle at which the eyes and eyebrows are set in relation to the nose varies, but the outer corner of the eye is generally higher than agrees with our idea of symmetry. In all these examples, and especially in the Ephesian heads, the eye appears rather as if seen through a slit in the skin than as if set within the guard of highly sensitive and mobile lids. The same want of knowledge which in the seated figures from Branchidæ has failed to disconnect the bodies from the chairs, has in the treatment of the eye been unable to express its free movement and to detach it from the lids. In one of the Ephesian heads the eyelids are so little marked that it is quite certain that they must have been suggested by the aid of colour. When we compare the treatment of the face in the earlier Egyptian sculpture, as, for instance, in the colossal head of Ramses II., we see far truer and more skilful modelling of the eye and eyelid, and of the mouth.

The use of calcareous stone for sculpture must have preceded that of marble in the Hellenic world. I have already noted that, according to Pliny, the first artists who worked in the nobler material were Dipœnos and Skyllis—certain sculptors whom he places about B.C. 580, a date which accords sufficiently with that here assigned to the statues from Branchidæ.

Next in order of time to the sculptures already noticed may be placed the reliefs of the celebrated Harpy Tomb, which was brought from Xanthus by Sir C. Fellows, and is now stowed away in a corner of the Lycian Room, in so unsuitable a position that two of its four sides of frieze have scarcely any light. On each of the four sides of this monument is a seated figure, receiving offerings from male or female figures, and at each of the angles a Harpy carrying off one of the daughters of Pandaros. Though the general treatment resembles that of the Branchidæ and Ephesian sculptures, the figures show a great advance in the modelling, and the draperies are more artistically composed; and we may trace in the whole composition more of the spirit of the early Athenian art, of which some casts may be seen in the Elgin Room.

From the Akropolis at Xanthus were also obtained the remains of two very interesting friezes; one of these, representing beasts of prey chasing boars and stags, is full of vigorous and spirited action. In Lycian as in Assyrian art the modelling of the animals is superior to that of the human figure at the same period. The other frieze, representing a procession of figures on horseback and on foot, may be ascribed to a much later period than the Branchidæ figures. It should be compared with the interesting reliefs from Thasos in the Louvre, discovered some years ago by M. Miller, the date of which, judging from the inscriptions, is probably not earlier than B.C. 460. In the lowest stratum of Mr. Wood's excavations at Ephesus he found upwards of a hundred fragments of a frieze, which, so far as we can at present judge, appear to be similar in style to the Xanthian and Thasian reliefs, and which may, therefore, be referred with probability to the period when the Temple of Diana, began by Chersiphron and Metagenes about B.C. 580, was completed by Demetrios and Pœonios. Their date was probably B.C. 460.

I think it not improbable that these Ephesian fragments may be part of the *θριγκός*, or cornice, which, according to Pausanias, adorned an altar in the Hieron of Diana, on which stood the statue called by the Ephesians 'Night,' to which I have already alluded, and which probably represented Leto, the mother of Artemis. The progress of sculpture in the round from the Branchidæ statues to the perfect art of Phidias may be traced through a series of transition specimens, which it would take too long to enumerate here. I will only refer to the Phygalian Room, where may be seen casts of the series of metopes from the temples at Selinus and the pedimental composition from Ægina. In this room may be seen a small statue of Apollo, said to have been brought from the Island of Anaphe and formerly in Lord Strangford's collection, which exhibits in a remarkable degree the shortcomings of the early sculptor struggling to emancipate his art from hieratic stiffness and conventionality, but only attaining to a meagre and painful rendering of nature.

I propose in a subsequent article to notice the later Greek sculptures from the coast of Asia Minor and the islands. The accompanying illustration, which represents a piece of sculpture discovered by Dr. Schliemann at Ilium Novum, will be more particularly referred to in the next article.

C. T. NEWTON.

MR. ATKINSON'S 'ART-TOUR.'*

MR. ATKINSON is in several respects one of the most enviable of modern writers upon art, and neither money nor intellect could of itself command that for which Mr. Atkinson is most to be envied. It may be doubted whether there is an art-critic in England—very likely there is not one in Europe—whose power of enjoying art has been so steady and regular through a long series of years as Mr. Atkinson's; and this is the more remarkable that he has been incessantly occupied with criticism, or study in preparation for criticism, which is one of the most fatiguing of human occupations. We have seen hard-working artists who could paint or carve for eight hours at a stretch without the least weariness, either then or afterwards, completely knocked up with a few hours in a public gallery; and what tourist is there who has not felt a secret delight in getting to some quiet little town, where there is positively not a picture to be seen? But Mr. Atkinson is capable of working steadily through all the London exhibitions, reviewing all the pictures of any consequence, and then deliberately planning, by way of recreation, an art-tour for the late summer and autumn, to include the galleries in half-a-dozen capitals, and possibly some prodigious universal exhibition by the way. Many men would rather, after a London season, make a voyage to the Fiji islands, where it is to be hoped there are neither Hermitages nor Louvres.

The reader may perhaps imagine, that beneath this recognition of Mr. Atkinson's indefatigableness we intend to conceal a touch of sarcasm or banter, but we are really innocent of any such unfriendly intention. It is truly an enviable gift for an art-critic, or for any one, never to become *blasé* by the abundance of material or the repetition of excitements. Still the quantity of the pictures that Mr. Atkinson sees in a year has had a certain effect upon him, which is this,—It has led him into a habit of classification, of grouping as many artists as possible under one head; which rather prevents him from entering, so fully as a critic ought to do, into the idiosyncrasies of artists, and even from perceiving how much the most genuine art is an affair of idiosyncrasy. In this respect Mr. Atkinson seems to fall into the common error of mankind with reference to individual character, as distinguished from the character of nations or of classes. For example: it is believed abroad, 1st, that the English are cold and ungenial; 2nd, that an aristocracy is especially cold and especially ungenial: therefore, an Englishman who belongs to the aristocracy is by a double necessity most cold and most ungenial: yet the fact is, that there are English princes and lords (it would be easy to name several) who are exactly the reverse. So in art, the difficulty of classification by schools is greater than ever it was. Of course we may say that a painter belongs to the English school if he is an Englishman, or to the Düsseldorf school if he studied at Düsseldorf; but this signifies very little when we see that artists who were born in the same town and educated side by side in the same academy, by the same teachers, produce work of the most opposite character. It is true that no artist is, or can be, altogether isolated, but it is most difficult to classify artists by any scientific system; therefore we would plead for individualism, and we believe still, after the science of grouping men has been employed to the utmost, that the most profitable study for art-critics is idiosyncrasy.

Mr. Atkinson was evidently intended by nature for a traveller in countries where works of art are to be seen. He is a good traveller, to begin with; and this implies a great deal, for a good traveller must have regular health and temper, and keep his eyes open to everything that ought to interest him, even under wearisome or unpleasant conditions. Many pages of pure travel in this volume are quite models of a traveller's narrative, every sentence an original observation, yet not isolated from the context like chance jottings in a note-

* 'An Art-Tour to the Northern Capitals of Europe.' By J. Beavington Atkinson. Macmillan and Co. 1873.

but unlimited durability. The tree is respectable for its uses, especially for the uses of the bark, out of which the ingenious northern races have contrived to make many different things, including canoes, ropes, roofs, drinking-vessels, shoes, and even food, whilst that product of high civilisation called Russia leather is tanned with it. The abundant sap is good to drink, and an alcoholic beverage is prepared from it. Haller says that the catkins yield wax. Therefore, although the birch does not give fine timber like the oak, nor abundant edible fruit like the walnut and what are commonly called the fruit-trees, it is still one of man's best friends, and a friend to him in climates of such rigorous severity that the rich southern fruit-bearers cannot live there. The Southerner may know the birch by sight, for its slender stem gleams here and there in his forests; but he does not know the tree as the Laplander knows it, in the hardship and adversity of a life so little cheered by the genial gifts of nature. What the reindeer is to him amongst animals, the birch is amongst trees.

I spoke at the beginning of this chapter about the suitableness of the horse-chestnut for the purposes of the landscape-painter, and I showed a reason why artists have so generally abstained from any attempt to represent the horse-chestnut in their works. But if there are reasonable objections to trees that may be beautiful in nature, there are also unreasonable ones, that are due to the most absurd prejudices—prejudices so absurd that the existence of them would be absolutely incredible if we did not meet them from time to time in reading and in conversation. One of the clearest and most outspoken expressions of such prejudices that it was ever my lot to meet with occurred in an ultra-conservative French newspaper, which is taken in by my neighbour the *curé*, and I made an extract from it as a curiosity. It is certain that many trees —and the graceful birch is one of them—were systematically neglected by the landscape-painter of former centuries, and have only of late years had their beauties reflected in the mimic world of painting. It is not probable that in illustrating these neglected, yet not less noble species, the artists of this generation have had any feeling of hostility to the trees which their predecessors studied, not too affectionately, but too exclusively; they have simply acted with that independence of tradition and that large desire to study the whole of nature which are distinguishing characteristics of our age in art, as in science and in literature. But now see how they get abused and ill-spoken of for their largeness:—

'It looks like a conspiracy. The painters of the old *régime*, the artists who were faithful to tradition, sought for and honoured certain beautiful and aristocratic trees, and considered them alone worthy of the selection and the efforts of art; the majestic oak, the elegant poplar, the pompous pine, and the funereal cypress.

'"Let us upset tradition!" say the realists. "Down with the trees that are symbols of superannuated and odious distinctions! Let us lift up the humble and insignificant; let us open a broad way to the new '*couches sociales*' of the forests; *there* is the truth, the strength, and the honour of the societies of the future!" And with these fine reasonings we see the rustic apple-tree, the shivering birch, the amphibious willow, the crude and hard Spanish chestnut, come out of their enclosures, or their rocks, to display themselves outrageously in gilt frames on the walls of palaces and galleries that were never built for them! It is a new form of the democracy which is about to overwhelm us. The populace of the woods puts itself on the level of the populace of the *faubourgs*. It was not enough to have beheld the noisy and unsavoury crowds cast themselves upon the Louvre and come to Versailles and the Trianon: we must, in addition, endure the contact of the inferior species in our woods, justly rejected to the second rank, and condemned to inferior functions.'*

Now, on behalf of the birch especially, I protest energetically against this comparison with the lowest Parisian democracy. So far from being coarse and offensive, it is the most delicately elegant of all the trees that prosper in our climate. It is *always* beautiful: in winter for the exquisite refinement of its ramification, only to be followed by the most finished and accomplished drawing, in spring and summer for the beauty of its cloud of light foliage, in autumn for its colour. The writer just quoted mentions also, and with equal disdain, the willow and

* This passage is quoted from 'L'Union,' Sept. 2, 1873. It is a very curious example of a political spirit invading the domain of art.

Spanish chestnut. The beauty of the natural willow is very little known, because the farmers almost invariably make a pollard of it, which is the artificial production of a painful and horrible deformity. Very possibly the critic may have supposed, as many people do, that willows are born so; but the truth is, that if you only have the kindness to let the willow alone he becomes a very good landscape tree, and there are species which cast their arms out with a noble freedom and grace, having also a fair stature. Of the Spanish chestnut one can scarcely exaggerate the merits. His expression is that of sturdy strength: his trunk and limbs are built, not like those of Apollo, but like the trunk and limbs of Hercules; and though for his inflexibility he loses an arm now and then in the hurricane, he lives to be a Methuselah amongst trees, and dynasties rise and fall, empires are built and demolished, literatures flourish and decay, whilst he is still green in his old place, unheeding the lapse of time. His foliage is magnificent in mass and beautiful in the individual leaf; it is always worth drawing and painting, both for its lines and shadows: it *cannot* be mean or insignificant. Whether he is an aristocratic tree, or a tree tainted with democracy, I am not subtle enough in social distinctions to determine, but tradition informs us that the chestnut of Mount Etna once sheltered a queen and her hundred nobles, and is called for this reason the 'Chestnut of the Hundred Horses.' In the comparison of the chestnut with the oak, it is fair, too, that we should remember what animals are fed by each. The oak feeds herds of swine, but the chestnut supplies to great multitudes of human beings a food as agreeable as it is nutritious. There are countries where it is the staff of life, and its alimentary importance is greater than that of any other tree that grows, with the single exception of the date.

Amongst the shrubs which are almost trees, and sometimes fully deserve to be called so, let me not forget, in connexion with the month of May, to mention the *bird-cherry prunus*, of which we have some exceptional specimens in the Val Ste. Véronique, where they grow to a height of sixteen or twenty feet, and have the most perfectly graceful proportions. I have often much regretted that this tree was not more common in this fully developed form; ordinarily it is a mere shrub six or eight feet high, to be found in luxuriant hedges. As a tree it shows splendidly in blossom, and the drooping racemes of flowers are not only very graceful, but fill the air with a delicious odour.

It is rarely that I feel myself capable of anything like hostility towards any plant that grows wild in our country, but there is one of them—the broom—which tires my patience a little in its flowering season by the very loudness of its self-assertion. At all other times of the year it is welcome enough, and its pleasant green is often most agreeable to the eye when very little green of a cheerful kind is to be found upon anything else; but really, when the yellow flowers are all ablaze, I feel that we have too much of a good thing, and are positively incapacitated for the enjoyment of delicate colour by this all but intolerable glare. A strong pure colour of this kind ought not to be surrounded by delicate tertiary colours, because it kills them at once. What it requires is the neighbourhood of other colours pure enough to hold their own against it. This theory is fully borne out by the colouring of two places which I will now describe. The first is a beautiful bit of river-shore, very delicately tinted and covered with pansies and violets, with a mountainous distance usually in tender grey. All this is lovely indeed till the broom explodes into flames of chrome-yellow, but after that what becomes of such a thing as a pansy? You may take it up, of course, and satisfy yourself by minute inspection that it is a beautiful flower of pale parchment-yellow, with a bold touch of cadmium on the lower lip of the corolla, and seven effective little black streaks, but the moment you look at it on the ground you can see nothing but grey. The other place is the edge of an abandoned quarry, where the red earth is as hot in the sunshine as it can be; and as you look up at it from below the edge is brought against the intensest azure of the sky. Just along this edge grow twenty or thirty magnificent plants of broom, and between the azure of the sky and the fiery red of the sun-lighted earth below they hold their own effectively enough with their blaze of yellow, but are unable to extinguish either the azure or the red. It is just one of those tournaments of natural colours that the English painters seem born to enjoy, and the French to

run away from—a spectacle to delight the strong natural sense in its *naïveté*, but not either the tender or the educated sense. It answers, in music, to a brass band playing *fortissimo* with blare of trumpet and clash of cymbals; it answers, also, in gastronomy, to the hottest of London pickles, of which one knows not which element is most fierce.

I mentioned pansies just now, but did not stop to dwell upon them. They have several notable merits and pleasant associations. One of their merits is that of variety. Hardly any plant in a wild state is so various as the pansy; other plants become various in the hands of the horticulturist, who obtains curious novelties by selection and culture, but Nature herself does this with the pansy, and you have it purple, or yellow, or whitish, or mixed in ways that it would be an endless business to describe. Another merit is that it flowers for many months; unlike the broom, which blazes only for a week or two, and is then completely extinguished, like a fire that has burned itself out. Then one likes the pansy for its pretty association with kindly and affectionate thought, with the memory of those we love who are separated from us by distance. Pansy is the French word *pensée*, scarcely even corrupted, but rather written phonetically in a rude, approximative way; and in France the flower *pensée* is connected only with thoughts of a tender and kindly nature. Many such a flower, that bloomed in a bygone summer, is still religiously preserved in an old letter or book, and never looked upon without a moistening of the eyes. So Ophelia said, 'There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.' In English the pansy violet is called heartsease also, showing in another form the close connexion between tender human feeling and this flower, which has somehow mysteriously established itself. Science, of course, ignores all such associations, but it would be a pity, surely, to lose and forget them altogether. The writer of a lively and fanciful little volume, called 'La Vie des Fleurs,' is indignant against men of science for their barbarity; yet even the men of science, hard as their hearts may be, do sometimes wrap up a little kernel of poetry in the rough and repulsive covering of their Greek erudition. They will not call a pansy a pansy, but they call it *viola tricolor;* and some of them have fancied that *viola* came from ἴον, and ἴον from the heifer Io, which fed on flowers of this kind. So difficult is it to shut out poetry altogether from language, even from the language of stern Science herself!

There are some exceptions, but the rule is that the popular names for plants are either charming for some sweet rustic association, or else from a direct reference to the deep feelings of the human heart. I showed how prettily Chaucer introduced etymology into his verse with reference to 'the daisie, or els the eye of the day;' and the rustic name 'buttercup,' which explains itself without analysis, is redolent of the dairy and the farm. The common French name, *bouton d'or*, has reference to the flower in the bud; the English one, to the flower full-blown. And now think of the learned name, *Ranunculus acris;* how disagreeably it grates upon the ear! The popular name hits at once upon what is agreeable in the plant—its pretty yellow colour; the scientific one refers to what would be disagreeable if we went out of our way to try it, namely, its acrid taste: but what have we to do with its taste, I wonder? Just in the same way I have no doubt that the sweetest of pictures would be extremely disagreeable if we were to eat it. And ranunculus comes from *rana*, a frog or toad—a strange connexion of ideas in this instance, for what has a buttercup particularly to do with frogs? It may be more appropriate in the case of the *Ranunculus aquatilis*, because that plant is born in the water like a frog, and passes its infancy there; after which it comes up to breathe and flower in the upper air, as frogs come to air themselves in their maturity. A plant may, however, be still more unfortunate than to have its name associated with frogs, or even toads, for there is one very pretty little pinkish flower, common, from April to June, in damp meadows and woods, which takes its name from a minute animal celebrated by the poet Burns, who discovered it on a lady's bonnet at church, when he ought to have been thinking of something else. Few plants are prettier than the common *pedicularis*, with its delicate wax-like flowers and deeply-cut leaves; and it is a robust plant, too, with a strong perennial root. But what a misfortune

to be called *lousewort*, and that precisely for the plant's utility and efficacy against lice! As men afflicted with very disagreeable names often take care to change them (and they do right), so would the plants, if they were conscious of such ill-luck. Begging the reader's pardon for introducing the hackneyed quotation from Shakspeare about the rose smelling as sweetly by another name, I would just observe that the rose has been remarkably fortunate in her name, wherever it is derived from the Latin. It is perfectly euphonious; it calls up no association whatever but that of the flower itself, except in the mind of some learned pundit, who thinks it may have something to do with the Sanscrit word *vrad*, which means 'flexible;' and wherever either rose or rosa is used in poetry it always comes in charmingly. Now, without referring again to the supremely unfortunate *pedicularis*, let me take the case of a particularly magnificent tree which has occupied us a little quite recently, the horse-chestnut. I have often wished that awkward compound word could be exchanged for one at the same time more convenient and better sounding. Imagine the embarrassment of the poets if the rose had been called the horse-chestnut! They would simply have passed it in silence. It is fatal to the celebrity of a flower for it to be known by an awkward name, even though it may smell as sweetly as if some poet had named it with musical syllables. And why the connexion with the horse? Are horses fond of the fruit? Most probably it is only a way of implying that it is unfit for human food. I might have mentioned, when speaking of the cuckoo and the use of his name with the arum, which the people call cuckoo-pint, that another plant is also dedicated to the same bird, the *cuckoo-flower*, or meadow-bittercress. This plant is often found in great abundance in dampish meadows, and I know of one place near a little stream where the water is entirely bordered with its beautiful flowers, which in that place are of the purest white, though they are often purplish. Whatever the cuckoo may have to do with this elegant and abundantly flowering plant, it is one of the glories of advancing spring, and where you find it you are very likely to find the marsh caltha not far off, for both of them like damp places. The botanical name *Caltha* is an allusion to the basket shape of the flower, which reminded some one of a little gilt basket—not that it is much more like a basket than a buttercup is; however, a name was got for it in this way from κάλαθος. The French name for it, *populage*, is an allusion to its habits. The flower likes damp places as a poplar does, so it was called after *populus*, a poplar; which is a very singular way of naming a plant, for similarities of structure are much more generally noticed than similarities of taste. As the flower is much larger than that of the buttercup, and equally golden in colour, it often becomes of considerable importance in spring foregrounds.

P. G. Hamerton.

THE ROMNEY MARSH, THE ROMNEYS AND LYDD.

A VERY wide tract of country, rich enough in monuments of antiquity, remains to be briefly dismissed in this number. It would have been a very interesting task to have made some effort to trace the geological history of the Marsh; to have decided about when and in what order the various points emerged from the sea-level; to have sketched the various stages of the transition from sea to dry land and to have realised the region first as a shallow sea with here and there a group of foaming breakers, then with one or more barren ridges of sand emerging at low water; later, as an archipelago of numerous sandy islands which the strong clinging grass was binding together and consolidating, and slowly but surely converting into habitable soil; to have recorded who first and for what causes of feud or famine left the solid earth to try their fate upon the new birth of the ocean, to which of the existing towns or villages they gave a name, and what that name intended; to have traced the gradual change from the group of habitable islands to the Marsh, with its wide pools of sea-water which deepened and shallowed with the flow and ebb of the tide; to have noted the stages of

THE LAND GATE, RYE.

CUPBOARD, NEW INN,
NEW ROMNEY.

BELFRY DOOR, LYDD.

WEST DOOR, LYDD.

SCREEN-WORK AT IVYCHURCH.

TOMB IN NEW ROMNEY CHURCH.

SEDILIA IN NEW ROMNEY CHURCH.

gradual transition from the occasional and intermittent communication between partially isolated village and village to the continuous and safe intercourse, in which stepping-stones only were the symbol of past dissociation, together with all the social changes which such a gradual fusion inaugurated; then to have recorded the full history of the means by which the dwellers on the Marsh made complete the work which nature had carried so far, and the occasions in which the sea, expelled by the spade, reasserted itself by still running back; to have noted how combination against an impersonal enemy consolidated the commonalty less sanguinarily but not less effectually than war; and to have ascertained how far exactly the proverbial conceit and exclusiveness of the people of the Marsh resulted from the consciousness of having expelled so formidable an invader. So much the present aspect of the tract of country implies of unwritten history—unwritten except in such record as each of us can read for himself with his eyes and his understanding; and better so, for with a sense of the conflicting theories, unsupported conjectures, and of the general temerity with which, in such matters, a historical superstructure has been founded on an absence of fact, it is easier and more instructive for us to limit our knowledge to such things as must have been. Here and there indeed, just as ethnologists see the nascent civilisation of the past in the savagery of the present, we may see one or more of the transitionary processes in actual operation. Near Lydd many miles of sea-beach have still to be worked into arable soil, and the sea is still pushed back year by year at a steady pace. Of a later period indeed, when the Marsh was permanently recovered and inhabited, many facts of interest are recorded both geological and political; but of all this very little need concern us at present. Those who care for detailed accounts of such matters may find endless discussion as to the point on the Marsh of the landing of Julius Cæsar; as to the meaning of the word Romney; and much history founded on a conjectural derivation. The account of a Royal Commission sent by Henry III. to inquire into matters concerning the draining and embanking of the Marsh is less apocryphal; so also is the account of the diversion of the course of the Rother, which formerly debouched between Romney and Lydd, by the same storm which we have elsewhere commemorated as having given the *coup de grâce* to old Winchelsea.

Old Romney, whether or not it be considered the first point of emergence, has at least claims to precedence among the few places about which we shall have something to say. At present it consists of a little church which was illustrated before, and a few houses and cottages of little antiquity and no interest. The church is mainly of the fourteenth century, and is pewed and lime-whited after the taste of our great-grandfathers; but a small portion of the East wall, composed of smaller stones than the rest of the fabric, looks like a remnant of a much older building, probably of Saxon date; and in the church, leading to the belfry, is a primitive staircase which may be as early as the thirteenth century. Then a deserted chancel-aisle contains crumbling remains of the screens of delicately carved woodwork, such as an age of universal art produced and an age of restoration usually destroys. Altogether Old Romney, possibly the metropolis of the Marsh, is in a dismal state of anility and decay.

Old Romney is said to have *dropped* downwards with the retiring sea-line till a fresh rallying-point was found in New Romney, which it is said was once connected with the former by a continuous line of houses. At any rate, New Romney must have been founded about the time of the Conquest, if we may judge from the date of the fine Norman tower of its only remaining church. Formerly it had five churches, of which some fragments may be seen incorporated in an artificial ruin, which some local *dilettante*, inspired by the genius of the place, has made for his habitation.

The general aspect of the village is, but for exceptional sleepiness, not widely different from that of a hundred villages of the southern counties, and, but for the dry channel which runs past from Old Romney seawards, scarcely a trace of its former sea-faring condition remains; but evidence both of former prosperity and of former smuggling is to be found abundantly. In the New Inn is an old panelled room of about the time of James I., very

quaint and characteristic and very elaborate, as is usual with features of that date, and a whole wing of the house with separate staircases and an infinity of stowage-room gives us an insight into the 'fair trade' which was the traditional profession of the men of the Marsh; a profession to which they still incline to revert, unless the tiny hamlets of low white cottages with their typical flagstaff, which may be detected here and there on the sea-line, are the abodes of sinecurists. Formerly even the aisles and chapels of the Marsh churches were pressed into the service of contraband, and no doubt the chantry of many a noble and illustrious fair-trader was haunted by a flavour of smuggled brandy, more appropriate by far, more familiar, and doubtless more grateful to the occupant of the tomb, than the orthodox incense for which the more conventional part of him had compounded.

But to leave matters of special local interest. The same inn, which has been added to and refitted at various times, contains one feature of no very exceptional character or importance, of which we may well say a few words. On the top of the sheet of illustrations on the left is a dining-room cupboard, made not much later than the middle of the last century, and full of the character of that date. The shelves are carved to a charming shape, having a projection in the middle to carry the decanter, while the wine-glasses are ranged on either side. The whole is somewhat elaborate in design with its pilasters and key-stone and returned cornices and rich mouldings, but notwithstanding that it is the focus of ornament in a room otherwise plainly finished with large panels, it is all shut in when not in actual use by a glazed door, through which the moldings and rich decorations and sparkling glasses could be dimly discerned as the altar-hangings and flowery vestments of the priests through the screen of a mediæval chapel. In this case the decorations are lost, if indeed they were ever completed; but since the present sketch was made I had the good fortune to find in a house of the same date, in another part of Kent, such another cupboard, with the original decorations as fresh as the day they were completed. In this case it may be observed that the door is unglazed, and the ornamentations therefore still less *en évidence*. The pilasters and cornice and edges of the shelves are adorned in rich gold and red; the gold laid over red in all cases (to give it additional richness). In the semi-dome at the top is a painting of Neptune driving his team of sea-horses. The inner side of the door and the plain surfaces of the cupboard are marbled in a very conventional manner, of which the aim was obviously to produce a pleasant broken effect of harmonious colour rather than to imitate any other material. The rest of the room was plainly but beautifully finished, and it as well as all the rest of the house was unmutilated and unrestored—a complete monument of the past.

Not many such are to be found in England now; possibly because there are not many owners who repeat the best characteristics of an age more congenial to art; who, without any consciousness of enlightenment or taste, and without ambition of advancement or change, are content to live as their ancestors lived, and who, by a quiet, undiscursive communion with the beautiful things of external nature, have acquired a natural unconscious love for and contentment in beautiful things apart from the restless phases of connoisseurship and fashion. Such was the life of those with whom this simple, quaint and refined domestic art of the last century originated, and such are those who are alone fit to enjoy and to possess it. If this should by chance meet the eye of the owner of the house to which I allude, I would wish him to know that half of the great pleasure which I took in my visit to him was due to the sense that house and master were in perfect harmony, and I could say nothing more complimentary to either.

The reader will have thought the cupboard already too commodious of material, nevertheless I must note still a few more characteristics of it.

It has been the fashion, set by invaluable writers of the utmost eminence, to limit to the Gothic styles certain characteristics which are essential to all good architectural art; and it is necessary to insist sometimes on points which, but for the prejudices thus created, would be sufficiently obvious;—which are indeed better felt than explained. Elasticity, reticence, concentration, variety;—all these are primary conditions of good architecture, and are all present

in the style with which we are discussing. As we saw with regard to the mediæval styles, the essential spirit of the art is mainly apparent in the less monumental features. So to those whose ideas of eighteenth-century architecture are mainly deduced from the frequently severe exteriors—whence they derive an idea of monotony and of rigidity—features like the present should be specially instructive, since they point to a style thoughtful for and adaptable to the infinitesimal requirements of domestic life; a style which made use of such points of more elaborate design as gave a note of completeness and finish to what would otherwise be unattractive, however refined, but was content to employ them modestly and without ostentatious display; and thus fulfilled the several conditions we catalogued above.

NEW ROMNEY.

The bold, dignified tower of New Romney Church is, as we have seen, of Norman date. The remainder of the church is mainly of the fourteenth century, and somewhat monotonous and commonplace in character. The windows are nearly all of the type known as reticulated, which is perhaps the most common of all types in all parts of the country, and varies infinitely in merit according to the method of the treatment in detail. That in New Romney Church is of a very inferior type; nor is there much else to note in the church except the arrangement of the East end. The chancel, which has three aisles, had formerly three altars, of all of which the sedilia and piscinæ remain. In two, these are made in the solid stone screens which separate the central from the side chancel-aisles, of one of which an illustration is given, and are in both cases precisely similar, each having a little piscina with a cusped ogee head, three stepped sedilia, and a hagioscope. A tomb of somewhat unusual character is given in the same sheet.

Not much in Lydd is worthy of notice except the church, which, like Rye Church, is in an excellent state for the study of archæologists, containing as it does the distinct evidence of the treatment of various ages. The most remarkable features in it are of very late date, being the screens between the chancel aisles and the iron gateway to the priests' door, which are of uniform and very characteristic design. The screens are of oak; the skeleton door is partly of wrought, partly of cast, iron, the constructional *grille* being of the former and the battlements filling the openings of the latter. Both are very good in effect.

The tower is of great height and very bold and effective in outline. The feature which is illustrated is of very fine design, and illustrates admirably a phase of Gothic architecture which should always be borne in mind in forming a comparative estimate of the Gothic styles. What-

ever may be said in favour of the popular preference for the earlier periods of Gothic in respect of detail, it is certain that mediæval buildings show a constantly progressive grasp and power of producing continuity in design. In the present instance, the double doorway and four-light window are admirably fused into one design, which is very definitely isolated by the depth of the jamb-moldings. Those who are familiar with the best of the Warwickshire churches and with their paragon, St. Michael's, Coventry, will recall many an example of the same continuity of design, by which arcade and clerestory are combined in one uninterrupted composition. The door to the belfry-staircase in the same tower has been added as a characteristic example of mediæval joinery.

Ivychurch, of which the admirable early fifteenth-century stall-work is illustrated, is on the way homewards; but we may as well notice it out of its due turn, as no better place is to be found than the top of the tower of Lydd Church from which to take a farewell view of the Marsh. Besides the stall-work, its most noteworthy feature is an hexagonal beacon-tower, said to have been built as a landmark in the marshes, probably at a time when they were boggy and unsafe. The church inside is a very spacious one, far more so than the neighbourhood seems ever to have required. Indeed, one of its aisles is screened off as a school-room, and the greater part of its area is without seats. Not only here but throughout the Marsh, notwithstanding the ruin of very many churches, the accommodation appears to be greatly in excess of the worshippers, and this characteristic is common to lands recovered from the sea. Possibly for some such reason as this, which I suggest with all deference. The land recovered from the sea became the property of the feudal lord of the adjoining territory, who made it over to those by whom it had been redeemed or drained in consideration of certain fees, which he expended in the building of churches. Such foundations in the middle ages had probably more often a sacrificial than a practical origin.

Lydd spire was the most distant point discernible from Playden Hill from which we first viewed the Marsh. From it Playden Hill and Rye and Winchelsea and the Fairlight Hills, are barely seen in the grey distance, just to be distinguished from the continuous low line of hills which form the limits of the original bay. Between us and them, lying somewhat off to the left, is much of the shore most lately recovered, in which the natural processes of transformation are still incomplete. On the other side is the constantly increasing promontory of Dungeness, inhospitable both to men and ships. New Romney Church lies further inland, half hidden by a few trees; and beyond on all sides are little insular-looking clumps, containing a hamlet or village, and dotting the flat unvaried extent of the marsh-land: thus vividly recalling at least the era of occasional floods, if not the archipelago stage of the Marsh's existence. Then on the other side is the sea, dotted not much more sparsely with ships in sail. The ships look so permanent and so much at home, and the hamlets so isolated, in such need to draw themselves up and protect themselves by trees and stacks, that it seems as if a touch of magic would set the hamlets sailing and fix the ships in permanence as islands, and that the change would not be so very great after all; but the vision of the little group of graves at the foot of the tower, where lie the victims of the wreck of the *Northfleet*, dispels such dreams with a wholesome sense of preference for dry land, even the dry land of a marsh.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

VII. Sir Joshua Reynolds. (1723-1792.)

Portrait of a Lady.

ETCHED BY P. A. RAJON.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS was born at Plympton, July 16th, 1723, where his father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, was master of the Grammar School. When still a boy he was so fascinated by the treatise on Painting of the elder Richardson that he determined to become a painter, and he was accordingly placed with the chief master of portraiture in the capital, Hudson, who set him to copy Guercino's drawings; a circumstance which may have had something to do with developing Reynolds' taste, as shown in after times. Hudson's own dry manner had but little charm for the young Devonshire artist, who left his master before his time was out, and set up for himself in Plymouth Dock as a portrait-painter. His model was rather William Gandy of Exeter than his master; and he soon formed a valuable naval connexion, which gave him plenty of employment. We have an excellent portrait now in the National Gallery of one of his chief patrons at this time, Admiral Lord Keppel, but painted long afterwards. It was as the guest of Commodore Keppel in the *Centurion*, in 1749, that Reynolds went to Italy. When in Rome he stood abashed at his own want of appreciation of the works of Raphael in the Vatican. However, he developed a kind of enthusiasm for these, and for the frescoes of Michelangelo; and he afterwards attributed his deafness to a cold he caught while studying these Vatican frescoes.

But though much delighted in Rome, he was more delighted in Venice; he extols the grandeur of the Roman school, but it was the magnificence of the Venetians that fascinated him.

Reynolds returned to Plymouth in 1752, in his thirtieth year, and lost no time in setting up in London as a portrait-painter; first in St. Martin's Lane, then in Great Newport Street, and eventually, in 1761, in Leicester Square. At this period he received six sitters a-day, and valued his time at five guineas an hour; a very modest estimation compared with what many favourites of the present day receive for their portraits, or even other works.

Reynolds' manner was, however, very dry at this time, compared with what it afterwards became. We have an example in the National Gallery, *Lord Ligonier on Horseback*, which

seems to have been painted in Newport Street in 1760. *Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy* was painted in 1762. Dr. Johnson, in a letter written to Baretti in this year, says, 'Mr. Reynolds gets six thousand a-year.' Reynolds and Johnson were now inseparable friends. In 1764 they established the 'Literary Club.' His best sketch of Johnson, that painted for Mr. Thrale, is now fortunately in the National Collection; it was one of the Peel purchase. Reynolds was the first President of the Royal Academy, and he was knighted by George III. on his election to that office. In the first Exhibition, 1769, he contributed four portraits, but three of them were treated as fancy subjects; as, *Diana disarming Love, Juno receiving the Cestus from Venus*, and *Hope nursing Love.* In 1783 he had eighteen works in the Exhibition, and during the twenty-two years that he contributed, between 1769 and 1790 inclusive, he exhibited 245 pictures at the Royal Academy. Fifty guineas was the most he ever charged for a head. His pictures were chiefly portraits; but he produced some notable exceptions to the ordinary portrait, as his *Count Ugolino and Sons*, starved to death, 1773; *The Tragic Muse*, 1784; and *The Infant Hercules strangling the Serpents in the Cradle*, 1786. And for Boydell's Shakspere he painted *The Cauldron Scene* in 'Macbeth,' *Puck* in 'Midsummer's Night's Dream,' and the *Death of Cardinal Beaufort*, now at Dulwich.

Besides his numerous contributions to the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy, he read to its students fifteen 'Discourses' on the occasions of the distribution of its prizes; and these essays were considered so excellent that they have been ascribed to Johnson and to Burke; but the world might as well give the credit of painting his pictures to these eminent men as the authorship of these very special essays, which are both charming and excellent: but their real charm and excellence are the result of Sir Joshua's technical familiarity with their subject, combined with an elegance and a literary taste quite his own. There is a magnificent edition of these 'Discourses,' with illustrations engraved by John Burnet.

Sir Joshua died on the 23rd of February, 1792, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and his body was buried with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral, where a statue by Flaxman is erected to his memory.

Though such a successful painter and a bachelor, he left only, for these days, the comparatively moderate fortune of 80,000*l.*, which was inherited by a niece, who became the Marchioness of Thomond. The products of his sale were large, but not much compared with those of some of the present generation of British artists: all his works, by himself and others, realized only about 17,000*l.*

Sir Joshua Reynolds was not only a successful portrait-painter, but a truly great painter too, combining a large share of the qualities of Velazquez, Rembrandt, and Vandyck: many of his portraits are exquisite pictures, commanding the admiration of all who can appreciate art quite irrespective of the subjects represented. Yet, great as he was, he had two great rivals among his own contemporaries, Gainsborough and Romney, either of whom has produced works worthy of Reynolds. Gainsborough is well represented in the National Gallery—Romney is not; yet Romney became such a rage as to partly draw the world from the President. Lord Thurlow is reported to have said, 'Reynolds and Romney divide the town—I am of the Romney faction.' Romney, however, did not reach Reynolds' prices; he never charged more than thirty-five guineas for a head.

There is a very interesting 'Life' of Reynolds by his pupil Northcote (1819), in which he tells us that Sir Joshua was rather under the middle size and of a florid complexion, with blunt features, but of a lively aspect; not corpulent, though somewhat inclined to it, yet

extremely active. There are two good portraits of him by himself in the National Collection (Nos. 889 and 306).

Sir Joshua Reynolds is altogether well represented in the National Gallery, where we have specimens of every class of his work, and some of them of extraordinary power; as *Heads of Angels, Lord Heathfield,* and *Samuel Johnson.* Further are *The Holy Family,* which has much suffered from his bad choice of vehicles, *The Graces decorating a Terminal Figure of Hymen, The Banished Lord, The Age of Innocence, The Snake in the Grass, Admiral Keppel,* &c. Our etching (of No. 891) is the bust-portrait of a lady, in a low russet dress, showing the left profile; and in the picture the head and arm of a child are seen resting on her right shoulder. On canvas, 2 ft. 5½ in. high, by 2 ft. 0½ in. wide. Purchased with the Peel Collection in 1871.

A duplicate of this portrait, known as the *Hon. Mrs. Musters and Son,* is at Colwick Hall, Nottinghamshire, the seat of the Musters family. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Musters occur in Sir Joshua's 'Account-book,' published by W. Cotton in his 'Sir Joshua Reynolds's Notes and Observations on Pictures, &c.' 1859. A picture similar to this, with the child omitted, was engraved by S. W. Reynolds in 1825, from a picture at Holland House, as the portrait of Mrs. Charles James Fox.

Sir Joshua's pencil was as prolific as it was excellent; his pictures are very numerous, about 700 of them have been engraved; constituting in themselves a very remarkable and interesting art-gallery.

R. N. Wornum.

CHINTREUIL.*

THERE has been an exhibition in Paris lately of the works of the landscape-painter, Antoine Chintreuil, and at the same time a catalogue of them has been published by M. Cadart. The revival of etching has had one quite unforeseen result in several countries on the Continent. It has led to the publication of the most sumptuous illustrated catalogues that were ever seen, and private collectors have found a satisfaction for their own feelings in having the whole or a great part of their galleries etched by the most skilful etchers of the day. Sometimes this is done with a view to the pecuniary interests of the collector, who is not unfrequently in the present day nothing but a picture-dealer in disguise. He lays out a considerable sum in pictures when good opportunities occur; does all he can to make his collection, and his name as collector, notorious; publishes an illustrated catalogue, and just at the time when his fame seems fully ripe sends the whole collection to the hammer and clears a few thousands by the operation. Now although picture-dealing is, or may be, as honourable as any other branch of commerce, we have a strong objection to disguised picture-dealing, and are therefore glad to know that this catalogue of Chintreuil's work lately issued by M. Cadart is free from any suspicion of these secret designs.

It owes its existence, first, to the affectionate devotion of M. Jean Desbrosses, who was a pupil of Chintreuil, and for many years almost a son to him; and secondly, to the fidelity of two or three literary friends of the deceased artist, who have written very interesting biographical notices which serve as an introduction to the etchings and the printed catalogue. The work is

* La Vie et l'Œuvre de Chintreuil, par A. de La Fizelière, Champfleury, et F. Henriet. Quarante Eaux-fortes par Martial, Beauverie, Taiée, Ad. Lalauze, Saffray, Selle, et Paul Roux. Paris: Cadart, Rue Neuve des Mathurins, 58.

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published in quarto, the page being as long as that of the PORTFOLIO, and broader. Both text and etchings are on good *papier vergé* in the ordinary copies, and on Chinese or English paper by Whatman in the earlier proof copies. The text is admirably printed in old type by Claye. Most of the etchings are by the skilful and practised hand of Martial, but the others are scarcely, if at all, inferior to them in quality, and a good average of workmanship is steadily maintained throughout the book.

Chintreuil is one of the most perfect instances of the pure landscape-painter that have become known to the public hitherto. He was born for landscape-painting, as others are born for music; but Nature, whilst endowing him with the most passionate love of landscape, withheld the gift of manual facility. Chintreuil did not attain executive skill until comparatively late in life, and as public recognition is not to be expected without that, it need not surprise us if this artist remained obscure till the prime of life was past. The story of his existence is deeply affecting, and it is told by M. de La Fizelière with a very admirable simplicity and truth; in fact, we have seldom met with a biography so free from any straining after effect. The beauty of this life does not reside in its success and fame, though its evening was gilded with a little of these, but rather in its patience and sweet-tempered resignation in poverty and obscurity, with an industry that never faltered, even when its prospects were dullest and darkest. Chintreuil began life with good actions: first, in mere boyhood, maintaining his old father by uncongenial labour in a public school; after that, on inheriting a little fortune himself, by abandoning it entirely for the same purpose. He went to Paris, very poorly equipped for the great battle of life, tried to colour scientific prints, but was not neat enough in his manual work to accomplish this satisfactorily; so, by the advice of his friendly employer, got a situation in a bookseller's shop, where he became acquainted with Champfleury, since then a well-known writer. Champfleury had artist friends, and Chintreuil soon found the old passion and hope revive within him. He went on a little excursion in eastern France with some of these companions, and found on his return that he had lost his situation. Then he began his artist life in earnest, first as the poorest of poor students, living up in a garret on nothing a-year. Nothing a-year is, however, an insufficient income even for the most moderate wants, and so Chintreuil found when he came literally to stare starvation in the face. Some commissions for copying were to be had from Government, and he tried to get the influence of a deputy in his favour for one of these; the deputy refused unkindly, and as a last resource, Chintreuil applied to Béranger the poet, to whom he was a perfect stranger. This was a most fortunate step, for Béranger treated the young artist with the utmost kindness, buying little pictures of him, and getting his canvases and colours. The good-natured song-writer was not a rich patron, but he made up in kindness and activity what he wanted in wealth; and it was owing to this activity that Chintreuil became known to a little circle of intelligent people, who at any rate kept him from mental dejection and physical starvation.

As soon as he was able to leave Paris, Chintreuil went to live and study in the country, at Igny, where there is a picturesque little river called the Bièvre. He worked very hard on the banks of this stream, often in the damp morning or evening air, with insufficient attention to his clothing. After six years of this life he caught a pleurisy, in consequence of working from nature, and probably at this time the seeds of consumption were implanted in his constitution. He recovered after six months of suffering, and got back into such health as he ever enjoyed; which was not really health, but only a tolerable pathological state. Then he wanted to recommence his habits of study, but his medical advisers would not allow him to do so on the banks of the Bièvre, so he had to choose a drier neighbourhood; and at last, in obedience to this advice, fixed upon la Tournelle-Septeuil, near Mantes, where he settled and worked assiduously for sixteen years, at the end of which he died.

The life thus briefly described was entirely devoted to one purpose—the expression, by means of painting, of what Chintreuil felt and knew about landscape. With this purpose kept steadily in view, this true student of nature lived in perfect simplicity, and almost

absolute retirement, not even travelling, as that which he desired to paint might be seen about his own home. It was only during the last ten years of his life that he was a known artist, and even so late as 1863 his pictures were refused at the Exhibition. He received the decoration only in 1870. He was born at Pont-de-Vaux, in the département de l'Ain, May 5th, 1814, and died on the 10th of August, 1873.

For many years, as we have hinted already, Chintreuil was much hindered and impeded by the technical difficulties of his art. Afterwards he overcame these, but he overcame them quite in his own way, as Constable did in his own *other* way: so that painters who had the tradition of landscape execution considered him ignorant of his business. It often happens that an original artist is best appreciated by artists who do not work on the same class of subjects, and we are not at all surprised that Comte, the eminently skilful figure-painter, should have admired Chintreuil heartily, whilst the older landscape-painters did not approve of an innovator who had not the proper touch for oak foliage, &c. Chintreuil was one of those genuine lovers of nature whose impressions are much too vivid to be rendered in set methods; but an original artist of this kind is generally both longer in acquiring technical skill, and longer in commanding public applause, than a docile pupil of tradition. The wonder, in our opinion, is, that a painter like Chintreuil should ever become famous at all; not that he did not deserve fame, but because there is so little to attract popular attention in his work. Judging from these etchings, and from what we remember of his pictures, we should say that they hardly ever had much of what we in England are accustomed to consider a subject. Anything seems to have interested the artist—any clump of trees, any bit of rustic road, any rising ground; and he was not at all particular about the beauty of the material he admitted: for in one or two of his most important pictures he introduces mutilated trees of painfully ugly forms. He seems to have painted so many studies, merely for study, as to have often, from habit, painted nothing but a study when he intended to paint a picture; which is, or ought to be, such a very different thing. The love of nature seems to have been stronger in him than the love of art, and yet the nature he loved was not generally either beautiful or sublime, and his works owe their interest chiefly to their effects of light-and-shade. Considering what a remarkably beautiful country France is, we have often felt some surprise that the modern school of *paysagistes* should have devoted itself so exclusively to scraps of common nature, which, though excellent for elementary study, are insufficient motives for important pictures, unless in those rare instances when the artist discovers in them some beautiful harmony of composition. There are evidences of this discovering faculty in Chintreuil; many of the subjects here are as harmonious as they are simple, but in many others one has a difficulty in making out whether there has been any artistic intention at all beyond the mere student's purpose of copying faithfully what he sees. The subject given herewith, *Low Tide*, is very beautiful as a composition, and has, besides, that true feeling for nature which was never wanting in Chintreuil, whatever he painted. There is a great deal of poetry, of the sort for which Millet is distinguished, in the picture entitled *Derniers Rayons*, and also in *Pluie et Soleil*. In both these last-named works the *land* looks as unpromising for artistic purposes as possible, being nothing but what is called dull, uninteresting country, without even a tree, yet the composition and artistic feeling are exquisite in both. On the whole the volume is valuable, and ought to be instructive to every one who takes any serious interest in etching and in landscape. It may be safely recommended to the more earnest class of practical amateurs.*

* Although the work contains only forty *plates*, the *subjects* are much more numerous. There are often several subjects on one plate.

GREEK SCULPTURES FROM THE WEST COAST OF ASIA MINOR, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(*Continued.*)

IN my preceding memoir I had to notice a series of remains of Greek art belonging to the Archaic period, the latest of which may with probability be referred to the generation immediately subsequent to the Persian war, or about B.C. 460. I have now to deal with examples of the art of the subsequent period; and as I have limited my memoir for the most part to the illustration of sculpture from the west coast of Asia Minor and the adjacent islands, I shall here merely allude in passing to the great cardinal example of the art of Phidias, the remains of the Parthenon in the Elgin Room, the contemporary sculptures from the Temple of Apollo Epicurius in the Phigalian Room, built under the direction of Ictinus, and the frieze of the Temple of Wingless Victory in the Elgin Room. I am not aware that any sculptures have been found in Asia Minor which can be attributed to the school of Phidias or of his illustrious contemporaries at Athens. It was hardly to be hoped that we should find in the ruins of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus any fragments of those celebrated statues of Amazons by Phidias, Polycletus, and Cresilas, which, according to Pliny, formed the subject of a public competition between these artists; and it is only by the study of certain extant statues, presumed to be Roman copies of these figures, that we can form an idea of the great originals.

At the northern extremity of the Elgin Room is a colossal recumbent lion from a Doric tomb at Cnidus, which I would place in the period between Phidias and the second Athenian school, represented by Scopas and Praxiteles. I assign this date to the lion on the following grounds. The tomb to which the lion belonged was of the class called by the ancients *Polyandrion*. It consisted of a square basement surrounded by a Doric peristyle with engaged columns, and surmounted by a pyramid, on the apex of which was placed the lion as the *epithema*, or crowning ornament. Within the basement was a circular chamber formed like a beehive, with eleven small cells for the reception of bodies. This construction makes it probable that the tomb was a public monument of the class called by the ancients *Polyandrion*. It stood on a lofty promontory, commanding an extensive view seaward, and must have been a conspicuous object to mariners. I have elsewhere suggested that it probably commemorated the naval victory of the Athenian Conon over the Lacedæmonians, which was fought off Cnidus B.C. 394. The columns of this tomb have been left unfinished, and this incompleteness is accounted for if we suppose it to have been begun immediately after Conon's victory, when Athenian influence must have preponderated at Cnidus, and that its progress was suspended after the peace of Antalcidas, B.C. 387, when Sparta was once more in the ascendant on the coasts of Asia Minor. The lion from Cnidus is singularly like in style and proportions to one of the four carried off from Athens by Morosini, and now in the Arsenal at Venice. It is not improbable, therefore, that these two lions are by the same Athenian hand—a conjecture corroborated by the fact that the material of the Cnidian lion appears to be Pentelic marble. In point of size this is one of the largest Greek lions which has come down to us in a tolerably perfect state; the Chæroneian lion, which is larger, is unfortunately broken into seven fragments, which, to the disgrace of the Greek Government, remain uncared for on the plain of Chæroneia, just in the condition in which they were discovered by a party of English travellers about fifty years ago, except that the tourist cannot resist the temptation of carving his name on the marble.

Much of the effect of the Cnidian lion is impaired by the loss of the forepaws and underjaw, still more by his transplantation out of the clear and delicate atmosphere of Asia Minor to the opaque gloom of a London museum. In his original position, overlooking the sea from the summit of a monument about forty feet, and surrounded on the land side by stern, rugged

mountain scenery, this lion would have made no adequate impression on the eye, had not the sculptor modelled his form with that severe simplicity, that disdain for all details except such as would be effective, which, to the untrained eye, appears to be the shortcoming of a clumsy and ignorant artist. It is not by studying the colossal works of the ancients in museums, or comparing them with the puny marvels of modern Exhibitions, but by trying *their effect in the open air*, that we shall ever penetrate the secrets of their art.

The eyes of the Cnidian lion, unlike those of the Chæroneian lion, are only hollow sockets, in which, doubtless, were once inserted vitreous pastes or precious stones. This reminds us of Pliny's story of a monumental lion on a promontory at Cyprus, whose emerald eyes were so bright that he scared away the thunny fish. In the treatment of the mane of the Cnidian lion we may discern lingering traces of the same archaicism as is retained for architectural effect in the lions' heads on the cornice of the Parthenon.

Cnidus was a city ennobled by the works of Praxiteles; and though all trace of his celebrated statue of the Cnidian Aphrodite have disappeared, I discovered at Cnidus certain sculptures which I have ventured to attribute to his school. Those sculptures will be found in the little anteroom which separates the Lycian Room from the Mausoleum. They consist of a seated figure of Demeter; a little statuette of Persephone; a standing figure, probably of a priestess, inscribed with a dedication to Demeter; a youthful female head, perhaps Persephone; and a number of fragments of arms, hands, and feet of statues, mostly female. All these sculptures were found within the precinct of a platform bounded on three sides by a terracè wall, and on the fourth by the sheer precipice at the foot of which it was built. A number of inscriptions found with the sculptures showed that this site was set apart for the worship of the Infernal Deities, and especially of Demeter and Persephone.

The seated statue of Demeter and the statue of the priestess were evidently intended to be placed in niches, as is shown by the unfinished backs of these figures; and it is almost certain that they ornamented two niches in the rocky scarp which bounded this sacred site on the north. See plate 54 in my 'History of Discoveries.' The Demeter has a veil falling from the head over the shoulders. Her drapery, consisting of a *chiton*, round which is wound a mantle, is composed with that refined simplicity which is the characteristic of the best Athenian school. But it was not the object of the sculptor to invite the eye to trace out too distinctly the forms under the drapery, as the type of goddess whom he had to represent was that of a matron, whose first bloom of youth was already past. It is on the countenance that the artist has concentrated our attention. And here I must quote the observation made to me by one of the most distinguished German writers on ancient art, on his first seeing this statue. 'At last,' he exclaimed, 'I have found what I have been looking for all over Europe—the pure Greek conception of the Goddess Demeter, as embodied in sculpture. Up to this time I have only seen Roman translations of this original type.' In an interesting memoir, which will appear shortly in the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature,' my German friend has developed his ideas about this statue with that fine and subtle criticism which distinguishes the school of archæology to which he belongs. He remarks how, in the suave and tranquil beauty of this Demeter, the sculptor has sought to idealise the sacred idea of maternity; for the cardinal point on which the whole myth of Demeter turns, the main incident of the legend, is her love for her daughter Persephone, her grief for the untimely loss, and her joy for the partial recovery of this mystic child.

In expressing the idea of maternity concentrated in this goddess, the sculptor of the Cnidian Demeter has, by a singular anticipation, thrown into her countenance an expression which, had it been seen by one of the early Italian painters, might have modified the conventional type of the Madonna. It has been truly said that the countenance of this Cnidian Demeter is in expression the most Christian work in ancient sculpture. It is worth while to note that a veiled head, strikingly similar in character, is engraved in the 'Recueil d'Antiquités'

of Caylus, who states that he had just received it from Rhodes. It is more than a century since Caylus published this work; it is to be feared, therefore, that his head of Demeter has not survived the chances of time. It may, however, still exist in some obscure corner of a French château, and we may some day have the opportunity of confronting it with the Cnidian Demeter.

The statue of the priestess is very inferior in interest to the Demeter. It represents an elderly woman looking upwards, as if in adoration. The inscription on the base tells us that it was dedicated 'by Nikokleia, wife of Apollophanes, to Demeter, Koura (Persephone), and the gods associated with Demeter' (an euphemism for Hades and other nether deities). The little statuette of Persephone is an interesting example of what is called Hieratic art, in which an archaic treatment is prolonged for the sake of religious associations. Under this type Persephone is recognised by the lofty modius, or corn-measure, on her head, the attribute of the Chthonian Deities; by the pomegranate flower which she holds against her breast in her right hand; and by the peculiar action with which the skirt of her drapery is gathered up in her left hand. These little hieratic figures of Persephone are frequently found in association with statues of Aphrodite. Those who are curious to trace out the connexion of ideas between Aphrodite as the goddess of reproductive energy, and Persephone as the goddess of that decay which is but the prelude to reproduction, should read the treatise on Venus Proserpina in the 'Kleine Schriften' of the late Professor Gerhard.

I have mentioned that with the statues which I have been describing were found a number of fragments, chiefly hands and feet from female figures. I would especially invite the attention of artists to these fragments. There may be discerned in them a richness and flow of line, a *morbidezza* of surface, in which there is no trace of effeminate or pretentious refinement, and which I have seen nowhere else in ancient sculpture except in the Athenian sculpture of the age of Pericles. These qualities appear to me to correspond with what little we know from ancient writers of the school of Praxiteles, and I have therefore felt justified in attributing all the sculpture found in the *temenos* of Demeter at Cnidus to that school; in which opinion I was glad to be confirmed by Professor Stark, the author of an elaborate work on the group of Niobe.

I should mention here that, according to the evidence of the inscriptions found with these sculptures, and which must be associated with them, their date would range from B.C. 350 to 300.

Whether these Cnidian sculptures really belong to the school of Praxiteles is a question on which future discoveries may throw great light; in the meantime we pass at once from speculation to historical fact when, leaving the little ante-room just described, we enter the Mausoleum Room. In the sculptures from Halicarnassus in this room we have undoubted works of at least two of the five sculptors employed by Artemisia to adorn the sepulchral monument of her husband Mausolus, who died B.C. 353. Here then, better than anywhere else in Europe, we may study the characteristics of Scopas, to whom some critics of the Augustan age attributed the group of Niobe, generally thought to be the work of his great contemporary, Praxiteles.

In my 'History of Discoveries,' and also in my 'Travels,' I have devoted a chapter to the sculptures of the Mausoleum, and much has since been written on the same subject by German critics, ample references to whom will be found in the second volume of that useful work, the 'Geschichte d. Griechischen Plastik,' by Overbeck. I will not, therefore, attempt in the limited space of this article to go once more over ground which has been so often traversed. I would rather invite the readers of this memoir to contemplate the sculptures of the Mausoleum with their own eyes, and to try to translate their own impressions into words, instead of studying these noble remains through the medium and in the leading-strings of professional critics.

The marbles in which Artemisia enshrined for all future time her widow's grief, have nothing funereal in their character, if we try them by the Kensal Green standard of what is

deemed by us moderns appropriate and adequate as the public expression of genteel and decorous sorrow. These sculptures, on the contrary, like the funereal rites and sepulchral monuments of the Greeks generally, seem intended to divert the mind from the thought of decay and mortality, by presenting to us living forms, ideal in their beauty, exulting in the joyous consciousness of energy; and these forms so combined that all through the composition action, however violent, is never overstrained, but is always subordinated to an all-pervading and dominant harmony. To the sculptures of the Mausoleum we may apply the epithet which Propertius applies to the works of Lysippus. He calls them '*animosa signa*;' and it is in the same spirit I have elsewhere said of these remains of the school of Scopas, that the quality by which they are specially distinguished from the earlier school of Phidias is that they are more *dramatic*.

I would here draw attention to the interesting statue of a Victory recently brought from Samothrace to France, and now in the Louvre. The bold and original treatment by which the flying folds of the drapery are made to express rapid movement has perhaps never been surpassed in sculpture. In the execution there is a subtle refinement which reminded me of the master hands by whom the statues of the Mausoleum were carved. As Scopas is known to have worked in Samothrace, it is a fair conjecture to attribute this Samothracian Victory to his school, if not to himself.

In the same room with the sculptures of the Mausoleum are exhibited a few architectural and sculptured remains from the Temple of Athene Polias at Priene on the Mæander, a temple which we know to have been erected but a short time after the tomb of Mausolus, as an inscription recording its dedication by Alexander the Great was found in the ruins. There is also reason to believe that its architect was the Pythios to whom Pliny attributes the marble chariot-group which surmounted the pyramid of the Mausoleum.

The sculptures from the Temple at Priene exhibit a strong family likeness to the sculptures which we have just been noticing from the neighbouring city of Halicarnassus. This resemblance is particularly noticeable in the fragments of a frieze, which probably represented a Gigantomachia, and in a colossal female head with a formal row of regular curls over the forehead, each curl being represented by a conventional spiral. There were also found lying on the floor of the temple, amid the ashes of the timber roof, the calcined and blackened fragments of a colossal arm and hand, which in all probability belonged to the great statue of the goddess Athene, to whom the temple was dedicated, which is incidentally mentioned by Pausanias as among the *admiranda* which he had seen in Asia Minor.

From the same ruins were rescued the remains of a small draped female figure, remarkable for the severe architectonic composition of the drapery, and a male head, evidently the portrait of some personage of the Macedonian period, which bears some resemblance to one of the kings of Bithynia, but which has not yet been satisfactorily identified. This portrait is remarkable for simplicity of treatment and for realistic force. It is probably one of the very few original portraits by a Greek sculptor anterior to the Augustan age which has come down to us.

Closely connected in date and style with the sculptures from the Mausoleum and Priene are the remains of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, a part of which is exhibited at the north end of the Elgin Room. As a contribution to the history of Greek architecture, these relics of one of the most celebrated Ionic temples of the ancient world are of transcendent interest. By comparing the architectural remains obtained from the Mausoleum, from the Temple of Athene Polias at Priene, from the Temple of Apollo at Branchidæ (recently explored by two French archæologists, MM. Rayet and Thomas), and from the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, we shall be able to trace the development of Ionic architecture in Asia Minor with far greater accuracy than has been hitherto done. While the researches of MM. Thomas and Rayet have led to the startling discovery that the bases of some of the columns of the great Branchidæ temple were richly sculptured with ornaments previously unknown in this architectural combination, Mr. Wood's explorations on the site of the Ephesian Artemision have proved

beyond all doubt the correctness of Pliny's much-disputed statement that thirty-six of the columns of the peristyle were *cælatæ*, ornamented with sculptures in relief. Portions of several drums thus sculptured in relief have been sent home by Mr. Wood, all unfortunately too much mutilated to enable us to make out what were the subjects of the several compositions which encircled the shafts. In the most perfect fragment, a drum next the base, the figures, six feet high, are carved in low relief, the requisite variety of planes being ingeniously obtained without disturbing the general outline of the shaft by undue projection. Fragments of much bolder reliefs from the *Antæ* were also found by Mr. Wood. We have hardly enough of this sculpture to be able to judge of its merits, but it may be fairly said to be of consummate excellence if we regard it as architectural decoration. It is interesting to compare the colossal lion's head from the cornice of the Ephesian temple with the same feature in the cornices of the Mausoleum and the Priene temple. These lions' heads would prove, even if we had no other evidence, what masters the ancients were of architectural effect, and with what judgment the proportions of their ornaments were adjusted to the general scale of their buildings.

It is time to bring to a close this sketch of the results of a series of expeditions to the west coast of Asia Minor and the adjacent islands. The examples which I have noticed carry the history of ancient art as late as the age of Alexander the Great, when the last great school of sculpture flourished under Lysippus. From this period onwards the history of Greek art is very hard to make out for want of emphatic and well-authenticated examples, as is clearly shown in the ingenious and learned work by Dr. Helbig, 'Kampanische Wandmalerei.' The metope, therefore, from a Doric temple, which Dr. Schliemann discovered at Ilium Novum, and which is represented in the plate which accompanied the first part of this memoir (*see* PORTFOLIO, No. 54), is an interesting acquisition; as its date, as shown by an inscription found with it, can hardly be earlier than the time of Lysimachus; and would thus probably be about forty years later than the sculptures from the Ephesian Artemisia. The subject is the Sun-god in his four-horse chariot, setting forth on his diurnal course. The com-

position is boldly and picturesquely treated; the effect of light spreading above the horizon is skilfully expressed by the rays which boldly transcend the limits of the architectural frame, just as in the compositions of Phidias the heads of the figures refuse to be all crowded within the pedimental spaces of the Parthenon. The face of the Sun-god from Ilium Novum reminds us at once of the head of the same deity on the gold and silver coins of Rhodes, which are probably of the same period as the metope, and of which the type may have been adapted from the celebrated colossal statue of Helios, by Chares of Lindus, which stood at the mouth of one of the harbours at Rhodes.

C. T. NEWTON.

WINCHELSEA, RYE, AND THE ROMNEY MARSH.

(*Conclusion.*)

TO carry something of the art of the past into the future is, perhaps, the best which we of this generation may hope to accomplish. The conditions under which we live are constantly teaching us this lesson, if we would learn it; and the self-confidence of the age is for ever crying out against this limit to its ambition. For the first time, probably, in the world's history, we are left without any such central, continuous impulse and tendency as has hitherto carried forward the lamp of art through constant change, from generation to generation and from age to age. For the first time we stand aside and look upon all the phases of art-creation as things remote from ourselves, to be judged dispassionately and weighed one against another. We have no part in them, nor in any one of them, nor they in us. They are subjects for discussion, definition, analysis; things to be preferred or fancied, to be consciously and deliberately accepted or rejected. It is easier for a discursive age to criticise than to invent, to produce formulæ than design; and criticism is apt to flourish mainly in the absence of artistic impulse. For art lives in the absence of self-consciousness, and the best work has always been done without taking thought; moreover, the elements of which art mainly consists are subtile and minute, and are apt to evade the coarse machinery of words. Further, the influence of an analytic age upon art production is injurious, in so far as it leads the artist to derive his impulse from current theories, thereby imparting to his work that *doctrinaire* character which is so commonly discernible in the works of many of the most able men of our day and generation; or, worse still, to adopt as his material ideas whose proper medium of expression is other than that of plastic art. This, then, is the difficulty of the position: that in an age which is above all things critical, criticism in its more usual form is apt to have an injurious influence upon art.

By far the most important means of solving this problem of the time is to do good practical work, which may be the embodiment of ideas however subtile, however unconsciously held; and this, the sole and universal expression of the past, can hardly be overvalued in the present. But the age in which we live is above all things discursive, and will never be content with an exclusively practical exposition of its aims; and even though theory and analysis are repugnant to the artist, and possibly, for the time, injurious to his art, still it must be remembered that the theory of the present, if only it be founded upon real and genuine insight, may be translated into the feeling of the future; and feeling the material which art employs. Criticism, therefore, still has its own proper sphere, and may well be the handmaid of practical art, and assist it in bridging the void of the present and carrying the past into the future.

But to accomplish this purpose it must change its form, must surrender somewhat of its judicial and analytic character, and become passive and sympathetic. It must aim mainly at aiding the assimilation of those elements of character, poetry and sentiment of past times, which are to be the material of future success. And the method must vary with the conditions of the special branch of art. The study and criticism of architecture has its own proper and special conditions. A building can never be like a picture, complete within the limits of its frame and independent of influences beyond. It must be studied upon its own site, and under all the conditions of history, landscape, and neighbourhood.

The characteristic tendency towards centralisation and analysis leads us, for the most part, to arrange the vestiges of the past in museums, and to catalogue them in handbooks and '*Dictionnaires raisonnés*.' Such a treatment of them is economical of time and trouble both to the curiosity-hunter and to the theorist, but is apt to strip the objects so treated of the peculiar charm which lies in unbroken association and harmonious surroundings. Much light, too, is often thrown even upon the theoretic value of architectural works by a full appreciation of the relations between one work and another of the same neighbourhood; so that, whether it be theory that we seek, or the more subtile charm of sentiment, it is best to take the wider view, and to open the mind to the full harmony of the combined influences of the locality.

Of the various phases of the architecture of the past it is as yet undecided which shall be ultimately established as the starting-point for the future. At the present moment there are almost as many rival factions as there are ancient styles, and the advantage seems to rest now with one, now with another. Meanwhile many of those who best appreciate the conditions of modern art are seen to use as precedents for their work examples the most diverse, and to found their practice upon the widest appeciation of the past. Future experience may draw closer the limits of their choice of precedents which they shall directly follow; but the essential elements of beauty, in virtue of which all the varied styles of past times have attained to success, must always be perceived by the artist who would enter into the full inheritance of the past: and for this reason also, his study must be wide and catholic.

Some such ideas as these have been the motive of the present series of papers, which are valuable only as they succeed in arresting something of the colour and sentiment of a time more favourable to art, now on all sides melting away, and so to carry something of the past into the art of the future.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

BULLS FIGHTING.

ETCHED BY W. WISE, FROM A PICTURE BY JAMES WARD.

THE etching on the opposite page gives the figures of the bulls only from the large picture in the South Kensington Museum. The landscape in which they are introduced is a curiously crowded composition, which it would be almost impossible to reproduce on a small scale. It contains a view of St. Donatt's Castle, Glamorganshire.

James Ward, the celebrated animal-painter, was born in Thames Street, London, October 23, 1769. Mr. Wornum, in his 'Descriptive Catalogue of the National Gallery,' gives the following particulars of his career:—'He was originally placed with J. R. Smith, the engraver, but was afterwards articled to his elder brother, William, a mezzotint-engraver, and he practised as an engraver himself for some years; but he afterwards took to painting, imitating the manner of Morland, his brother-in-law. Some of Ward's early pictures were engraved by his brother, William Ward, and some were sold in Ireland as works of Morland. In 1794, James Ward was appointed painter and engraver to the Prince of Wales, and he engraved Sir W. Beechey's large picture of the *Review of the Third and Tenth Dragoons.* It was shortly after this that, through a connexion with the Royal Geographical Society, Ward was led to take to animal-painting, a branch of the art in which he eventually attained such great eminence. His masterpiece is the large picture of an Alderney bull, cow, and calf,

now in the National Gallery. This picture was painted, according to the artist's own account, at the suggestion of West, in emulation with the celebrated picture of a Bull at the Hague, by Paul Potter. It was exhibited in 1823, shortly after its completion, in the British Institution. Ward was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1807, and an Academician in 1811; and was an exhibitor from 1792 to 1855, contributing altogether 287 works to its exhibitions. He died November 17, 1859, in his ninety-first year.'

The *Fighting Bulls* was presented to the South Kensington Museum by Mr. C. J. Maud.

M. ALMA TADEMA.

A MAN might be a much more competent archæologist than we have any right to expect to find among the average of amateurs, or even of art-critics, and yet find the work of M. Alma-Tadema a surprise, not to say a revelation. And there is a reason for this which as soon as it is pointed out is tolerably obvious. It is natural when we read about the surroundings of ancient life to interpret what we read by the remains of ancient art that have come down to us, and when these fail, by the art of our own day. Of course, we know that modern art has effects which ancient art had not, and has lost some effects which ancient art had; but we think we have made allowance enough when we have asked ourselves what would be the equivalent in modern art of an effect which we know from ancient literature had struck the ancient eye: in other words, we treat ancient art and modern art as if they were in the same plane, though extending over different portions of it.

Tried by this standard, the greater part of neo-classical art corresponds quite sufficiently to the indications of ancient literature to satisfy an instructed spectator without surprising him. Of course he expects to find the colouring a little more sober, and to find the fashion of the dress simpler and more plastic, as he expects to find a more regular type of features with rather less play of expression. He is offended if the figures suggest the model too plainly, or if the draperies show imperfect knowledge of classical sculpture: if very fastidious, he is conscious of less definite elements of modernism, whose intrusion would be equally matter of resentment. Within these limits there is obviously a very wide range for perfectly unexceptionable and sufficiently learned art for everything, shall we say, that lies between Leighton and Albert Moore, and Hebert and Gerôme, and even the frivolous manufacturers of Pompeian scenes, which we object to as pictorially flimsy and shallow, not as archæologically incorrect. Much of this art may be described as, at least, an indirect continuation of ancient painting. We find it in the remains of Campania and Rome, and in the continuation of the same work after fifteen centuries in the arabesques of the Vatican.

So far as this is the case we might say that a view of conventional classicism runs through it all: the element of everydayness is not so much suppressed as omitted. There is a determination not to transcend or improve upon reality, but only to see it at the rare moments when it is at its best. It may be doubted whether ancient painting ever emancipated itself completely from the influence of sculpture, especially in the treatment of drapery; the accidental movements of the folds which had lent themselves to sculpture were treated as if they were essential and habitual. Nor was this the only element which kept ancient art at a great distance from realism; the system both of colour and of light and shade with which the ancients worked appears to have been rudimentary, although it was employed with a full knowledge and control of its resources. And its limitations were of a peculiar kind, and perhaps did

not coincide exactly with the limitations of the arts of the dyer and glazier; for it is obvious that until perfectly transparent windows came into use there was a certain monotony about indoor effects, and that the contemporaries of Titian dressed much more splendidly than the contemporaries of Apelles. But there are grounds for suspecting a further difference; it is not an accident that the landscape where it appears is so meagre, and that architectural subjects were mostly left to painters of the calibre of the artists who used to decorate sign-boards. Savages cannot count up to high numbers because they cannot keep a large number of objects, either simultaneously or successively before their attention; and though the ancients were not savages, it seems that they were much less familiar than we are with the effort that is necessary for seeing many things quickly and at once. They saw a few things, and they saw them vividly, without any preference for half-tints or half-lights, in the clearness of the southern air, in the glow of local colour. Consequently, what they saw in their own life is very different from what we should see if we could be suddenly transported back into it; and that is really exactly the singularity and distinction of M. Alma Tadema, that he shows us ancient life as it would appear to modern eyes, while all other classical artists (perhaps Gerôme is a partial exception) show us what ancient eyes saw so far as modern hands can reproduce the sight. For M. Alma Tadema ancient art is only one of the sources of information which he relies upon; to other artists it is the medium through which they look at their other knowledge, the framework into which they have to fit its results.

When it is remembered that under these conditions M. Alma Tadema has succeeded in producing work more equably perfect and pleasurable than the majority of accomplished artists, we obtain for the first time a measure of the power and freshness of his imagination. For it is the imagination that really does the work of reconstruction; the result is too concrete to have been reached by abstract intellectual methods. The artist has brooded over his knowledge till it lived in visible form before him. To see at all what is unfamiliar, what cannot be seen by its reflection in the eyes of many, demands real imagination; even if the thing seen be readily accessible to sense and measurable upon every side, only high and rare imagination can see what is hardly accessible to painfully instructed thought. Such a measure of imagination seldom exists without passion of some kind, and work which is at once sincere and beautiful is generally inspired by the passion of beauty. Now the passion of beauty is the very last element which the warmest admirer could detect in the sincere and beautiful work of M. Alma Tadema: indeed it would be very hard to detect any passion there at all. There is always beauty enough for unmixed satisfaction, and never the very least commencement of rapture or ecstasy. Yet the work is not cold either; it is not even academical; it is really the imagination which is generally ignored which gives the vitality to the knowledge which is universally recognised. It is just conceivable that bare knowledge might suffice for the accessories, though we shall hardly think so when we recollect how much harder it is to realise a Roman interior as M. Alma Tadema must do before he begins to paint,* than to realise an Oriental interior as Mr. Lewis must do before he begins to paint. But when we come to the figures it is clear that they must have been felt before they were seen; and it is a curious proof of the thoroughness and independence with which the artist goes to work that they are felt so very much upon the animal side. It is not that his art is in the least sensuous; he leaves the spectator always in a state of purely æsthetic satisfaction, which is quite compatible with a grave, disinterested curiosity. Still the objects of this curiosity are for the most part unmistakably animals, the mere physical basis of life, which most painters suppress in order to paint either spirits or passions or costumes, is almost always prominent. It is not emphasized or insisted upon, but while M. Alma Tadema's pictures often leave us uncertain as to what the figures are thinking or

* The comparison is only intended to apply to the conditions of the problem, not to the results achieved by two incommensurable talents.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

VIII. Joseph Mallord William Turner. (1775-1851.)

The 'Fighting Téméraire' tugged to her last berth, to be broken up.

ETCHED BY P. A. RAJON.

'The flag which braved the battle and the breeze
No longer owns her.'

Royal Academy Catalogue.

TURNER'S art had four periods—its development, his first style and second style, and his decline.

The first period, of ten years' duration, may be dated from 1789; he entered the Academy as a student in that year, and in 1799 he was elected an Associate. In this year, 1799, he exhibited the large drawing of *Warkworth Castle*, now at South Kensington, and a large oil-picture of the *Battle of the Nile*, 1798, when Nelson took or destroyed eleven sail of the line: six of which, including the *Téméraire*, were afterwards refitted.

In 1802 Turner became an Academician, and had already established his first style, not without considerable influence from the works of Wilson. But he stood alone, both in the splendour of his landscapes and of his sea-pieces—as exemplified in the *Calais Pier* and the *Shipwreck*, the *Sun rising in Mist*, and the *Crossing the Brook;* and except for a temporary fascination by Claude, being stimulated perhaps to emulation of him by that painter's very great popularity at this period, Turner remained generally consistent with himself.

After his first visit to Rome a change came over his taste; his first style, which had endured with more or less regularity for nearly twenty years—from 1800 to 1819—gave way to one more florid and less realistic, but still very beautiful in its perfect examples, like the subject of our etching; while extravagant in others, such as the *Rome from the Vatican.*

This florid style also had its career of about twenty years, from 1820 to 1839, when he painted the *Téméraire.* During this great period Turner produced some stupendous works, not more true or more powerful than the masterpieces of his earlier time, but more original and more lovely: as, for example, *The Bay of Baiæ*, 1823; *Ulysses deriding Polyphemus*, 1829; *Caligula's Palace and Bridge*, 1831; *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, 1832; and concluding with the brilliant *Fighting Téméraire* in 1839.

He painted, however, many charming pictures after 1839, but perhaps nothing really excellent or worthy of his great fame; yet often displaying much poetical power in the

conception, while leaving the realization a good deal to the spectator's imagination, as in the *Peace—Burial at Sea*, already etched for the PORTFOLIO.

A select few also of his views of Venice are very attractive works, but they are more often extravagant, and demonstrate, if not a complete decline of taste, at least an utter decay of executive power. This period of decided collapse dates from about 1840 to the end—1851.

The *Fighting Téméraire* and the *Polyphemus* are Turner's two most splendid performances in point of colour; and there is an interval of ten years between them. They may, perhaps, be justly pronounced the first and the last of the perfect works of his own original style. Mr. Ruskin, in his 'Notes on the Turner Collection,' says,—'I consider Turner's period of central power, entirely developed and entirely unabated, to begin with the *Ulysses*, and to close with the *Téméraire*, including a period, therefore, of ten years exactly—1829 to 1839.'

In this superb river-scene the painter has attained the sublime both in effect and in sentiment. The colouring is altogether exquisite, in its cool and in its warm tints; and the small dark buoy in the foreground very skilfully gives expanse and distance to the rest.

The time seems to represent a winter afternoon just before a gorgeous sunset; the scene is apparently Limehouse Reach, looking to the south-west, with Deptford and its numerous shipping on the right. The Téméraire was broken up at Deptford in 1838.

The huge old sailing-ship of the line, on the left, is being towed up the Thames 'to her last berth' by a small steam-tug, yet still looking infinitely majestic, though completely at the will of the little iron steamer.

The composition may be looked upon as an apotheosis, in a splendour of cloud and wave, of the glorious wooden walls of Old England, passing away never to return; the tug itself being a fair type of the new powers of iron and steam which are to supersede the faithful British oak and canvas, that have for so many ages performed truly noble service for the great ocean-power of these small British Islands.

The Téméraire, an old 98, captured from the French at the Battle of the Nile, was the second ship in Lord Nelson's division at the Battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805. The Fougueux, a French 74, became the Téméraire's prize in that engagement: she was then commanded by Captain Hervey.

This picture, on canvas 3 feet high and 4 feet wide, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1839, and was then well received by the critics; *but it did not find a purchaser*, although it might have been bought, while on the walls of the Academy in that Exhibition, for the small sum of 250*l.*! Afterwards when Leslie, the Academician, offered to buy the picture for Mr. James Lennox of New York, it was too late. Turner refused to part with it; he had fortunately already destined it to be one of his 'Gift' to the nation—a decision not then to be set aside by any sum of money; for the great painter was really not a *lover of money*, though parsimonious in the years of his necessity.

There is a larger print of the Téméraire by J. T. Willmore; but so much brilliancy as is here displayed is scarcely to be adequately represented in black and white.

R. N. WORNUM.

NOTES ON THE MOVEMENTS OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

I WISH to direct the reader's attention to a certain quality in the movements of children when young, which is somehow lovable in them, although it would be even unpleasant in any grown person. Their movements are not graceful, but they fall short of grace by something so sweetly humorous that we only admire them the more. The imperfection is so pretty and pathetic, and it gives so great a promise of something different in the future, that it attracts us more than many forms of beauty. They have something of the merit of a rough sketch by a master, in which we pardon what is wanting or excessive for the sake of the very bluntness and directness of the thing. It gives us pleasure to see the beginning of gracious impulses and the springs of harmonious movement laid bare to us with innocent simplicity.

One night, some ladies formed a sort of impromptu dancing-school in the drawing-room of an hôtel in France. One of the ladies led the ring, and I can recall her as a model of accomplished, cultured movement. Two little girls, about eight years old, were the pupils; that is an age of great interest in girls, when natural grace comes to its consummation of justice and purity, with little admixture of that other grace of forethought and discipline that will shortly supersede it altogether. In these two, particularly, the rhythm was sometimes broken by an excess of energy, as though the pleasure of the music in their light bodies could endure no longer the restraint of regulated dance. So that, between these and the lady, there was not only some beginning of the very contrast I wish to insist upon in these notes, but matter enough to set one thinking a long while on the beauty of motion. I do not know that, here in England, we have any good opportunity of seeing what that is; the generation of British dancing men and women are certainly more remarkable for other qualities than for grace: they are, many of them, very conscientious artists, and give quite a serious regard to the technical parts of their performance; but the spectacle, somehow, is not often beautiful, and strikes no note of pleasure. If I had seen no more, therefore, this evening might have remained in my memory as a rare experience. But the best part of it was yet to come. For after the others had desisted, the musician still continued to play, and a little button between two and three years old came out into the cleared space and began to figure before us as the music prompted. I had an opportunity of seeing her, not on this night only but on many subsequent nights; and the wonder and comical admiration she inspired was only deepened as time went on. She had an admirable musical ear; and each new melody, as it struck in her a new humour, suggested wonderful combinations and variations of movement. Now it would be a dance with which she would suit the music, now rather an appropriate pantomime, and now a mere string of disconnected attitudes. But whatever she did, she did it with the same verve and gusto. The spirit of the air seemed to have entered into her, and to possess her like a passion; and you could see her struggling to find expression for the beauty that was in her against the inefficacy of the dull, half-informed body. Though her footing was uneven and her gestures often ludicrously helpless, still the spectacle was not merely amusing; and though subtile inspirations of movement miscarried in tottering travesty, you could still see that they had been inspirations; you could still see that she had set her heart on realising something just and beautiful, and that, by the discipline of these abortive efforts, she was making for herself in the future a quick, supple and obedient body. It was grace in the making. *Elle s'efforçait d'être belle.* She was not to be daunted by any merriment of people looking on critically; the music said something to her, and her whole spirit was intent on what the music said: she must carry out its suggestions, she must do her best to translate its language into that other dialect of the modulated body into which it can be translated most easily and fully.

Just the other day I was witness to a second scene, in which the motive was something

similar; only this time with quite common children, and in the familiar neighbourhood of Hampstead. A little congregation had formed itself in the lane underneath my window, and was busy over a skipping-rope. There were two sisters, from seven to nine perhaps, with dark faces and dark hair, and slim, lithe, little figures, clad in lilac frocks. The elder of these two was a mistress of the art of skipping. She was just and adroit in every movement; the rope passed over her black head and under her scarlet-stockinged legs with a precision and regularity that was like machinery; but there was nothing mechanical in the infinite variety and sweetness of her inclinations, and the spontaneous agile flexure of her lean waist and hips. There was one variation favourite with her, in which she crossed her hands before her with a motion not unlike that of weaving, which was admirably intricate and complete. And when the two took the rope together and whirled in and out with occasional interruptions, there was something Italian in the type of both—in the length of nose, in the slimness and accuracy of the shapes—and something gay and harmonious in the double movement, that added to the whole scene a southern element, and took me over sea and land into distant and beautiful places. Nor was this impression lessened when the elder girl took in her arms a fair-haired baby, and while the others held the rope for her, turned and gyrated, and went in and out over it lightly, with a quiet regularity that seemed as if it might go on for ever. Somehow, incongruous as was the occupation, she reminded me of Italian Madonnas. And now, as before in the hôtel drawing-room, the humorous element was to be introduced; only this time it was in broad farce. The funniest little girl with a mottled complexion and a big, damaged nose, and looking for all the world like any dirty broken-nosed doll in a nursery lumber-room, came forward to take her turn. While the others swung the rope for her as gently as it could be done—a mere mockery of movement—and playfully taunted her timidity, she passaged backwards and forwards in a pretty flutter of indecision, putting up her shoulders and laughing with the embarrassed laughter of children by the water's edge, eager to bathe and yet fearful. There never was anything at once so droll and so pathetic. One did not know whether to laugh or to cry. And when at last she had made an end of all her deprecations and drawings back, and summoned up heart enough to straddle over the rope, one leg at a time, it was a sight to see her ruffle herself up like a peacock and go away down the lane with her damaged nose, seeming to think discretion the better part of valour, and rather uneasy lest they should ask her to repeat the exploit. Much as I had enjoyed the grace of the older girls, it was now just as it had been before in France, and the clumsiness of the child seemed to have a significance and a sort of beauty of its own, quite above this grace of the others in power to affect the heart. I had looked on with a certain sense of balance and completion at the silent, rapid, masterly evolutions of the eldest; I had been pleased by these in the way of satisfaction. But when little broken-nose began her pantomime of indecision I grew excited. There was something quite fresh and poignant in the delight I took in her imperfect movements. I remember, for instance, that I moved my own shoulders, as if to imitate her; really, I suppose, with an inarticulate wish to help her out.

Now, there are many reasons why this gracelessness of young children should be pretty and sympathetic to us. And, first, there is an interest as of battle. It is in travail and laughable *fiasco* that the young school their bodies to beautiful expression, as they school their minds. We seem, in watching them, to divine antagonists pitted one against the other; and, as in other wars, so in this war of the intelligence against the unwilling body, we do not wish to see even the cause of progress triumph without some honourable toil; and we are so sure of the ultimate result, that it pleases us to linger in pathetic sympathy over these reverses of the early campaign, just as we do over the troubles that environ the heroine of a novel on her way to the happy ending. Again, people are very ready to disown the pleasure they take in a thing merely because it is big, as an Alp, or merely because it is little, as a little child; and yet this pleasure is surely as legitimate as another. There is

much of it here; we have an irrational indulgence for small folk; we ask but little where there is so little to ask it of; we cannot overcome our astonishment that they should be able to move at all, and are interested in their movements somewhat as we are interested in the movements of a puppet. And again, there is a prolongation of expectancy when, as in these movements of children, we are kept continually on the very point of attainment and ever turned away and tantalised by some humorous imperfection. This is altogether absent in the secure and accomplished movements of persons more fully grown. The tight-rope walker does not walk so freely or so well as any one else upon a good road; and yet we like to watch him for the mere sake of the difficulty; we like to see his vacillations; we like this last so much even, that I am told a really artistic tight-rope walker must feign to be troubled in his balance, even if he is not so really. And again, we have in these baby efforts an assurance of spontaneity that we do not have often. We know this at least certainly, that the child tries to dance for its own pleasure and not for any by-end of ostentation and conformity. If we did not know it we should see it. There is a sincerity, a directness, an impulsive truth, about their free gestures that shows throughout all imperfection, and is to us as a reminiscence of primitive festivals and the Golden Age. Lastly, there is in the sentiment much of a simple human compassion for creatures more helpless than ourselves. One nearly ready to die is pathetic; and so is one scarcely ready to live. In view of their future, our heart is softened to these clumsy little ones. They will be more adroit when they are not so happy.

Unfortunately, then, this character that so much delights us is not one that can be preserved in any plastic art. It turns, as we have seen, upon considerations not really æsthetic. Art may deal with the slim freedom of a few years later; but with this fettered impulse, with these stammering motions, she is powerless to do more than stereotype what is ungraceful, and, in the doing of it, lose all pathos and humanity. So these humorous little ones must go away into the limbo of beautiful things that are not beautiful for art, there to await a more perfect age before they sit for their portraits.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE WITNESS OF ARTISTS TO THE BEAUTIFUL.

I.

IT strikes me there is a new line of inquiry touching a problem which, though under debate for many centuries, still awaits solution. Philosophers, from the days of Plato down to the time of Sir William Hamilton, have puzzled themselves and their readers with theories of the Beautiful. Some of these writers have held that Beauty is nothing more than a condition or sensation of the mind, others that it is dependent on association or on fitness, while some again have given it a positive and physical basis in arithmetical numbers or mathematical proportions. But in these inquiries artists have hitherto been scarcely consulted, although the pursuit and the embodiment of the Beautiful is often the ruling passion of their lives. It is fit that they should be taken more into confidence—that they should be put into the witness-box and examined as to what they know of the Beautiful.

A great gulf has been long fixed between philosophers and painters. Philosophers concern themselves with abstract thoughts, painters are busied with concrete things, and the consequence is that the thoughts stand aloof from nature and from art while the things are dissevered from ideas. Certain it is that when metaphysicians call to their aid the structural, plastic, or pictorial arts, they speak with the inaccuracy of outsiders, they are apt to extol

what a professional artist would decry, and they sometimes even mistake deformity for beauty. I remember many years ago, when first I read Victor Cousin on 'The True, the Beautiful, and the Good,' how greatly I was taken aback when I came to the application of his theory to the pictures of the French school in the Louvre. All that I had learnt in Italy went for nought. The student was called upon to adore Lesueur as something more than Raphael, because he embodied 'Christianity in art;' and Nicolas Poussin was held up as 'in some sort the philosopher of painting,' because he was 'the painter of thought,' the creator of works that stand forth as 'religious or moral lectures, which testify a great intellect as well as a great soul.' Much more might be quoted of the same sort which would show that M. Cousin, in common with his fellow-speculators, was unacquainted with art as art. Literary men are too much accustomed to regard pictures as poems only, as thoughts made visible, and they have seldom cared to acquire a technical knowledge which is needful to distinguish good work from bad. Hence what they say inspires little confidence within the profession. Artists, on their side, are equally at fault in the opposite direction. I have scarcely ever met with a painter or a sculptor who took any account of metaphysical theories, and I have been rather discouraged to find that artists who encumber their minds with such thoughts have little to show in the way of good works. Yet experience teaches beyond doubt that the educated artist brings forth better fruit than the man whose intellect is uncultivated: in art, in fact, the tree is invariably known by its fruit. I propose, then, to take the tree and the fruit as I find them, and to ask what tidings of the Beautiful they can tell. I will not commence, as others have done, with inward intuitions of the mind, or even with outward laws of nature; but I will take artists as individuals, and works of art as actual facts, and I will inquire how far they stand in accord with the theories of philosophers. It would seem to me that an analysis of the creations of such artists as Da Vinci and Raphael might go far to reveal the conditions of the Beautiful.

The first point on which I shall remark by way of introduction is, that the artist has the advantage of being in great measure an unconscious witness to the Beautiful. The unconsciousness of all genius, especially of artistic genius, has grown almost into an axiom; as the wind cometh and goeth, so does inspiration make its entrance and its exit into and out of the artist's studio. A painter or a sculptor for the most part has no theory to support; partly because theories are bred of the intellect, while the genius of art is born of intuition. It is a little singular that the chief speculators it has been my privilege to converse with have been among the Americans. There was, for example, Mr. Page, who, in the presence of his famous Venus, expatiated on Venetian colouring and the method of Titian. Then there was also Mr. Tilton, who talked of Turner grandly and vaguely, and spoke of light as imprisoned within his canvas. Then, leaving Rome for Florence, I have in the studio of Mr. Hart heard propounded doctrines of proportion half poetic and half geometric. But, however interesting it may be to listen to such speculations, I have, on the whole, been forced to the conclusion that art thus reared is like the house built upon the sands. Take another example, that of poor Haydon, a man of discursive intellect, vaulting ambition, and assailant tongue: he failed as an artist; and the wise advice given to him by a friend was, 'Write less, paint better, answer your opponents by your pictures rather than by your pen.' Thus the conclusion to which I am forced is that, with some few exceptions, artists are unconscious witnesses to Beauty; they love it without analysing it, they embody it almost without knowing what it is. The presence they feel everywhere around them: like an unseen spirit, it animates each human countenance; as a creative power, it models and modulates the forms of nature. In short, the office of the artist is not to define Beauty in its essence but to give to it a bodily manifestation.

But not only are artists unconscious witnesses to the Beautiful: they are impartial as they are unconscious, and they have for the most part no dogmas to uphold: indeed, the attitude they assume is rather that of those who seek than of those who have already found. Unlike bold speculators, who at a stroke of the pen presume to circumscribe the beautiful within the compact

a whole paragraph or page, I will now proceed to quote a passage which has always seemed to me one of the most complete expressions of the sylvan influence on the mind of a thinking creature :—

'I remember once when, after a long journey, I was approaching a city ennobled by great works of art, and of great renown, that I had to pass through what I was told by the guide-books was most insipid country, only to be hurried over as fast as might be, and nothing to be thought or said about it. But the guide-books, though very clever and useful things in their way, do not know each of us personally, nor what we secretly like and care for. Well, I was speeding through this "uninteresting" country, and now there remained but one long dull stage, as I read, to be gone through before I should reach the much-wished-for city. It was necessary to stay some time (for we travelled vetturino fashion) at the little post-house, and I walked on, promising to be in the way whenever the vehicle should overtake me. The road led through a wood, chiefly of pines, varied, however, occasionally by other trees.

'Into this wood I strayed. There was that indescribably soothing noise (the Romans would have used the word *susurrus*), the aggregate of many gentle movements of gentle creatures. The birds hopped but a few paces off, as I approached them; the brilliant butterflies wavered hither and thither before me; there was a soft breeze that day, and the tops of the tall trees swayed to and fro politely to each other. I found many delightful resting-places. It was not all dense wood; but here and there were glades (such open spots, I mean, as would be cut through by the sword for an army to pass); and here and there stood a clump of trees of different heights and foliage, as beautifully arranged as if some triumph of the art of landscape had been intended, though it was only Nature's way of healing up the gaps in the forest. For her healing is a new beauty.

'It was very warm, without which nothing is beautiful to me; and I fell into the pleasantest train of thought. The easiness of that present moment seemed to show the possibility of all care being driven away from the world some day. For thus peace brings a sensation of power with it. I shall not say what I thought of, for it is not good always to be communicative; *but altogether that hour in the pine-wood was the happiest hour of the whole journey*, though I saw many grand pictures and noble statues, a mighty river, and buildings which were built when people had their own clear thoughts of what they meant to do and how they would do it.'

This is as different as possible from Dante's feeling about woods, but then the English writer knew that he could easily get out of his pine-wood to catch the vetturino again; and in England, where he had learned to love woods as places to meditate in, they are never large enough to inspire the forest-fear of which I have spoken elsewhere. And yet the pine is not in the spring-time the most cheerful-looking of forest-trees, though it has a wholesome influence on the mind, and fills the air with a healthy and stimulating odour. The sycamore-maple is far more gay, with its long pendant racemes of greenish-yellow flowers. The botanists call this family the *Aceraceæ*, because the wood is sturdy; and the reader may remember how in that magnificent rustic song 'Les Bœufs,' by Pierre Dupont, the poet begins by particularising the woods from which the plough and the goad are made, and the wood used in the plough is sycamore :—

'J'ai deux grands bœufs dans mon étable,
Deux grands bœufs blancs, marqués de roux;
La charrue est en bois d'érable
L'aiguillon en branche de houx.'

The holly, that served for the goad, flowers nearly at the same time with the sycamore, but not at all conspicuously, though its flowers are visible. I may just observe what a great difference there often is in pictorial importance between the flowers and fruit of the same plant In some plants, as, for example, the bird-cherry tree, the flowers are glorious, and the berry of scarcely any visible importance; in others, as the holly, the flowers would almost escape the notice of anybody but a botanist, whilst it is impossible to avoid paying attention to the fruit.

CHAPTER XV.

I HAD reserved the reading of the classic pastorals for the full bloom of leafy summer, hoping that in our retirement we might have better access to the thoughts of the poets when the green light fell upon their pages through the forest-leaves, and everything around us might illustrate their sylvan imagery. So when June came I seldom went out without some old Idyllist in my pocket, and sometimes Alexis read with me, and often I read alone.

One general result of these readings remains with me, and that is a strong sense of the inferiority of the classical writers in the passion for natural beauty, I will not say to the moderns, who have made a trade of this passion, just as landscape-painters do, but to the poets of the early renaissance, who wrote simply from the heart, and had no idea of making poetical capital from a business-like observation of nature. There is not the slightest comparison, for example, between Virgil and Chaucer with respect to wealth of landscape description, either in quantity or passion—Chaucer is so much the more opulent and powerful poet of the two in everything that relates to external nature. And yet when I mention Virgil, I mention a poet highly distinguished amongst the ancients for this very delight in nature; a poet who certainly did love sylvan things with a rare degree of affection, and that not simply for his own physical enjoyment of pleasant shade or thirst-assuaging fountain, or fruit delicious in the mouth, but for their own beauty outside of human needs. But how laconically he expresses this feeling! how little he dwells upon it! A few neatly-ordered words suffice; the poet thinks he has said all that is to be said, or need be, and there is an end. Chaucer, on the other hand, whenever he begins to talk about his enjoyment of nature, hardly knows how or when to stop; he has the abounding eloquence of a warm and earnest enthusiasm, the freshness and variety of his ideas and sensations suggest an equal variety and abundance of poetical expression; he tries hard to utter all that is in him, very frequently finds that he has not yet succeeded to his mind, and tries again and again, but without effacing the previous attempts, so that there is a string of them one after another. Hence Virgil may be quoted easily; there are passages of his, not more than three words long, which afford excellent quotations and good subjects for literary disquisition: whereas to quote Chaucer is difficult in the extreme, for he leads you down to the bottom of the page, and over the leaf, before you have time to pause. Of course I am clearly aware that a comparison of this kind cannot be made with justice unless we duly consider the reserve which was a part of the classical temper, and the remarkable tendency to think 'it is enough,' which formed habits of work in classic artists so directly opposed to the careless fecundity of the mediæval ones, and to the money-getting productiveness of the moderns. It is quite evident that if Virgil, whilst retaining this classical reserve, had been imbued with Chaucer's passion for flowers and birds, and spring mornings in the woods and by streams, he would have concentrated the utterance of it into a tenth of the space that Chaucer covered with his facile verse: but then the utterance would have been all the more intense and powerful for that very concentration, whereas what we have of Virgil's is delicate, but never intense—I mean, when he speaks of nature. He is always pleased to be in the woods, and, whilst he is telling the story of this or that poetical shepherd, the landscape is constantly seen by little glimpses behind and between the figures; but it is painted with a quiet affection, no more, and an affection that is immediately satisfied. One thing, however, is in the highest degree delightful in Virgil, and that is the lovely blending of human interests with his observations upon inanimate nature; exactly like the wreathing of leaves and branches about fair or mighty human limbs, that occurs so frequently in the work of the great figure-painters. Thus when Gallus says, in the tenth Eclogue, that he will go and suffer in the woods, the

young trees are associated with his passion in a way that could have occurred to no other poet :—

'Certum est in silvis, inter spelæa ferarum,
Malle pati, tenerisque meos incidere amores
Arboribus : crescent illæ ; crescetis, amores.'

'My mind is made up to prefer suffering in the woods amongst the dens of wild beasts, and to engrave my loves upon the saplings : the saplings grow—grow (with them, my) loves.'

This is ingenious, and affectionate also ; and please observe the thoroughly classical brevity of the last four words. Here, however, we have only the young trees in general, and we know that it is one of the marks of true affection to particularise, to distinguish the qualities belonging especially to each of the things or persons that we love. Well, Virgil particularises also, just like a modern landscape-painter ; and I take time to make this observation in passing, that when the pseudo-classical school opposed itself so strongly to the distinction between the species of trees which the modern school of landscape felt to be essential, it would have been easy to reply that their own idol, Virgil, did exactly the same thing in poetry that the new school was humbly endeavouring to do in the sister art of painting, Thus, in the seventh Eclogue, Thyrsis says, just at the last :—

'Fraxinus in silvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis,
Populus in fluviis, abies in montibus altis :
Sæpius at si me, Lycida formose, revisas,
Fraxinus in silvis cedat tibi, pinus in hortis.'

This illustrates at the same time both the two qualities that I have been speaking of, for not only are the trees mentioned specially, but they are connected with a human interest :—

'The ash is most beautiful in the woods, the pine in gardens, the poplar by rivers, the fir on lofty mountains ; but if thou camest to see me oftener, beautiful Lycidas, the ash would yield to thee in the woods, the pine in gardens.'

Nor would our analysis of the Virgilian spirit in this passage be complete without the observation, that it affords evidence against the theory that the ancients could see no beauty in nature except such as was connected with personal ease or physical enjoyment. The allusion to gardens is brief and cursory in the extreme, whilst there is no mention of what are popularly called fruit-trees ; but the poet is clearly alive to the beauty of the ash, to that of the poplar—very different kinds of sylvan beauty—whilst it may be especially observed that the faculty of perceiving anything to admire in the 'fir on the lofty mountains' has been supposed to be exclusively modern. Yet, although Virgil had the catholicity of taste which appreciates many different forms of beauty, he had, like all true lovers of nature, his own little private preferences, which it is interesting to note when an accident of his verse reveals them. For example : he preferred the olive-tree to the willow—a preference which, when I think of the perfect beauty of willows that have never been mutilated by farmers, I find it difficult to share, though it is possible that a poet living so far south may have had in his mind the peculiar grandeur of very ancient olive-trees, and the value of their pale foliage, which he especially notices, in scenes pervaded by the Italian azure of sky and Mediterranean bays :—

'Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olivæ,
Puniceis humilis quantum saliunca rosetis ;
Judicio nostro tantum tibi cedit Amyntas.'

'As much as the pliant willow is inferior to the pale olive-tree ; as much as the humble lavender is inferior to red roses ; so much, in our opinion, is Amyntas inferior to thee.'

Every lover of nature has preferences of this kind, and the poet supposes that the gods must have them also ; thus he reminds us that the vine was especially beloved by Bacchus, the

poplar by Hercules, the myrtle by beautiful Venus, and '*his* laurel' by Phœbus. But '*Phyllis amat corylos*'—Phyllis loves hazels, and so long as Phyllis shall love hazels neither the myrtle nor Apollo's laurel shall surpass them.

This comparison of species is full of affection, and not a narrow affection either; for though the poet may have had an especial liking for the olive, and probably for the hazel also (there is reason to suppose that Phyllis expresses a taste of the poet himself), he frankly tells us that other trees have been preferred by other personages, and gives each the honour that is its due. This largeness is strikingly different from a bigoted narrowness on this very subject, which is not unfrequently met with in our own time, and of which I have given a striking example in these chapters. Here is evidence sufficient, though in laconic passages, that the Roman poet had a love for sylvan nature, which if not so cultivated by attention to minute detail as that of a modern botanist, or a landscape-painter of the botanical school, still paid far more attention to detail than the wilfully ignorant criticism of the false modern classical school, which held the almost inconceivable theory that trees were to be regarded simply as trees, without distinguishing their species. I well know that we are strongly tempted, on the faith of a word here and there, to give credit to an ancient author for much more knowledge and much keener perception than he probably ever possessed, and that it is one of the commonest illusions of our complex intellectual civilisation to forget the simplicity of sight and thought in which men lived long ago, and to attribute to them our own habits and ideas from a respectful unwillingness to acknowledge any inferiority in them, but the exact truth about their ways of thinking is still ascertainable. It is clear that Virgil had much of the sort of vision which belongs to a modern painter. Let us not exaggerate this praise: there is an immense difference between merely writing down the words 'fraxinus in silvis pulcherrima,' and painting an ash-tree well, so as to make us *see* that it is 'pulcherrima.' It is easy to say that a bull has a white side and that the herbage he eats is 'pale;' but it requires an incomparably higher culture of the faculty which perceives colour to paint the white bull and the pale herbage in the right tints. However, it may be affirmed with truth that Virgil had the faculty of pictorial sight in the rudimentary state, because he takes notice of the things that painters give their lives to study; and it is perfectly conceivable, that had he lived in our own time he might have become a painter of rustic subjects, equal to Troyon in breadth and repose, superior to him in delicacy. Here, in two lines, is a picture that really reminds one of Troyon—it was the recollection of these very verses that made me mention that painter just now—a picture as highly finished as it can be in so brief a space, the subject being a bull with landscape adjuncts, exactly the kind of subject that Troyon painted with so much simplicity and truth:—

'Ille, latus niveum molli fultus hyacintho
Ilice sub nigra pallentes ruminat herbas.'

'He, with his snow-white side resting upon the soft hyacinth, ruminates the pale herbage under the black ilex.'

You have the white bull, the dark ilex, and then the middle tint of herbage, which is called pale by comparison with the tree. 'Black' is merely the popular term for dark, whether dark green or dark purple; it is still constantly used in this way in different languages, especially with reference to trees: thus we have the black poplar, the black forest, the black islands, &c. It is not too much to say that another colour is suggested by the simple mention of the hyacinth, and there is a delicate hint of pity for the flower crushed under the weight of the animal, but this belongs to poetry rather than to painting. I do not believe that any artist in words ever painted so complete a picture of animal and landscape with so few touches. You have colour (*niveum*, *hyacintho*), you have texture (*molli*), and you have light and shade (*nigra pallentes*). Whatever may be wanting in the tiny masterpiece is supplied at once by our own memory and imagination —*form* is only indicated by the mention of the kind of animal and the kinds of plants; but then we remember immediately what is the shape of a bull, of an ilex, and of a hyacinth.

To appreciate the full artistic quality of such a perfect bit of work as this, it is enough to place beside it any piece of common descriptive verse having a similar subject. But whilst thus heartily acknowledging Virgil's peculiar gift, and the art with which he so skilfully used it, a modern critic can hardly escape some feeling of surprise at what seems to him the *excessive* brevity of the classical writers. They said what they had to say so well that the wonder is they were not tempted to say more, or, if not more on the same subjects, that they did not treat other subjects in the same manner. Their inspiration does not seem to have been frequent in its recurrence, or of long duration when it came. We know that they corrected laboriously, and their corrections, like those of a sculptor on the marble, would result (with their taste) in a diminution of the mass. This being so, it is a subject of special regret that so much of the *Georgics* should have been occupied with mere receipts and advice for the use of farmers.

The interests of the sylvan life are very much the same in all ages, the differences which time has brought about being more in the arms and instruments we use than in the objects of our study or the manner of our enjoyment. The ancients had not our guns and microscopes, but they hunted and botanised after their own more primitive fashion, chasing the same animals, and gathering the same plants. In the fifth Eclogue there is a prospective sense of the duration of sylvan things which expresses itself very strongly in two verses :—

'Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ;
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.'

'So long as the wild boar shall love the ridges of the hills, or the fish the streams; so long as the bees shall feed on thyme, or the cicada drink the dew; thy name and honour shall remain.'

Well, here, within so short a distance of the Val St. Véronique, there *are* wild boars on the ridges of the hills, there *are* fish in the clear streams, and the bees feed on the wild thyme, and the cicada drinks the dew. So permanent are sylvan things that Virgil described prospectively all these neighbours of mine just nineteen hundred years ago. Neighbours, indeed! though, perhaps, it is not very neighbourly of me to shoot the wild boars, and catch the trout, and take the honey from the bees; but my conscience is clear as to the cicada—her I have never injured or robbed, not being able to see my advantage in so doing; and, therefore, I will call her 'neighbour' without remorse. As we have been quoting Latin lately, I may recall what an anchorite of the desert said with a true affection for this humble creature, that he had learned in the depth of his solitude,—'*Soror, amica mea, cicada!*'—'My sister, and friend, cicada!' I never see one of them without thinking of this and loving that holy anchorite.

There are not many *separate* landscape studies in Virgil's idyllic poetry, there are fewer still in that of Theocritus. Greek and Roman remained within the rigid limits of their art; and perhaps the Greek, by the quality of his language, even exceeded the Roman in that brevity that we approach with so much difficulty when we care to rival it at all. So Theocritus, in the twenty-fifth Idyll, speaks of the hill-tops with many springs, πολυπίδακος ἀκρωρείης, which the best French translation calls *collines aux sources nombreuses*,—how awkwardly! and which could not be adequately translated into English without borrowing Tennyson's expression, 'many-fountained,'

'Dear mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,'

which is itself an exotic form, borrowed from the very Greek word that Theocritus used, taken evidently from Homer, who uses it in connexion with Ida.

But the real subject or motive of the Greek idyll and of the Roman eclogue, the imitation of it, is not external nature; it is the life of man in nature, of man as an animal, or lower than any other animal, with pretty hills and foliage for a background, and flower-bearing, grassy lands to play in. It is strange that an immorality so disgusting, so inconceivable by us, should ever have been united with any simple and hearty love of nature, and it is the stranger that

the immorality itself was of a kind completely out of harmony with natural instinct and law: but the truth is, that in the measure of their powers these ancient poets, when they wrote idylls, set themselves to paint animal pictures with rustic backgrounds, the animal being sometimes a bull, sometimes a goat, but more frequently *man*. We have only to read these poems to perceive at once how inevitable it was for the ancients to arrive at the conception of the satyr. The sentimental shepherds whom they celebrate are morally so much beneath what we charitably hope is the common human level, that it is really a relief and a necessary transition to pass from them to the honestly semi-bestial condition of half-animal, in which we see at once that responsibility has been diminished by monstrosity of organization. Had these poets simply taken man as a part of nature and described his passions naturally, however frankly, we might have read their descriptions with the indulgence that we feel for savages in the South Sea Islands; but their groves are like the Cities of the Plain, and one desires for them, if not the consuming fire, at any rate the oblivion of Asphaltites—that dreariest, bitterest of seas, whose waters lie for ever, and so heavily—heaviest of all waters—on a vale not morally more impure than the Arcadia of classic imagination.*

I know that morality is not art, and that as we began to talk of these things simply from the artistic point of view, it is a complete change of key to pass into moral criticism. But it was impossible for me to speak of the old idyllic poetry at all without this protest; and now that the protest has got itself fairly uttered I am free to return to art.

The nature of the idyll has been accurately defined by a recent English writer on Greek poetry. 'The name of the idyll,' he says, 'sufficiently explains its nature. It is a little picture. Rustic or town life, legends of the gods, and passages of personal experience, supply the idyllist with subjects. He does not treat them lyrically, following rather the rules of epic and dramatic composition. Generally there is a narrator, and in so far the idyll is epic; its verse, too, is the hexameter. . . . Perhaps the plastic arts determined the direction of idyllic poetry, suggesting the name and supplying the poet with models of compact and picturesque treatment. In reading the Idylls it should never be forgotten that they are pictures, so studied and designed by their authors: they ought to affect us in the same way as the bas-reliefs and vases of Greek art, in which dramatic action is presented at a moment of its evolution, and beautiful forms are grouped together with such simplicity as to need but little story to enhance their value.'†

Although, as I have already observed, the landscape pictures that can be detached are rare in the great idyllists; they continually *associate*, as we have seen in Virgil, the material of landscape with the human life; they paint in their little compositions, and so closely that if you cannot separate the landscape from the figures, so it is hardly possible, on the other hand, to separate the figures from the landscape. Thus, in his first idyll, Theocritus begins with a pine-tree close to fountains, and speaks of its whispering or rustling, ψιθύρισμα, instantaneously connecting this vague music with the music of a goatherd playing upon his pipe; whilst the goatherd himself, in answer, connects the sound of water falling from a rock with the song of a shepherd. This was distinctly the *method* of the idyllists, who blended figures and landscape as closely together as they possibly could, often in a way that criticism might fairly blame as being too obviously intentional. The simplest and most natural way of doing this was by merely informing the reader that the little incident narrated occurred in such or such a pleasant place, where this or that species of tree was growing. 'Let us sit down here,' the goatherd says, 'under this elm, before this Priapus and these (carved) Kraniades, where

* Thus I have no hesitation in preferring the twenty-seventh idyll of Theocritus to the twenty-third, notwithstanding the frank license of the one and the decent language of the other. Indeed I think that the twenty-third idyll of Theocritus, and some of Virgil's, are the most essentially and perfectly abominable things, from the moral point of view, in literature. Everybody knows this who has read them, but somehow these authors escape the stigma of immorality because of their sacred character as classics. The worst of modern literature is purity itself in comparison.

† 'Studies of the Greek Poets.' By John Addington Symonds. London: Smith and Elder. 1873.

there are a rustic seat and oak-trees.' When the poet describes a vase he takes the opportunity of doing a little leaf-painting at the same time, by twining round the lips of it a garland of ivy mixed with pelichrysum, giving a dainty little touch of colour just at the last, καρπῷ κροκόεντι, of saffron-coloured fruit. The vase, too, is varnished with 'odorous wax,' the simple mention of which carries the imagination instantaneously to the bees and their labours, and thence to the flowers where the odorous wax is found. Nor is this all; for in continuing the description of the vase, Theocritus, whilst speaking of the figures upon it, says that near to one of them is a vine laden with grapes, and round about the vase is a wreath of the flexible acanthus. So in Virgil's third Eclogue the two cups, made by the 'divine Alcimedon,' are decorated with carvings of vine and ivy; whilst on two other cups by the same artist, belonging to Damætas, the acanthus is used for the handles; and in the midst the artist has represented Orpheus *and the forests following him*—'silvasque sequentes.' How completely the sylvan spirit flows into everything here!

Mr. Symonds, whom I have already quoted, thinks that, whilst it is difficult to speak in terms of exaggerated praise concerning the appreciation of scenery by Theocritus, Virgil lacks his vigour and enthusiasm for the open-air life of the country. The sentiment that we find in Virgil appears to be of a different nature. It is not so fresh and lively, but is more indolent and tender; still, it seems genuine also. The difference between the two is very like a difference that may frequently be observed between two landscape-painters in our own day, one of whom is remarkable for sketching vigorously in colour, and the other for concentrated finish and artistic arrangement of his material in the studio. The two artists may have an equal love for nature, although the work of the first will seem to have more vitality, and that of the second more accomplished art. Theocritus writes like a man who is accustomed to walk in all sorts of wild places, and who remembers his experiences in such walks. Thus, in the fourth Idyll, Corydon says, 'When you come to the mountain, Battus, don't come unshod; for on the mountain-land grow ῥάμνοι and ἀσπάλαθοι,' prickly shrubs of Sicily. Evidently this is the recommendation of a practical pedestrian. Then he has the art of finding pleasant spots to rest in; so Lacon says to his companion, 'Don't be in such a hurry, the fire is not at your heels. You will sing more agreeably when you are seated here under the wild olive-tree and those shrubs. Cool water trickles here; we have grass and a leafy couch, and the grasshoppers chirp close by.' Writing like this takes us out of doors at once, and to the very spot. In the seventh Idyll we have a rich description of a pleasant country-house, and the arrival there: 'Then Lycidas turned to the left'—observe the vivid reality given by this detail—'and took the road to Pyxus. But Encritus and I turned towards where Phrasidamus lived, and so did handsome little Amyntas. We reclined rejoicing in deep beds of odorous mastic-leaves, and in leaves just stripped from the vines; and many poplars and elms swayed to and fro over our heads, and close to us the sacred fountain babbled whilst it flowed from the grotto of the nymphs. And in the shade-giving branches the sun-browned cicadas tired themselves with chirruping, and the ὀλολυγων made its murmuring noise far off* in bloomless thickets of bramble. The larks and goldfinches sang, the turtle-dove uttered her plaintive note, the brown-yellow bees flew round about the fountains, everything smelt of the rich late summer, of the fruit-time. Pears and apples were beside us and at our feet, and the branches were weighed down to the earth.'

Evidently this description is from memory, it is a lively account of a rest in some house the poet himself must have visited. There is especially one touch, the poplars and elms waving to and fro over the heads of the boon companions, which *must* have been got from nature. There are other touches scattered about the idylls, which have a like reality. 'I began to love thee,' the Cyclops says to Galatea, 'when first thou camest with my mother *to gather hyacinths upon the hill.*'

* The creature is unknown, and the translation of the word can only be guessed at. M. Remer thinks it meant the green frog.

Whatever may be the differences between Theocritus and his greatest imitator, one thing they have in common, or perhaps it may be more accurate to say that one quality was preserved in the imitation, and that is their habit of calling everything by its own name. It is unnecessary to give examples of this, because every extract that I have made is an example. The weak pastoral poetry of their feeblest and latest imitators is not marked by this masterly precision. Theocritus always had before his mind's eye the image of a tree, when he thought of a tree at all, much too clearly for him to be ignorant of its species. The weak imitator does not see an elm or a poplar, but only 'trees,' which in English have generally the advantage of rhyming with *breeze*, and 'groves,' which are useful because they rhyme with *loves*.

When we pass from the early genuine pastorals to such a pastoral as the 'Aminta' of Tasso we very soon find out that we have left sylvan nature behind us. We have shepherds, and satyrs, and pastoral costumes, and an abundance of pretty talk, but we are no more in the fresh air of Theocritus than if the Tuscan poet had studied nothing but a classical dictionary. He does not really care in the least about the scenery of his poem; occasionally a tree is mentioned, or the woods, or a rivulet, or a little lake, but cursorily, in the temper of a figure-painter who dashes in a bit of background with what may happen to be upon his palette, The *words* of course come in well and musically, as words: '*l'onde*' rhymes prettily with '*fronde*.'

'Ho visto al pianto mio
Risponder per pietate i sassi e l'onde;
E sospirar le fronde
Ho visto al pianto mio;
Ma non ho visto mai,
Nè spero di vedere
Compassion nella crudele e bella.'*

These verses are quite typical of Tasso's treatment of landscape. He may use it for rapid allusion, but will not dwell upon it an instant longer than is necessary for his immediate purpose, and recurs to human passion as a workman who has glanced out of window applies himself again to his own business. So in the second scene (Act I.) Aminta tells, very exquisitely, that pretty story about the bee stinging, and how Filli, who was stung on the cheek, was cured by Silvia's lips; after which he, Aminta, who had not been stung by the bee, pretended that he had been, and so got a sort of kiss from Silvia, who did not know that she was kissing him; by which act of innocent charity Sylvia inflicted a deeper wound than any bee could have inflicted. This little scene takes place '*all' ombra d'un bel faggio*,' under the shade of a fine beech-tree, and in the course of the narrative Aminta compares Silvia's sweet words to the murmuring of a slow rivulet that makes its way amongst little stones, or to the noise of a light breeze under the leaves.

'E le dolci parole, assai più dolci
Che 'l mormorar d' un lento fiumicello
Che rompa il corso fra minuti sassi,
O che 'l garrir dell' aura infra le frondi.'

But the poet instantly passes from these light touches of landscape-sketching to the real subject of his thoughts,—'Then I felt in my heart a new desire to bring this mouth of mine nearer to her mouth.'

'Allor sentii nel cuor nuovo desire
D' appressar alla sua questa mia bocca.'

And when Dafne mentions a pond and an islet, it is only to tell how Silvia looked at herself in the water whilst she was dressing her hair and adorning it with flowers.

P. G. Hamerton.

* 'I have known the stones and the water answer my complaint from pity, and I have known the leaves sigh to it; but I have never found, nor do I ever hope to find, compassion in her who is cruel and beautiful.'

Gainsborough - p -

Waltner, sc. 1874

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

IX.—Thomas Gainsborough (1727–1788).

Orpin, Parish Clerk of Bradford, Wiltshire.

ETCHED BY C. WALTNER.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH was a genius of so general and unusual a type, that the world at present is at a loss which it ought to admire most, his landscapes or his portraits. Fortunately it is safe to admire both as a general rule; he displays the same power and freedom from littleness in each department. Yet it was long before Gainsborough was fairly successful—not, indeed, till he gave full liberty to his pencil, and freely indulged in his own method and fancy, as every painter should do: but his landscapes were never thoroughly appreciated in his own lifetime, though they are perhaps in their way little inferior to his portraits, which is saying much. Gainsborough's native place was Sudbury, in Suffolk; but he went to London when still a boy, and became the pupil of the French engraver Gravelot, who was also a very able painter: he attended the Academy in St. Martin's Lane; and had some teaching also from Francis Hayman, an indifferent historical painter, afterwards the first Librarian of the Royal Academy.

Young Gainsborough, however, endeavoured in vain to make his way by painting, trying both portraits and landscapes, being glad to receive from three to five guineas for a portrait; and so, after four years spent in London, latterly in Hatton Garden, he returned home, about 1747, in despair. But here he met with a young lady of much beauty and some fortune (she enjoyed an annuity of 200*l.*), of the name of Margaret Burr, and married her; and by her, two daughters survived him. The eldest was married to Fischer the musician. Gainsborough left Sudbury after his marriage, and settled as a portrait-painter at Ipswich: finding this eventually too limited a field, he removed in 1760 to Bath, where he was still so modest in his pretensions as to paint a portrait for five guineas; which, however, press of business enabled him soon to raise to eight!

Everything now progressed admirably as far as reputation fared, but many of his works remained on his own hands to adorn his studio walls. Yet so paramount was the excellence of his portraits that he became aware that in London alone could he find an arena worthy of him; and in 1774 he settled in the great metropolis, taking a part of Schomberg House, Pall Mall, which he occupied until his death.

In London he was at once the rival of Reynolds and of Romney; not only this, he was the rival of Wilson also in landscape; and he was, besides, a passionate lover of music. He was, however, of a capricious temper, which he exhibited in various ways. In 1783 he quarrelled with the Royal Academy because it would not hang a royal portrait-piece as he desired it to be

hung, and from that date he sent nothing more to its exhibitions. He was one of the original members of the Academy, but Edwards says he never mixed with his fellow-Academicians, either officially or convivially.

He died of cancer in the neck, August 2nd, 1788, aged sixty; his body was buried in Kew churchyard.

The National Gallery is fortunate in its examples (eleven in all) of this great English painter, possessing both early and late specimens, including some of his best portraits and of his best landscapes: as *The Market Cart* (No. 80), and *The Watering Place* (No. 109); and *The Parish Clerk* (No. 760), *Mrs. Siddons* (No. 683), and *Dr. Ralph Schomberg* (No. 684), all three superb portraits.

The *Mrs. Siddons* was painted in 1784, in her 29th year, and the year following that in which Reynolds executed his celebrated picture of the *Tragic Muse*, now in the Grosvenor Gallery; where is also the admirable portrait of the *Blue Boy*, one of the masterpieces of the English school.

Orpin, the Parish Clerk of Bradford, in Wiltshire (No. 760), the subject of our etching, is an early picture; it seems to have been painted for the grandfather of J. Wiltshire, Esq., of Shockerwick, near Bath, and it was purchased at the sale of that gentleman's collection at Christie's, in 1867, for the moderate sum of 325*l.* 10*s.* The composition is extremely simple; the old man is seated in a blue coat near an open window, with his face turned towards the light, and his hands on the first volume of a large folio Bible, resting open on a reading-desk before him. Half-length, life-size. On canvas, 3 ft. 11½ in. high by 3 ft. 1½ in. wide.

Gainsborough did not always paint in the careful manner shown in these fine portraits. The majority of his works are slight and sketchy, though masterly in an extraordinary degree; as in the great picture of the *Baillie Family* of Ealing Grove (No. 789); or the still more beautiful picture of the *Misses Ramus*, a half-length of two sisters, painted in 1779, and sold in May last year, at Christie's, for the enormous sum of 6615*l.*: the faces are beautiful, one especially, but the skill and freedom of the handling are certainly marvellous. The proprietor of this thing of skill and beauty has paid for it in perpetuity some 300*l.* per annum.

Gainsborough is described as having used very long brushes—that is, the handles of them; his principle apparently being to keep as nearly as practicable at equal distances from his sitter and his picture; which will explain some of those slight streaky touches hazarded often in very essential points of his portraits; sometimes he indulged in mere hatchings; but in these touches he seems to have been generally quite successful, a single line sometimes producing admirable effect. It must, however, be admitted that occasionally he carried this hasty mode of painting, by slight hatchings, to an extreme; as, for example, in the sketch of *Musidora* in the Vernon Collection (No 308).

After Gainsborough's death, in 1789, an exhibition was held in his house in Pall Mall of his remaining works and sketches: some were then sold privately, and the remainder at Christie's, June 2nd, 1792. There were in the exhibition 56 pictures, comprising several copies, full-lengths, and heads, after Vandyck and others, but the majority were his own landscapes. There were also 148 drawings, including a good many landscapes in black-lead and Italian chalk, and others of mere light-and-shade effects, being washed in with a sponge attached to a stick, with whiting, or white chalk, lights. Gainsborough also engraved a few plates. He is said never to have put his name to any picture; this may be true of his later years, but must not be accepted as positive.

See Sir Joshua Reynolds' 'Discourses,' XIV. (Dec. 10th, 1788), which contains a tribute to Gainsborough. Also, Edwards' 'Anecdotes of Painters who have resided or been born in England,' &c. (London: 1808.) And Fulcher's 'Life of Gainsborough.' (12mo. 1856.)

R. N. Wornum.

THE WITNESS OF ARTISTS TO THE BEAUTIFUL.

II.

IT is evident that the existence of art enlarges the data on which we build the philosophy of the Beautiful. Professed writers on the subject have not unreasonably gone back in imagination to the primal period when Beauty, as first created, existed alone in the solitudes of nature ere a single eye could see it or a mind enjoy it. The first crystal and the first coralline were beautiful, though as yet no human being lived to feel what beauty was. Yet it would seem probable that no beauty has ever been lost: if not seen by human eye, it has been known to the countless beings that inhabit earth and air. At all events, as soon as an artist came upon the scene, not only was an eye open, but there was a mind and a hand capable of creating Beauty anew. And in these latter days, when the arts have existed for hundreds and thousands of years, Beauty has become accumulative. The historic developments in the arts may be compared to accretions or growths in nature. We may almost speak of deposits or strata of the Beautiful. At all events we know how Beauty has varied from age to age, changed with race, climate, and other conditions of physical geography; how it has flowed and ebbed with the rise and fall of civilisations, at times almost touching extinction, and then again asserting the power and the spell of youth imperishable. It would appear, as I have said, that the phenomena presented in the historic development of the arts afford data upon which the philosophy of the Beautiful may be considered anew, if not constructed afresh.

Universal art may be said to embody a universal or an infinite beauty. Each product of art, like each individual artist, is partial or one-sided: indeed genius is sometimes shown in the way of exaggeration, as in the paintings, sculpture, and architecture of Michael Angelo. It was only given to Phidias to strike the happy mean between the little more and the little less. The vast majority of artists deviate from the middle lines of nature. In fact, each single artist and every separate work is but an atom in the world of art, and yet it is manifest that we have only to multiply the atoms to make the world. Hence, taking all art in the aggregate is something like taking Nature in her entirety; the each becomes the all, the individual is merged in the generic, accident is ranged under the law of average. The state of the case, as I have said, is now at length materially different from the time when the first artist was born and the first piece of sculpture or of painting executed. The observing critic placed at the beginning of all things, would see but a partial manifestation, a small fragment of the Beautiful; but when it comes to pass that artists are multiplied by thousands and works of art by tens of thousands, instead of the finite we approach the infinite. Just as each mind can see but a portion of truth absolute, so each artist can receive and embody only a segment or a fraction of the endless Beauty. But though each artist can but fashion a separate segment for himself, we have only to multiply artists from age to age indefinitely to complete the circuit of the circle. Thus in the end Beauty, as manifested through art, will become spherical; a sphere or a circle being the emblem of eternity and of the infinite.

And when we pass from a person to a period the same law is found to prevail: each period is partial, but all periods collectively become little short of universal. Whoever is familiar with the historic development of art knows that each school in succession has singled out for emphasis some one distinctive quality. Thus the Tuscan and Milanese schools were studious of mental expression; the Roman school, of bodily form; the Venetian, of colour. Each strove after a beauty or perfection of its own which might seem to be almost incompatible with the beauty of the others. And just because life is short and art is long, it is better that one thing should be done at a time; for thus the one idea, in proportion as it is circumscribed, is likely to be carried out to completeness. The artist who, aiming at universality, does not calculate the limitations which beset him, or who does not put his hand to the work and to the duty nearest to him, is like a philanthropist who, professing to ameliorate humanity at large, forgets

to put his hand into his pocket for the relief of his next-door neighbour. As in higher matters 'he who does not love his brother whom he has seen cannot love God whom he hath not seen,' so in art he who recognises no beauty in the daisy at his feet will not worship aright the stars above his head; so true is it that for artists, as for other mortals, the only approach to the infinite is through the finite: in other words, an illimitable distance must start with a foreground.

What is true of individual artists is, I repeat, true of artists collectively. Hence historic schools have been of most service when what they have found to do they have done with all their might. One school after another has sought to realise some express idea; accordingly the Beauty expounded throughout historic art is changeful, yet scarcely inconsistent and certainly not contradictory. The Beauty of one period does but supplement the Beauty of another period: from Giotto to Angelico, from Raphael to Guido, from the Carracci to Reynolds, Beauty makes her presence always felt, though in varying and inconstant form. Sometimes she is indicated by a slight sketch or a faint outline, at others the type is elaborated and consummated, and then again comes the taint of decay, as in times of decadence; but still Beauty has never been known quite to forsake the realm of art. And so long as the works of each successive period are not destroyed, a record remains of what each historic school in succession has thought of the Beautiful. Hence the historic evidence is accumulative, and so far, let us hope, progressive also. For though at any one time—like the present, for example—Beauty may be under eclipse or may be tainted by corruption, still there remains for all earnest worshippers of the divine not only a retrospective but a prospective view. Assuredly no limits can be set to the onward movements of the future; there is no finality in art. It has been justly observed that the works of the great masters should not be as clouded lenses to darken vision, but rather prove the telescopes which extend our range of vision. It has also been rightly said, that the seekers after Truth and Beauty in the present day are placed on a vantage-ground; they can mount on the shoulders of their ancestors, and thus reach a more distant horizon. Each artist, too, receives accumulative strength through the common fraternity of art; the lives of earnest and aspiring men in the past prove how, even in times adverse, a life may be made noble and a work divine. And thus each artist borrows strength from his fellows, and every school, through the common brotherhood of art, gains power and extension from cognate schools. I have never known a true painter or sculptor who did not feel some delight in a Beauty which lay outside his own studio; I have never known a man of earnest aspirations who was not only too thankful to commune with a perfection which he himself despaired of attaining. And in this brotherhood among artists, in this reciprocity among schools and academies, I recognise co-operative power and accumulative truth, as well as that oneness and universality in Beauty which implies its indestructibility. Beauty in art, as we have seen, is scattered, and 'we must be content,' in the words of Reynolds, 'to make up our idea of perfection from the excellencies that are dispersed over the world.' And Sir Charles Eastlake, in apparent contradiction but yet in actual accordance, tells us that 'Beauty, in all its highest forms, is calculated to impress on human beings the belief in a perfection greater than this world contains.' And this belief in a perfection not yet accomplished is a pledge of future progression. It can scarcely be doubted that the immense strides made in material civilisation, in the accumulation of wealth, not to speak of the increase and wide diffusion of knowledge, will, in accordance with past experience, be followed by novel developments in the arts. And judging from the past, new conditions, whether commercial or social, political or religious, cannot but induce new phases of the Beautiful.

Before concluding I will briefly illustrate by one or two personal examples the witness given by artists to the Beautiful. At the risk of recounting a thrice-told story, I would recall to remembrance the life and the works of Fra Angelico. This heaven-born artist is known to have habitually prayed before he painted, and it is related that when at work on the *Crucifixion* his cheeks were bathed with tears. It is further said that he would not retouch any of his pictures, that he left his figures just as they at first came

into form. He believed that his art was given to him from above, and he sought to make his works acceptable to the Creator of all things, from whom, as from a fountain, all beauty and perfection flow. Here is an example of what I have termed the unconscious or spontaneous testimony of artists to the Beautiful: in this beauty-loving artist, indeed, we see what is meant by intuition and by inspiration, and we realise in the works which he has left for the worship of the whole world Spencer's lines in 'honour of Beauty':—

'For the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form and doth the body make.

* * * * *

For all that's fair is by nature good;
That is a sign to know the gentle blood.'

Michael Angelo may appear at first sight an exception to the rule that all great artists have been in close communion with the Beautiful; indeed, his giant creations might almost serve as the boundary-line which divides Beauty from Grandeur. And yet the oft-quoted sonnets of this stupendous genius prove that 'imperishable Beauty' was the passionate pursuit of his life. But Beauty, as we have seen, is conceived of variously, according to the diversity of individual character, and it has been truly said that it needs greatness of mind to recognise the beauty which resides in strength. The intellect of Michael Angelo knew no compromise; it sustained perpetual conflict between good and evil, the mortal and the immortal, the human and the divine, and Beauty became not the pleasure of the eye but the intellectual symbol of truth absolute. Hence Michael Angelo, who in his works scorned all allurement and prettiness, invoked, as did Spencer and Shelley in our own land, intellectual and heaven-born Beauty in his written verse:—

'Beauty, perception bright to me was given,
When first I drew the vital breath of heaven,
O'er my vocation destined to preside
Its great exemplar and its faithful guide.

* * * * *

Deep in that source whence our existence flows,
Beauty's transcendent forms are all combined
Beyond aught other attributes of mind.

* * * * *

As heat from fire is not divisible,
Thus with the eternal blends the Beautiful,
And I their emanations ever hail.

* * * * *

Far other love points to Eternal Day,
Imperishable Beauty leads me there.'

But Raphael is the painter who, of all others, has given the most constant and conclusive witness to the Beautiful. Not only was he always on the look-out for what is lovely in nature, but he strove at the same time to eliminate from actual forms all taint of ugliness, so as to be able in the end to fashion a perfect human type. Did his works not speak sufficiently for themselves, we might learn his method from his written avowal, that 'as handsome women are scarce, I avail myself of a certain idea which suggests itself to my mind. Whether this has any pretence to excellence in art I know not; I strive hard to attain to it.' This 'idea' was, as the word implies, an aspiration to idealism: Raphael, in fact, ranks as a leader in the school of ideal art. It has been the fashion of late years to decry the beauty-loving Raphael, and Mr. Ruskin, the mouthpiece of the English Pre-Raphaelites, has asserted that when art in the Middle Ages 'lost all purpose of moral teaching, it naturally took Beauty for its first object and Truth for its second;' and further, 'that

the mediæval principles led *up* to Raphael, and the modern principles led *down* from him.' I have now no space for the argument which would prove that Truth and Beauty cannot be antagonistic; beautiful truth and truthful beauty at all events are well-nigh identical. I prefer in few words to throw in a personal illustration taken from Raphael's face. It may be accepted as an axiom that each fresh face born into the world differs from every one of the myriad faces created before. Now, the face is proverbially the index of the mind, and each fresh mind conceives of a new Beauty, accordingly each artist brings into the world of art a new type of the Beautiful. In other words, no two artists conceive of Beauty alike. This reasoning, as I have said, receives confirmation in the head of Raphael. It is not easy to define in what the genius of this transcendent artist consists. It is not always possible to say how we recognise a handwriting, the tone of a voice, or the sound of a footstep. But if we would understand in Raphael what can hardly be stated in words, we cannot do better than look into his face. There is something almost feminine in its sweetness, its tenderness, and refinement; the hair, parted at the centre, falls down in gentle, full-flowing waves upon the shoulders. The nose is long and tapering, as common to sensitive and æsthetic natures. The eyes are softly languishing, as with love tempered by sorrow. The hands must have been delicately formed about the wrists, softly and finely moulded in the palms, elongated in the fingers, every nerve vibrating with impulse, every movement in cadence with rhythmical thought. And could we now listen to his voice, we may be sure that its tones would be gentle and low. These traits I point to because I see in them the symbols of all that Raphael conceived and executed. I recognise the type and the expression of his features in every form that issued from his pencil; and as his face was beautiful, so were his works.

Beauty, although, as I firmly believe, one and indivisible, and, if I may venture to add, eternal, varies from age to age; each period may be said to be distinguished by a phase of Beauty peculiarly its own. And this is seen by the manifest contrast between the Beauty of mediæval and modern times. Of the latter I would adduce Sir Joshua Reynolds as a representative. If it was given to Michael Angelo to define the line which lies between Beauty and Sublimity, it may be said to have been the good fortune of Reynolds to show how Beauty may glide gently into Grace. In the pictures of this artist, Beauty is not 'the awful presence of an unseen power;' it is rather the expression of good taste and refined feelings, it is the issue or the adjunct of elegant manners, the garb worn in genteel society.

Plato has said, 'Beauty alone has this characteristic, that it is at once the most visible and the most pleasing of qualities.' Beauty, in its primary signification, is an object of vision, and the artist has his place in nature as the all-seeing eye: yet the eye is but the sentinel on the outlook to report to the central authority within; or the eye may be compared to the gate of the mind, the avenue through which Beauty enters and penetrates to the inner consciousness. Mark well how Beauty crosses the threshold, how she steps from chamber to chamber, and whether she takes up her abode comfortably in the place of the imagination. If you cannot make a home in which she may dwell you are no artist; you may be much besides, but noble art is not within your compass. The true artist is not only all eye, but, as Mr. Emerson would say, all soul; and if, when Beauty enters by the eye, it is not hailed at once as an object of love and of desire, then you are no artist. If, on its passage from the outward sense to the inward mind, it does not thrill every nerve with pleasure; if the whole frame does not pulsate under passion, so that the emotion creeps from member to member, from centre to extremity, till beauty is felt even to the fingers' end, ready to obtain through the pencil utterance in form and colour, and thus become once more an object of sight in statue or in picture, then you are no artist. But the Beauty which enters the artist's eye is one, and the Beauty given forth at the point of the pencil is another. Like the rain from heaven, it percolates through pores and strata ere it issues from the fountain; like light, it passes through lenses before it is clothed in colour. The artist's mind is seldom the pure crystal; it may be clouded, cracked, or discoloured: hence the image of the Divine is often marred.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

PORTRAIT BY REMBRANDT.

WE had not been able to procure the following details in time for the last number of the PORTFOLIO. The portrait by Rembrandt, of which we gave an etching by M. Massaloff, is in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna, and is the portrait of the artist himself. The picture is the size of life; it is painted on wood in a vigorous, masterly way, with a great deal of effect. Dr. Waagen, in his work on the galleries of Vienna, says that this portrait was probably painted about 1645. We may just observe that Rembrandt's numerous portraits of himself do not always bear a very striking resemblance to each other, and that this one does not appear to be an exception to the general rule of variety. The conflicting evidence of these works might be accepted as a proof that Rembrandt, however great an artist in other respects, had not in any remarkable degree the knack of catching a likeness; but we may also observe that a great portrait-painter is always powerfully affected by the moods of his sitter, and by many temporary characteristics. A landscape-painter, if he were to paint the same scene fifty times, under different effects and at different seasons of the year, would be sure to give us fifty different pictures; and so it may be with the portrait-painter who repeats the same subject under fifty different conditions of age, temper, attitude, and effect of light. Many of Rembrandt's portraits, when compared together, are not recognisable as the same person; but the original may have been scarcely the same person either, at different periods of his life. And let us observe, farther, that we see a painted face only in one attitude, only under one light; so that if we do not recognise it thus, we cannot recognise it at all; whereas the living face would move, and some accidental expression might ensure the recognition of it.

M. Massaloff, who etched the plate we published, is the son of a distinguished Russian collector, who lives at Moscow, and possesses, amongst other treasures, a fine Rembrandt, *The Artist's Mother cutting her Nails;* the picture which formerly belonged to an English collector, Mr. Ingram Foster, and has been engraved in mezzotint. M. Massaloff also possesses a collection of engravings and etchings, including splendid sets of Rembrandt, Marc Antonio, Dürer, and the school of the Netherlands. Being thus very favourably situated for the study of art, and encouraged by his father, M. Massaloff *fils* set to work seriously at an early age, and studied drawing, first at Moscow and afterwards in Germany, at Dresden, under the historical painter, Kriebel. At Dresden he also began to study engraving with Planer. Some time afterwards he worked in M. Flameng's *atelier* in Paris, to whom he attributes much of the quality of his present manner in etching.

Having thus acquired a substantial artistic education, M. Massaloff returned to Russia, and began to engrave the best pictures in the Hermitage. First he published a series of twenty plates, entitled *Les Chefs-d'œuvre de l'Ermitage Impérial de St. Pétersbourg*, and afterwards a series of forty etchings from the Rembrandts in the same collection. Although what is called an 'amateur,' M. Massaloff has been fraternally recognised by artists. The Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg awarded him a third-class medal in 1861, and a first-class medal in 1863, whilst in 1871 he was elected Academician. At the French *salon* of 1873 M. Massaloff had a third-class medal.

We have great pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers to this instance of earnest and serious amateurship. It happens most rarely that an amateur has sufficient resolution to undergo the discipline necessary to any success really worth the trouble which always attends upon the pursuit of art. There are, however, at the present day, a few amateurs, both in England and on the Continent, whose work is of substantial value, and a service to the world, not the less to be appreciated that the labourer renders it gratuitously.

WINTER LANDSCAPE BY RUYSDAEL

ETCHED BY M. BRUNET-DEBAINES.

THE only information which we have been able to procure with reference to the original of the present etching is, that the picture belongs at the present time to M. Max Kann. Nothing whatever is known about its history or its subject, except what the canvas itself may reveal concerning the latter; and the etching tells as much. Mr. Max Kann has kindly allowed this plate to appear in the PORTFOLIO at our request, and we present it on its own merits, which appear to us sufficient to excuse the absence of a history.

ART AND ANTIQUARIANISM.

THERE can be no doubt that in the present day the demand for Art very much exceeds the supply; or, to put it more precisely, there are too many people who want to have pleasant things to look at for their money, to be supplied by the people who feel any genuine impulse to make any particular pleasant thing. As for people with a vague desire to make something pleasant to look at, without quite knowing what, the supply is pretty nearly unlimited; at any rate the demand stimulates it quite sufficiently.

This condition of things is embarrassing in many ways, and not least in this, that instead of the artist taking the lead of the amateur, the amateur is apt to take the lead of the artist. In some kinds of pottery the artist maintains his independence by the invention of new processes, and in oil-painting he can isolate new aspects of nature as well as multiply technical experiments; but in architecture and most decorative arts the producer is very much at the mercy of the consumer, and the consumer is apt to set him to reproduce. This exaggerates a tendency of modern artists, which is more than sufficiently fostered by other causes, to take pleasure in other men's work rather than their own. And this again leads an artist to cultivate and over-cultivate all the perceptions which will help him to patience under the various defects of old work, which otherwise might hinder his enjoyment of it. He learns to take a pleasure, always accidental and frequently artificial, in all the signs of the history of an old building, in the rudeness, nay, in the feebleness of the original work, in the incongruous alterations and additions that were made to it from time to time, the injuries that it has sustained from the lapse of years, even the degradation that it has suffered in the hands of unthrifty possessors, who have defaced it in adapting it to their own mean notions of the comfortable or the becoming. Of course, the pleasure itself is perfectly legitimate; but it is a pleasure which, like most of the pleasures of reflection and all the pleasures of resignation, can only be felt in its perfection by those who live for it. And those who can live for it will always be few,—few not only in comparison with those who care only for material interests and coarse enjoyments, but few in comparison with those who care honestly and spontaneously for what is obviously beautiful and rather obtrusively picturesque, but not at all for what is shabby, and untidy, and decayed. Now what is to be desired before all things in the interest of Art is, that such spontaneous appetite as exists for it should be made the most of, that it should be provided with healthy and legitimate satisfaction, for it is seldom sufficiently robust to be stimulated by privation. It is strictly a limited quantity to begin with, and the development of which it is capable under the most favourable circumstances is not unlimited; so that it is useless, although pardonable, to wish that everybody who gets any pleasure from art at all, should learn to enjoy the condition of a parish church upon which churchwardens have done their worst for two centuries. And

though the wish is useless, it is not ineffectual; though it is pardonable, it is hardly innocent; it is good fortune for buildings as well as nations to live long and to have no history, the pleasure which we derive from the history of the misfortunes of a building which cannot defend itself is more ungenerous than the pleasure we derive from the history of a nation which can fight for its life and sometimes conquer. The attempt to communicate this pleasure to those who are not naturally capable of it is not without results, as has been said: the pleasure is not communicated, but the patience is; the eye learns to accustom itself to what it spontaneously and often rightly dislikes; or rather, the lust of the eye is mortified altogether. People come to think that it does not matter to them what they have to look at so that connoisseurs are satisfied. Any desire they naturally had for beauty is not refined but starved: and this is a much greater evil than that some monuments of the past should undergo unnecessary change. It is very far from improbable that Winchester Cathedral in its original state was better than St. Albans, if not equal to Durham, and it is easy to imagine the outcry of holy horror there would be if Winchester Cathedral were now as Wykeham found it, and Wykeham's plans were proposed to alter it. We should find all the faults of the Perpendicular style brought out as they have never been brought out yet. It is quite true that Wykeham, as it happened, had a genius which few modern architects, if any, possess; but it is true also that the enterprise in which he displayed it would now be characterised off-hand as simple Vandalism. The fact is, his eye was used to the effects of Gothic architecture, and he found Norman dull and heavy; and without the least inquiry as to whether posterity would regret the loss of their inheritance, he simply and courageously got rid of what he disliked that he might see what he liked in its place. No one wishes that Pugin, who was probably quite capable of the task, had been set to transform Durham in the style of Winchester; our æsthetic intolerance has fallen off even more than our æsthetic productiveness. But that is no reason why such æsthetic productiveness as we have should not be employed in the service of such æsthetic intolerance as really importunes us. And the evil of æsthetic repression is not only that old buildings are left to fall into decay, but the repression takes effect slowly, and until the suppression is complete the impulse is always breaking out in wrong places and in degraded forms. When the congregation are brought to the point of leaving a niche to crumble away without replacing the mouldings, because the broken outlines are pathetic to a cultivated eye, it is only a question of time when the churchwarden whose eye has been cultivated exactly up to the point of appreciating neat stucco and whitewash will realise his æsthetic ideal, and, if the vestry is economical, chip away the projections at the same time that they fill up the recess; and another churchwarden with a turn for munificence is likely to put up a handsome table of prohibited degrees or ten commandments over the plaster, with flourishes at top and bottom that would have done credit to the most accomplished writing-master.

That is the series of events which archæological associations are really preparing when they gloat over unrestored churches and forget that monuments were made for man and not man for monuments.

If two men are to ride upon one horse, one must ride behind: when an old building has to be kept in use, no doubt there are two parties to be considered—those who take an acquired æsthetic interest in the whole artistic past of the building, and those who take a natural interest in its present, and who wish before everything else that the present appearance may be entirely satisfactory to living eyes. Now the former party, though much less numerous, are much more earnest; and, for the reasons given above, those whose æsthetic sense is strongest tend to drift into their ranks, and therefore they assume, and the assumption is seldom challenged, that whoever rides before they are not to ride behind: and yet if the majority and their descendants are to have fair play for such a sense of the beautiful as they are naturally endowed with, it really seems that this is what the minority must learn to do in any case, especially one where the old rule applies, that whoever pays the piper

calls the tune. Besides it is to be remembered, that in the course of another generation at furthest we shall probably have arrived at a tolerably complete knowledge of all that there is to be known about the styles of architecture which have left monuments in habitable repair in Europe; and that when there is a perfect dictionary of architecture, and a perfect series of architectural museums, the historical interest of a great many architectural fragments will be, upon the whole, exhausted. No doubt till the characteristics of Saxon masonry are well established it is reasonable that the heart of an archæologist should bleed at the thought of a bit of it being pulled down to make room for a new aisle that is wanted; but if church-going is to keep pace with population the aisle will continue to be wanted long after all that can be known of Saxon masonry, or learned therefrom, is stowed away in some safe repository more accessible than an out-of-the-way parish church.

It really cannot be proved to any one who has the rudimentary courage to ask for a reason, that the one proper thing to be done with an old building is to leave it alone, and if this is unhappily impossible, to do as little as we can, and to do that, if we can, out of sight. It can be proved that the causes which lead to its being assumed without proof are transitory in their origin, though if they are left unchecked they may operate quite long enough to do serious harm. It is true that Wyatt did serious, irreparable mischief to individual buildings. It is much to be wished that no follower of Wyatt may have the chance of turning the Collegiate Church of Manchester into the choir of a new Cathedral. But he did less mischief to the development of Art in England than was done in the sixteenth century by the sudden check to ecclesiastical architecture, at a time when it was in luxuriant activity: the gradual transition from Tudor splendours to the elegant domestic art of George III. is as much a decadence as the transition in Greek poetry from Pindar and Sophocles to the poets of the 'Anthology.' There is a tendency visible already, both in civil and ecclesiastical work, to be content with bare simplicity, which may be expected to get barer in many places where some kind of system of decoration would have been regarded as essential half-a-dozen or a dozen years ago. At present the tendency is still in its infancy, but it will soon gather strength if the treatment of all valuable old buildings is to be determined by an unholy alliance between a generous, if superstitious reverence, and an economy so practical as to be almost sordid. If it were universally understood that the future of a building is more important than its past, we should find it possible to come to an understanding as to the value to be set upon the records of the past in practice. The popular desire for immediate intelligible pleasantness and completeness of effect is at least as liable to be perverted by its own excess as the cultivated desire for historical continuity. The same test really applies to both: Is the desire likely to be permanent? For instance: we do not feel with the employers of Wyatt that it is worth while to abolish the choir-screens of all cathedrals, and to throw the Lady chapel into the choir in order that the 'Gothic vista' may be as long as possible. It is hardly likely that a keen regret will be felt fifty years hence for the filled-up notches in a chancel arch, which indicated where the staircases were to have been that were to have led into a rood-loft that never has been and never will be built. Again it may be admitted, that if cathedrals are to be 'utilised,' it is better to replace the stone screens, which for the most part have little character, by open screens of metal-work, which can hardly have less; and it cannot exactly be said that beauty as well as history is sacrificed to convenience, for the common arrangement of a fifteenth-century screen with a seventeenth or eighteenth-century organ upon it had really some of the æsthetic disadvantages without the practical logic of the Spanish arrangement, which boldly thrust the walled 'coro' into the middle of the church, and frankly treated the cathedral as a set of covered avenues leading to a nest of chapels. The same test may be applied to another question: What is to be done with an old building if it is necessary to do a great deal because it is much defaced or insecure? The question only arises where the old building has suffered many things at the hands of many old builders, for otherwise it is

scarcely possible to imagine a case in which any plan could recommend itself except to bring the building back to its original state. But when the original state is gone there is always the question whether we shall restore that or the latest state of the building when it was in good repair, and there is no abstract right or wrong to guide us. We cannot be sure beforehand that we are bound to reproduce a perfectly harmonious building of a single period, nor yet that the work of all creative periods is too precious for any of it to be effaced. We have simply to decide how the building will look best for the rest of the time it is to stand. It is only where this test leaves us still in doubt that we have to fall back upon the rule of changing as little as possible. One reason why this rule cannot be absolute is that few old buildings were ever really finished according to the intentions of their builders, and that when they were finished it was not very often that the style in which they were finished was appropriate. The mouldings of middle-pointed stonework are really defaced by polychrome, and yet polychrome on pillars and capitals, as well as on walls and ceilings, was an essential to the middle-pointed scheme of decoration: a church, till it was painted, was as incomplete as a house till it is papered. It was not exactly that the builders, or their employers, were afflicted with an incapacity for leaving well alone; they had something really desirable in view, but until late in the Perpendicular period they hardly saw their way to attaining it harmoniously; and, therefore, if we wish to carry the internal decoration of a building, like Salisbury Cathedral, up to the point to which the founder wished to carry it, we shall find ourselves forced to reconsider his plans. There is, of course, the alternative of deliberately stopping short at something simpler; but there, too, we come round to the same principle from which antiquarians are so anxious to emancipate architects. We have to deal with and content our own deliberate preference, whether we wish for less or for more than those who first planned the buildings which we inherit. If we find that the play of light and shade on the warm grey stone of Salisbury satisfies us, that is enough: we are not bound to colour it because Bishop Poore would have thought it necessary. If we find the grey stone of St. Paul's cold and dingy under a London sky, we are not bound to be content with it because Wren wished for little more. The question of what is to be done with a great church, which in its present state is unsatisfactory to three people out of four who care for it, is much too difficult to be complicated by the assumption that one of the faultiest of the supreme buildings of the world is to be kept untouched till we can find a faultless artist to design a faultless scheme of decoration.

G. A. Simcox.

THE SYLVAN YEAR.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF RAOUL DUBOIS.

CHAPTER XV. (*continued*).

WHEN you come to the French imitation-pastoral, the indifference to landscape is pretty nearly absolute. You have '*rochers*' and '*bois*' and '*forêts*,' of course, but not the faintest sign that the writer has ever walked in the woods with his eyes open. The following lines from Houdard de Lamotte are a fair specimen of the sort of landscape-painting you have to expect:—

> 'Aux plaintes de Daphnis les Nymphes s'attendrirent;
> Dans le creux des rochers les échos en gémirent;
> Comme aux accords d'Orphée on vit du fond des bois
> Les lions attendris accourir à sa voix.'

The most curious thing about the French pastoral writers of the eighteenth century is that they do really seem to fancy themselves students of nature. Le Brun wrote a poem on 'La

Nature, ou le Bonheur Philosophique et Champêtre,' and in the first canto invokes the wood-gods and the nymphs :—

'Et vous, de la Nature immortelles compagnes,
Vous, déités des bois, vous, nymphes des campagnes,
Laissez-moi parcourir vos bosquets ombragés
Que l'art contagieux n'a jamais outragés.'

Here are decided intentions of taking walks in the woods, but they come to nothing ; and the poet does not get beyond a very external interest in agriculture, which leaves him at liberty to soliloquise at great length upon things in general.

It was only after the mania for imitating Virgil and Theocritus had *completely* spent itself that the genuine modern school of pastoral art arose. The feeling which inspired Theocritus exists in our own day, but now, when it is genuine, it *never* expresses itself in the form that was natural to him. Most commonly, a modern poet who has this inspiration gives utterance to it by means of colour upon canvas, making his idyll really *visible*, according to the derivation of the word from εἶδος and εἴδω, and he who cares for this kind of poetry may find good pages of it in the annual exhibitions of pictures. Sometimes our modern writers in verse or prose describe rural things with idyllic grace and sweetness, yet hardly ever with idyllic concision ; and it is for this reason chiefly that a painted idyll, which produces its effect instantaneously on the spectator, is nearer to the original conception of the εἰδύλλιον. I should like very much to quote some of the best modern work in writing, but it is almost impossible to do so without invading one's space too much : such quotations are like the young cuckoo in a small bird's nest, they grow and grow till they push the native progeny aside. 'Les Laboureurs' of Lamartine is a very good specimen of the *genuine* modern rustic poem. Here is one extract, spoilt, or nearly so, by being cut too short. It is quite a picture :—

'Laissant souffler ses bœufs, le jeune homme s'appuie
Debout au tronc d'un chêne, et de sa main essuie
La sueur du sentier sur *son front mâle et doux ;*
La femme et les enfants tout petits, à genoux
Devant les bœufs privés baissant leur corne à terre,
Leur cassent des rejets de frêne et de fougère,
Et jettent devant eux en verdoyants monceaux
Les feuilles que leurs mains émondent des rameaux ;
Ils ruminent en paix pendant que l'ombre obscure
Sous le soleil montant se replie à mesure,
Et, laissant de la glèbe attiédir la froideur,
Vient mourir, et border les pieds du laboureur.
Il rattache le joug, sous sa forte courroie,
Aux cornes qu'en pesant sa main robuste ploie
Les enfants vont cueillir des rameaux découpés
Des gouttes de rosée encore tout trempés ;
Au joug avec la feuille en verts festons les nouent,
Que sur leurs fronts voilés les fiers taureaux secouent
Pour que leur flanc qui bat et leur poitrail poudreux
Portent sous le soleil un peu d'ombre avec eux.'

This is just as truthful as the best bits of Virgil, and it is a charming rustic scene. I have *Italicised* what seem to me the best and happiest touches. We see that this is strictly the same rustic inspiration that animated Troyon and Rosa Bonheur, yet sweeter and tenderer than theirs. Millet and Jules Breton, two poets who have worked in colour, have much more human sympathy than the two illustrious animal-painters just mentioned, and are nearer, but in their own original way, to the temper of the literary artists. But by far the greatest of all modern writers on rustic subjects is George Sand. She alone has found the means of conciliating a perfectly rustic tone of thought with the exigences of accomplished art. You may read her

'La Petite Fadette' in any farmhouse within sixty miles of the place where it was written, and the peasants will understand you and be grateful; you may read the same book to the most learned critics in polite literature and they will feel the freshness of Theocritus, the consummate art of Virgil. When Landry is seeking his twin-brother Sylvinet by the brook-side there occur the most exquisite paragraphs, finished like portions of a poem:—

'Chacun sait pourtant qu'il y a danger à rester au bord de notre rivière quand le grand vent se lève. Toutes les rives sont minées en dessous, et il n'est point d'orage qui, dans la quantité, ne déracine quelques-uns de ces vergnes qui sont toujours courts en racines, à moins qu'ils ne soient très gros et très vieux, et qui vous tomberaient fort bien sur le corps sans vous avertir. Mais Sylvinet, qui n'était pourtant ni plus simple ni plus fou qu'un autre, ne paraissait pas tenir compte du danger. Il n'y pensait pas plus que s'il se fut trouvé à l'abri dans une bonne grange.'

Landry finds his brother by the brook-side, and then comes one of the most perfect bits in the whole story. See how delicately finished it is, and yet how full of nature, and how free! It is precisely in the early Greek idyllic manner, the unaffected manner of Theocritus:—

'Il se mit donc à siffler comme s'il appelait les merles pour les faire chanter, ainsi que font les pâtours quand ils suivent les buissons à la nuit tombante. Cela fit lever la tête à Sylvinet, et, voyant son frère, il eut honte et se leva vivement, croyant n'avoir pas été vu. Alors Landry fit comme s'il l'apercevait, et lui dit sans beaucoup crier, car la rivière ne chantait pas assez haut pour empêcher de s'entendre: "Hé, mon Sylvinet, tu es donc là? Je t'ai attendu tout ce matin, et voyant que tu étais sorti pour si longtemps, je suis venu me promener par ici, en attendant le souper, où je comptais bien te retrouver à la maison: mais, puisque te voilà, nous rentrerons ensemble. Nous allons descendre la rivière chacun sur une rive, et nous nous joindrons au gué des Roulettes."'

The difficulty of writing well about rustic subjects is twofold. Either the writer may be untrue, as Florian was by a false refinement, or he may be too realist, too *terre-à-terre*, like a vulgar painter, and be excluded from all access to the ideal. Our knowledge of nature feels itself insulted by the first, and our sense of artistic *convenance* by the second. The two faults, of utterly opposite kinds, were very cleverly united in the same song by a writer who felt the absurdity of Florian and the crudeness of the realism that is entirely without an ideal. He makes a poet go into the fields with his head full of Florian's notions, and enter into conversation with a shepherdess of the least imaginative type. What *he* says is the 18th-century pastoral, with its false ideal; what *she* answers is the gross modern realism that has no idea whatever. In the *chanson* the male speaker has entirely the worst of it, yet before the tribunal of a competent art-criticism she also would be condemned as unfit for the world of art—that world which has laws of its own about truth, where truth is studied earnestly, yet never uttered without reserve. Here is one stanza:—

'He.

'Permets qu'à ton corsage
Je place ce bouquet,
A tes pieds ce feuillage,
Sur ta tête ces bluets!

She.

Monsieur tout ça m'ennuie,
Moi qui n'ai qu'mes sabiots,
S'il vous en prend l'envie
J'vous les casserai d'sus le dos.'

P. G. Hamerton.

ADRIEN GUIGNET.

IF one were asked whether any single quality could be fixed upon as common to all artists of eminence, the answer might be that every such artist has had the power to create for himself a microcosm—a little cosmos of his own. Every powerful artist is grafted on the great cosmos-tree of nature, and receives its sap for his nourishment; but no sooner does the sap flow into him than it is transformed by the virtue of his own being into a fresh creation, and the fruit he gives is not the fruit of the tree on which he was engrafted. Adrien Guignet had this power to a degree not unusual amongst great artists, but exceedingly unusual amongst minor ones; and every one who knows his 'microcosm,' as Théophile Gautier very happily called it, will remember it as a distinct world, unimaginable by anybody else, and truly the product of a homogeneous artistic imagination. It is wonderful how such a little world on canvas fascinates us when once we have obtained an entrance, and how eager we become to see a little more of it, and a little more, till we have exhausted the achieved work of the artist, and then we feel that there must have been still a great extent of the same dream-land in his own imagination, of which we can never know anything, since the access to it was closed for us by the cessation of his productive activity.

I never met with any one capable of entering into the conceptions of imaginative artists who did not in this way want to know more and more of Guignet when he had once got admission into his dream-land. He was one of those artists whose fame is sure to extend itself, however gradually, for he remains permanently in the memory, taking possession of his own place there and keeping it in spite of the enormous quantities of other work that we meet with in galleries and exhibitions. The reason is, that Guignet was a poet on canvas, and I propose to give some account of the sort of poetry he painted, and of the spirit and habits of his life.

He was born in 1817 at Annecy, in Savoy, and he died at Paris in 1854.* His family afterwards lived at Salins, and was ruined by a great fire that destroyed much property there in 1825. Guignet's father then became steward at a château, and the boy lived there from thirteen to sixteen, having access to wild nature, and this may have had its influence on the future character of his art. At sixteen he was put apprentice to a land-surveyor, but became tired of the business in a week, and fled to the woods, where he lived as he could for a short time, after which he returned to his parents and declared his fixed resolution of becoming a painter. He was not the first of the profession in his family, but I know absolutely nothing of the works of the other and elder Guignet, so it may be well to keep silence about them in this place. Adrien went to Paris, got a room for nothing, high up in General Pajol's town residence, which was the General's way of being kind to him, and for seven years, from 1832 to 1839, the young artist worked in Blondel's *atelier*. Then he went and worked alone, and alone in a sense much more absolute than is usual with artists. His custom was to paint in perfect solitude, and not to let anybody see what he was doing until it was quite finished; and if by chance this solitude was ever broken in upon and the canvas seen by the visitor, he would either alter the composition of it, or else throw it aside altogether. He lost all interest in a picture that was no longer his own secret. By this private way of work it is evident that his imagination could act more freely than it could have done in a studio crowded by callers; and if we think of him as a poet, which he was, it need not surprise us that he should have liked to be alone during his hours of composition. This love of solitude, not for solitude's sake, not from hatred to mankind, but for the work's sake, and for the vision, has always been a characteristic of poets; and it is probable that the fashion of having studios which are like drawing-rooms, crowded with a succes-

* I am indebted for the facts of Guignet's biography to an article by Théophile Gautier in the 'Magasin pittoresque,' but had formed my own opinion of his genius and work long before I became aware that Gautier was also one of his admirers.

sion of visitors, may in some measure be accountable for the too general deficiency of the poetic element in painting.

Guignet had this great advantage over unimaginative artists, that a picture with him was always primarily a pure mental conception, not a thing to be seen and copied, as a student copies a model. There cannot be a doubt that an artist who is gifted enough to start from this point begins his picture at the right end, for he strictly follows the imaginative method of the true creators. Whilst recognising, as clearly as Lessing did, the difference between poetry in verse and sculpture or painting, we may still remain convinced that when the creative imagination operates in these different arts it operates much in the same way, although, in the outward expression, it may select or reject this or that idea as being more or less in harmony with technical conditions and necessities. The best condition for an artist would be that in which the knowledge of the appearance of things was so complete that he would have no occasion to refer to nature, or even to his own studies and memoranda, during the progress of his work, but would be left just as free as a poet in words, to follow out a purely imaginative conception, developing it, giving it form and colour, *realising* it, if that may be called realisation which remains obviously a dream. His business, in a word, would be to render the dream visible. Well, this was exactly the condition in which Guignet lived and worked. He had been a thorough student, and had acquired all necessary knowledge before giving himself up to his own imaginings—this, of course, is a condition *sine quâ non*. But once in dream-land he never again quitted it; and even in his way of studying from nature he sought much more a stimulus to imagination than a knowledge of positive facts. Gautier says, that instead of painting studies when out-of-doors in the society of other artists who were friends of his, he would quit his companions, get into wild rocky places, and sit motionless for hours together, gazing and dreaming, whilst the puffs of smoke came from his pipe in regular, time-measuring succession. He did not touch pencil or paper, did not make the slightest sketch, yet received from nature what he sought, and after bathing himself in the influences of the forest and the sunset went back to his own chamber to his work. Sometimes he would sit gazing in the same abstracted way at a white canvas for two or three days without touching it, then suddenly make the dream visible in a picture executed with astonishing ease, decision, rapidity.

The subjects on which his imagination exercised itself were almost always chosen, if, indeed, he at all consciously chose them, from a remote antiquity—from the books of the Old Testament, or from ancient Greek or Roman history and legend. He took great interest, also, in a race which had no history of its own, the Gauls whom Cæsar conquered. The wilder parts of France were peopled again with Gauls by Guignet's imagination. He saw them in groups amongst the rocks and under the great trees of the old forests; he saw them in myriads on the plains, resisting with hopeless valour the terrible strength of Rome. No flaming sunset of Burgundy could redden the rocky fastnesses but Guignet would see his Gauls lurking in their shadows, or coming out in the fiery light to watch the distant enemy. So when he paints a dolmen a Gaulish shepherd leans against it beneath the moon. It seems as if his imagination could not have the freedom that it needed without going back two thousand years. It is possible, also with respect to the Gauls, that Guignet may have experienced a sentiment of sympathy which we sometimes find amongst the more cultivated and imaginative of modern Frenchmen. Historians always write from the Roman point of view, just as if they saw every event from Cæsar's camp; but Guignet is a Gaul at heart, and it is easier for a painter to dwell upon Gaulish subjects than it would be for a writer: the writer would not find material enough—the painter has ample material in the valorous human frame, the vigorous physical action, the scenery of rock and hill, of primæval forest, with landscape effect which, if studied in our own time, is true also of Cæsar's time. There is, too, a peculiar interest for the spectator in seeing the Gaul on canvas—the Gaul of whom he knows so little and is willing to believe that the painter can tell him more. Even the effect of sunset, seen by the painter in some recent excursion, appears to the spectator transported twenty centuries back, because there is a Gaulish chieftain

in the foreground, and the spectator finds it interesting to see how the sun set in the days of Vercingetorix.

Once or twice Guignet painted a slight subject from the Middle Ages, such as *The Knight Errant* and *Don Quixote*, for the poetry of the rider going armed in the wild rough landscape. He thoroughly understood the importance of landscape to a figure-painter, and its remarkable influence in connexion with figures. Far from disdaining it as an adjunct of little consequence, he relied upon it for half the power of his work; or, rather, he conceived landscape and figure simultaneously and inseparably. In the *Don Quixote* the impression is due to the weird harmony between the scene and the figure, the great spaces to right and left being a suggestion of the wide world into which the knight wandered. In all Guignet's works the landscape is made for the figures, yet does not look *contrived*—it looks inevitable: of course the figures must have been in that landscape which suits them so well; of course that wild scene must have been inhabited by such warriors, by such banditti. Gautier put this painter between Salvator Rosa and Decamps, but it might be more accurate to put him after Decamps, whose influence upon him is very marked. Guignet first exhibited in 1840, when Decamps had already appeared in five exhibitions; and it happens curiously that in 1839 Decamps came out in great strength, for he had ten or eleven works in the salon of that year. Guignet learned a good deal from that great artist, but never servilely imitated him, and does not appear to have been bitten by the rage about Decamps' processes, which at one time possessed so many young French painters. Salvator influenced both, to some extent, but more as to choice of wild subjects than in their execution. Guignet was not so fine a colourist as Decamps at his best, he was too fond of pervading hot colour, often of the kind which artists call 'foxy;' but he was a master of browns, yellows, and warm greys, and a most skilful artist manually—more skilful in a certain sense than Decamps himself was.

In 1848 the Duc de Luynes, who so well understood the fine arts and encouraged them so magnificently, wrote to Guignet to offer him a great commission for three large works to occupy panels in the dining-room at Dampierre. This commission would undoubtedly have led to much subsequent fame and success if the artist could have lived to enjoy it, but he unfortunately died in 1854 of the smallpox. His reputation, which was considerable amongst artists twenty years ago, has shown no signs of extinction, but on the contrary has gradually extended itself since then, and may be considered assured in France. His life on the whole appears to have been a happy one; he was absorbed in his art, and had the gifts of nature that were needed for his work. Although success, in the sense of money-making, came rather late to him, the other sort of success, the encouraging consciousness of doing good work, came to him early, and he was probably never troubled with any doubts about his vocation. He had both the imaginative and executive faculties, so that for him there was no dearth either of ideas to be realised or of the ability needed for their realisation.

P. G. Hamerton.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

X.—Meindert Hobbema. (1638–1709.)

The Avenue, Middelharnis, Holland.

ETCHED BY L. GAUCHEREL.

HOBBEMA, the pupil, friend, and rival of Jacob Ruysdael, is one of those masters who seem to have received no honour in their own country until their merits have been discovered by the foreigner. This was the case, too, with Albert Cuyp, as it has been of other masters of other lands. This neglect is partly owing to the real obscurity in which the painter lived while struggling for his modest livelihood, to the consequent silence of early memoir-writers of painters, and partly to misconception, or to misrepresentation, which has occasionally been even wilful.

In the case of Meindert Hobbema, it seems to have been genuine ignorance which was the source of his long obscurity; but M. Scheltema of Amsterdam, to whose researches we owe many interesting facts concerning the history of the arts in the Netherlands, has now dispelled the cloud that hung over the circumstances of the life of Hobbema. Yet he cannot have been absolutely obscure in his career, if it is true that Berchem, Adrian Vandevelde, and Lingelbach, were of those who were in the habit of inserting the figures in his simple compositions, which are commonly secluded retreats of a very quiet, ordinary nature, with but little variety of character.

His views are commonly sunny wooded scenes, with a small pool of water, a cottage or a mill being not an unusual object for the chief feature. In the National Gallery, which has several very fine examples of the master, we have—a cluster of trees, with a cottage and a pool; an avenue leading to a village; the ruins of an old castle by the side of a piece of water; a village with water-mills; and a small forest scene—another cluster of trees with a pool: he has not unfrequently made several pictures of the same materials, merely slightly changing his position. He belonged to the realistic school, and is considered hard by some connoisseurs, but it may be questioned whether Holland has yet produced a greater landscape-painter.

Hobbema's name occurs only once in Gerard Hoet's Collection of Sale Catalogues, 1752, when a good-sized landscape was sold at Amsterdam, in that year, for thirteen florins, about one guinea. Hobbema was a resident of Amsterdam, and possibly a native of that city; but he is claimed also by the city of Haarlem, by the town of Koeverden, and by the small village of Middelharnis in Holland: and from the exquisite skill and labour he has bestowed upon the picture of the Middelharnis Avenue, in the Peel Collection in the National Gallery, the subject of our present etching, one is much tempted to believe that this village was really the place of the great painter's birth.

The positive facts respecting Hobbema's life are not many; an important one is that found by M. R. Elsevier—the registration of his marriage to Eeltie Vinck, of Gorkum, on the 2nd of October, 1668, in the Reformed Church at Amsterdam. Jacob Ruysdael was a witness to this marriage, and the bridegroom has recorded his age on the occasion as thirty; so that he was born about 1638, and was accordingly not many years Ruysdael's junior: but he survived his friend thirty years.

The best of Hobbema's works seem to have been executed when he was a young man, and before his marriage. The dates of his pictures, as far as ascertained, range only over about twenty years, from 1650 to 1669, and of the sixteen dated works noticed in Smith's 'Catalogue Raisonné,' five of them belong to the year 1663. The date of the Middelharnis view is doubtful, as one figure is obliterated; but from the precise realistic character of the painting it is not likely to have been a late work: it belongs, perhaps, to 1659, or to not later than 1669; it is inscribed, '*M. Hobbema f.* 16.9.'

Van Eynden and Vander Willigen* state that Meindert's father was Willem Hobbema, a sergeant in Captain Solema's company in garrison at Koeverden, and that the son was baptized there on the 6th of August, 1654, when, according to the marriage register, he was already sixteen years of age.

In July, 1704, his wife Eeltie died. She was four years older than her husband, and the painter followed her to the grave less than five years afterwards, at the age of seventy-one. He died poor at Amsterdam, in his lodging in the Roosegraft, where Rembrandt, likewise in poor circumstances, had lived and died just forty years before. Hobbema was buried in the Westerkerkhof, Dec. 14th, 1709.†

The great feature of this view of a Dutch village is the fine avenue of tall and straight-lopped trees which leads up to it, constituting the centre of the picture: on either side of the road is a broad ditch; beyond the ditch, on the spectator's left, are plantations; and on the other side are some farm-buildings and a nursery-ground, with a man pruning. A sportsman, with his gun and dog, is on the road, approaching from the village, of which the church tower is a very conspicuous and pleasant object. On canvas, 3 ft. 4½ in. high by 4 ft. 7⅓ in. wide. Formerly in the Vander Pot Collection at Rotterdam. Purchased for the National Gallery with the collection of Sir Robert Peel in 1871.

R. N. Wornum.

GREEK ART IN THE KIMMERIAN BOSPOROS.

IN an article which appeared in the Portfolio of July last I drew attention to a series of sculptures which bring down the history of Greek art as late as the accession of Alexander the Great, from which period onward, as I remarked, there is a want of emphatic and well-authenticated examples of sculpture, till we approach the Augustan age, when the antiquities of Herculaneum and Pompeii can be used as illustrations. But if this intermediate period of Macedonian ascendancy—say from B.C. 330 to B.C. 100—is deficient in examples of monumental sculpture, it is singularly rich in smaller works of art, such as coins, gems, vases, terra-cottas, gold ornaments; and in the Second Vase-room and in the Gem-room of the British Museum may be seen some exquisite specimens of all these classes, derived principally from Southern Italy, but also from Athens, the islands of the Greek Archipelago, and Kyrene.

Among the vases of this period the amphora from Rhodes, on which is painted the surprise of Thetis by Peleus, is, perhaps, the finest extant specimen of the later school of ceramography

* 'Geschiedenis der Vaderlandsche Schilderkunst, &c.' vol. iv. p. 101. 1842.

† Ch. Kramm, 'Geschiedenis van de Beeldende Kunsten in de Nederlanden.' Supplement, 1864.

The fictile art of Southern Italy is nobly represented by the series of vases and rhytons from Capua, recently purchased from Signor Castellani, the celebrated Meidias vase from the Hamilton Collection, and by many other choice specimens which once adorned the Pourtalès and Blacas Museums. We have, too, thanks to the zeal and intelligence of Messrs. Werry, Crowe, and Dennis, successively consuls at Benghazi, a most interesting collection of later vases from the Kyrenaica, including several the dates of which are fixed by the names of Athenian archons inscribed on them; and the later ceramography of Athens is well represented by a series of polychrome, lekythi, and smaller vases. In connexion with these vases of the Macedonian period should be mentioned the later terra-cotta figures from Athens, Tanagra, Southern Italy, and the Kyrenaica, in which the national collection is very rich.

The collection of gold ornaments in the British Museum has only lately been developed in sufficient extent to admit of instructive classification; when its arrangement is complete it will be seen that we possess many fine specimens of the later Greek goldsmiths' work and jewellery. I would particularly mention here the Melos necklace and the series of earrings, which have been obtained partly from the Archipelago and the Greek islands and partly from Southern Italy. Among the gems will be found some portraits of kings in the Macedonian period, which may be best studied in connexion with the regal coins of the same period, electrotypes of which are now exhibited. But if it may be said that the history of later Greek art is amply illustrated in the British Museum, such illustration is certainly not sufficient for the student, unless taken in relation to the treasures of other museums. Thus, as might naturally be expected, it is in the Museum at Naples that the later fictile art of Southern Italy may be best studied; and through the purchase of the Campana Museum, and the excavations made by M. de Bourville at Kyrene, the collection of terra-cottas in the Louvre has become one of the finest, if not the finest, in Europe.

The Museums of France and Italy lie on the great highroad of European travel, and are familiar to most students of art. But if we want to trace out the history of ancient goldsmiths' work and gem-engraving through the splendid and luxurious period ushered in by the conquests of Alexander, and if we wish to follow Athenian fictile art through the successive phases of its decadence, we must turn from the beaten track of tourists and go north. In the Museum of the Ermitage at St. Petersburg are treasures of Greek jewellery, metallurgy, and fictile art, of matchless beauty and surpassing interest. These treasures have been, for the most part, obtained from the excavations which the Russian Government has so perseveringly and intelligently carried on for many years in the district round Kertch, once the seat of Hellenic civilisation; and the same enlightened policy which initiated those explorations has made their results known to Europe in two magnificent publications, not so much studied in this country as they deserve—the 'Antiquités du Bosphore Cimmérien,' edited by Gilles in 1854; and the 'Compte rendu de la Commission archéologique St. Pétersbourg,' now being published by M. Stephani. As these costly volumes are probably in very few private or public libraries in this country, it will be my object in this article to draw attention to some of the remarkable discoveries which they record and illustrate. And first it may be well to say a few words about the region from which the treasures of the Ermitage have been mainly derived—that remote outpost of Hellenic civilisation where a Milesian colony held its ground for several centuries in immediate contact with the fierce hordes of Scythia—the country anciently called the Tauric Chersonese, now the Crimea. It was here that some time in the sixth century B.C. the adventurous Milesians founded one of the earliest of their colonies on the north shore of the Euxine, the city of Panticapæum, a place which, under its modern name—Kertsch—will ever be associated in our memories with one of the most striking episodes of the Crimean War. The position of Panticapæum, at the extremity of the little peninsula which forms the western side of the Kimmerian Bosporos, was chosen with that judgment which the early Greek colonists generally showed when they had to get a footing on a coast liable to the sudden inroads of barbarians. A dyke cut through a narrow isthmus separated the little

territory round Panticapæum from the rest of the Tauric Chersonese; and the maritime supremacy of the Milesian colonists enabled them to command the narrow straits leading into the Sea of Azoph, and to get possession of the peninsula on the Asiatic side of the strait, on which Phanagoria and other Greek cities were founded. Over this little territory, bounded on the west by Theodosia, an hereditary dynasty of Greek princes reigned from B.C. 438 onwards till the great Mithridates absorbed their territory into his Pontic empire, about three centuries afterwards. The position of these Princes of Bosporos was peculiar. As regards their Greek subjects they claimed no higher title than that of Archon, though their rule was despotic, and they styled themselves kings of all the barbarous tribes in the Asiatic part of their dominions. But on the European side of the straits their authority was less firmly established, and they had to pay tribute to the powerful Scythian tribes who bounded them on the west of Theodosia. The land lying between Panticapæum and Theodosia was fertile in corn, while the Palus Mœotis supplied abundance of fish, as well as of salt; and these commodities, as well as salted meat, hides, and barbaric slaves, found their way to the markets of the Greeks round the Ægean, where they were exchanged for the oil, wine, and other products of the more genial south. This trade was mainly carried on with Athenian capital and under the Athenian flag, and hence arose that close alliance between the kings of the Bosporos and the Athenian people to which we have frequent allusions in Demosthenes, and other Attic orators, and of which, as I shall show, other evidence is afforded by the tombs near Kertsch.

The first explorers of the Kimmerian Bosporos were M. de Stempkovski and a French *employé* of the Russian Government, Paul Dubrux. It was in 1831 that Dubrux examined the celebrated tumulus called by the Tartars 'Koul Oba'—the Hill of Cinders. Within this mound was a square chamber surmounted by an Egyptian vault, and containing three human skeletons and the skeleton of a horse. One of these skeletons was that of a man of large stature, and was lying in a wooden coffin, in one compartment of which were the remains of an iron sword, a whip, and a bow-case, all mounted in gold or electrum. On the head were two hoops of gold, which had probably supported the tall Oriental helmet called *kidaris*. Round the neck was a torc; the arms were encircled by armlets and bracelets of gold. In front of this coffin was the female skeleton, adorned with magnificent gold ornaments. The other skeleton was found near that of the horse, and was probably that of a groom. The sepulchral chamber, in accordance with the general custom of pagan antiquity, was furnished as if for the use of a living person, with silver jugs, drinking-cups, and other vessels for a banquet, and with bronze vases in which food had been stored up. One of these vases was found full of mutton-bones; and an earthen amphora, with the stamp of Thasos on the handle, showed that then, as now, the wines of the Archipelago were imported to the Crimea.

The lady interred in this tomb wore on her head a broad diadem of the pale gold called electrum, on which were embossed fantastic monsters and Greek floral ornaments. A necklace, composed of fine chains with pendants, and a tall collar embossed with figures and arabesques, both of gold, encircled her neck. Lying on her breast were found two large medallions representing the head of Athene, the helmet ornamented with sphinxes and gryphons, as in the chryselephantine statue by Phidias. These medallions are in the form of pendants of earrings, but are too large to have been so worn. Near her feet was found a vase of electrum, ornamented with a frieze of Scythian warriors; one of whom, seated on the ground, is undergoing the operation of having a front tooth extracted. Some fragments of ornamented wood-work, on which were painted a frieze of birds and chariots, were found near the female skeleton, and are supposed to be the remains of a catafalque over her bier. There were also many fragments of boxwood, on which were designs of exquisite beauty, drawn with the point. Among these compositions M. Stephani recognises the Judgment of Paris.

Equally rich were the ornaments of the principal male figure. The hoop of gold which had supported his tall cap was ornamented with gryphons and arabesques; the ends of the torc of solid gold round his neck were fashioned in the form of two Scythian horsemen riding at

each other; his bracelets terminated in two sphinxes, modelled as none but a Greek goldsmith can model. On his right arm was an armlet, ornamented with lions and warriors richly enamelled on the gold. At his left side were the remains of his sword, the hilt of which was plated with gold wrought with reliefs. In his leathern whip, strands of fine gold wire had been intertwined. His other arms were a bow, the case of which was richly ornamented with lions, and a small round buckler, from which Gorgons' heads frowned defiance on his enemies. These two arms were of gold. In the tomb was found quite a little armoury of more ordinary weapons, among which were bronze arrow-heads, so hard that the file made no impression on them. A hone for sharpening arms, made of a greenstone mounted in gold, was found near the principal figure. The floor of the tomb was strewn with buttons and embossed plates of gold, which had once ornamented garments; and in a second and lower tomb, the contents of which having been plundered clandestinely in the night can never be known, it is said that even a larger quantity of gold was found. The richness of the treasure and furniture deposited in the Koul Oba make it almost certain that one or more of the Greek royal archons of the Bosporos was buried here, with his queen, his horse, and probably his groom.

In a tomb opened at Paulovskŏi Kourgan, near Kertsch, in 1858, were found the remains of a young Greek lady. She had been attired in a garment richly embroidered, fragments of which still remained. It appears to have had a deep fringe, on which were wrought Amazons and arabesques, a fashion which we often see in figures in the later vase pictures. Her boots, made of fine leather and coming up to the calf, were perfectly preserved. Though it is said that there is 'nothing like leather,' M. Stephani is probably right in his statement that this is the only pair of Greek ladies' boots which has survived to gratify the restless curiosity of the 19th century. It is evident from the size of these boots that the fair Panticapæan had very small feet, and we have a right, on the *ex pede Herculem* principle, to assume that the rest of her person was delicately formed and finely proportioned. On her head she wore a gold *ampyx*. The bronze mirror, which she had so often consulted in life, accompanied her to the tomb. Her coffin, probably of cypress wood, had ornaments painted in red and gilt. A silver coin of Panticapæum, found amid these remains, must have been the *ναῦλον*, placed, according to Greek custom, in the mouth, to pay the grim ferryman of the Styx. But the most precious object found in this tomb was an amphora, on which was painted Triptolemos, the mythic inventor of the plough, setting forth, under the auspices of Demeter, to till the soil of Attica—a legend peculiarly congenial to the corn-bearing region of the Bosporos. This beautiful vase, which I shall notice more particularly in a later article, is very similar in style to the celebrated Thetis vase from Camirus in Rhodes, which has been already referred to.

Near Nikopolis, on the right bank of the Dnieper, in the province of Jekaterinoslaw, a tomb was opened in 1862–3, which M. Stephani believes to be that of a Scythian king, buried with his queen and some of his retinue. In this tomb was a magnificent silver-gilt amphora, certainly the finest extant specimen of Greek repoussé work in silver. The body of this vase is richly ornamented with birds and floral arabesques; round the shoulder is a frieze of Scythians breaking in and grooming their horses. The mouth of the vase is closed by a strainer, after percolating which, the wine or other liquor poured into the amphora escaped through three spouts near the foot, two of which are formed by lions' heads and the third by the head of a winged horse, which project, like gurgoyles, from the sides of the vase. We learn from the spirited composition of the frieze most curious details respecting the type and costume of the Scythians, and their breed of horses. In the same tomb was found a gold plate which, from its form, had evidently ornamented the *gorytos*, which served at once as bow-case and quiver for the Scythian, and is characteristic of a race whose life was chiefly passed in the saddle. On this gold plate are two mythological compositions in relief, in the finest style. That these reliefs are from the hand of an Athenian artist is probable, not only from the beauty of the design and execution, but also from the subject, in which M. Stephani recognises the Attic legend of Alope, the daughter of the Eleusinian Kerkyon and the beloved of Theseus.

On another gold plate, which had ornamented the scabbard of a Scythian sword, the *akinakes* of the Medes and Persians, is a rich composition in relief, representing a combat between Greeks and Scythians: the artist, probably an Athenian, has so arranged his groups as to leave the victory undecided, as if the desire to please his barbaric patron had not overcome the pride of race so justly cherished by the freeborn Hellene. Not less marvellous as a work of art was the handle of the royal sword, which was made of solid gold, terminating in two bulls' heads back to back, and ornamented with hunting-scenes in relief, in which mounted Scythians are shooting the steinbock of the Caucasus. On the fingers of the queen were ten gold rings, the hoops of which were not continuous, but open like bracelets to admit of elasticity.

Up to the year 1864 the researches made in the Asiatic part of the kingdom of Bosporos had not yielded much fruit, but in that year an excavation was made in the twin tumuli called Bliznitsy, in the peninsula of Taman. In one of these mounds was discovered, in a vaulted chamber, the remains of the richly attired lady whom M. Stephani believes to have been a priestess of Demeter. These remains were found lying in a wooden coffin, which had been richly inlaid with figures in ivory, and ornamented with Ionic pilasters, the capitals of which had the eye of the volute inlaid with glass, as was the case also in the Athenian Erechtheum.

The ornaments of the priestess formed a treasure rich and beautiful beyond description, I must therefore refer the reader to the Plates in the 'Comptes rendus' for the year 1865, where he will see delineated the great *kalathos*, ornamented with a frieze, representing a battle of Scythians and Gryphons, which the priestess wore on her head; the frontlet in which Stephani recognises the head attire called by the Greeks *stlengis*, the immense earrings, the two exquisite necklaces, all of gold, and the bracelet of which the ends terminate in lions springing in antagonistic movement. The earrings resemble those of the queen buried in the Koul Oba, and consist of large medallions representing Thetis carrying the armour of Achilles on a dolphin, from which hangs an intricate net of chains and pendents. M. Stephani justly remarks that these earrings were much too large to have been worn in the ears, and must have been attached to the ends of the *kalathos*, and worn as pendents covering the ears. It is probable that these magnificent ornaments and the larger of the two necklaces were reserved by the priestess only for the solemn functions and processions of the worship in which she officiated, as they were clearly quite unsuitable for the wear and tear of daily life. The gold sceptre and earrings from a tomb at Tarentum, now in the British Museum, were probably also part of the state attire of a priestess. In the tomb of the Panticapæan lady must have been a whole wardrobe of sumptuous embroidered dresses, such as we find enumerated among the dedications to the Brauronian Artemis in a treasure-list from the Athenian Akropolis. Of these precious fabrics of ancient looms nothing remained in the tomb of the priestess but some hundreds of gold embossed plates, rosettes, and studs, among which busts of Demeter, Persephone, and Herakles, heads of Medusa, Sphinxes, Gryphons, and other mythical subjects, occur abundantly.

Valuable evidence as to the age of these remains is afforded by the discovery of a gold coin of Alexander the Great, in very fine preservation, in the tomb of another lady buried side by side with the priestess. This second tomb had been opened and plundered, but the rich architectural ornaments of the chamber remained, and here, on the covering-stone of the roof, was a painting, which is of surpassing interest, not only from its beauty, but because it is believed to be the oldest Greek mural painting which has come down to us. It represents a female bust, her head surrounded by flowers. A coloured facsimile of this unique picture, on a reduced scale, forms the frontispiece to the volume of 'Comptes rendus' for 1866.

I have in this article only noticed the most remarkable discoveries recorded in these instructive and interesting annals of Russian archæology. In a future number of the PORTFOLIO I propose to offer some general remarks on the date, character, and probable source of the productions of Greek art found in the tombs of the Crimea.

C. T. NEWTON.

'L'EAUFORTE EN 1874.'

M. CADART, the well-known French publisher of etchings, has issued a portfolio of plates under the above title, which we have no hesitation in recommending as very much superior to the ordinary level of such publications. There are thirty plates, all of them, or nearly all, distinguished from common work, either by some technical merit or some decided artistic quality. There are hardly any failures, and the one or two unfortunate attempts that might be called so by a critic of unnecessary severity contain evidence of much serious study, only rendered negative in its result by some defect of artistic culture, which, once pointed out, might be remedied without much additional toil. We are the more disposed to notice this publication that it tries to preserve the tradition of etching as an independent art—not altogether an easy task in these days, when there is so much etching from pictures, and etching seems to have settled into a kind of engraving.

The plates are of very various sizes, but the paper they are printed upon measures exactly 20 inches by 14. Every care has been taken to issue the work in a manner worthy of a serious art, both in the paper and the printing, which are faultless. The list of names includes eighteen or twenty that are already well known, but the publisher has wisely admitted about a dozen more whose reputation is not yet definitely confirmed. The title of the set inclines us to suppose that a similar issue may be repeated annually; and if this should be the case, we hope that the same principle of editing may be followed in future years. Amongst the known names several will be already familiar to our own subscribers, such as Lalanne, Feyen-Perrin Hédouin, Veyrassat, Legros, Lançon, Le Rat, Appian, and Martial.

The plate we publish as an example of this series can scarcely represent more than the individual ability of its author; for, in a collection so very various as this, where every contributor only sends a single work, there is much more individuality than in ordinary sets of engravings. Thirty years ago, when several different engravers were employed upon one set of plates, they often came so near to the same system of execution that you could not recognise any difference in their manners: thirty years hence, if the present systematic culture of etching from pictures continues till the exactly proper way of doing everything is definitely settled, perhaps it will be as difficult to distinguish between etchers. Let us therefore enjoy and appreciate this variety whilst we have it. Here, to begin with, is M. Hédouin's way of work, certainly as charming as any; and enough in itself, one would imagine, to convince the most incredulous of Philistines that an etching is not of necessity harsh, scratchy, or rude. The title of the work is *Spring*, and it is etched, we believe, from a picture by the same graceful and delicate hand. In strikingly direct contrast of manner we have *Le Bonhomme Misère* by Legros, which some of the most serious old masters would have recognised as the work of a brother. M. Hédouin's plate is good and popular: that of M. Legros is equally good, yet cannot by any possibility be popular; but it is downright sound work, nevertheless, full of thought and imagination. Between these two extremes we have the richest variety of styles, of which we have not space to attempt the analysis at present. We may mention a clever plate, *Un Uhlan*, by Detaille, the clever young pupil of Meissonier, who has become famous at an age when most artists are only just beginning to feel their way in their work. M. de Rochebrune contributes a large and masterly plate of an interior, the chimney-piece of his own magnificent studio in La Vendée, a great edifice of carved stone, with monstrous fire-dogs, griffin-supporters, &c. Celestin Nanteuil has etched a Roman peasant-girl, in a manner upon which that of Hédouin may have been founded, for Nanteuil was Hédouin's master long ago, and is a veteran who preceded the contemporary renaissance of etching. It is scarcely necessary to observe with reference to Veyrassat's plate that it represents cart-horses, and

that one of them is black and the other white; but we may add that it is one of the best plates of its class the artist ever executed, and that it combines, with much art, the most various degrees of finish in execution. *Au Bord du Vecht* (Hollande), by M. de Gravesande, has a quality common to all that good etcher's plates of subjects that include water—the water is rendered with great truth, and with the most simple means. M. Taiée has a capital subject in *Les Vieilles Maisons du Pont-Neuf*, with their wonderful roofs and chimneys, the bridge, the equestrian statue, the distant dome; but what a pity it is that an artist who understands buildings so well does not understand perspective just enough to avoid offending people who do! The old houses here need a good deal of minute rectification in their perspective lines.

One reflection strikes us on closing this handsome portfolio. If thirty etchers can be found in one country able to produce thirty plates of this quality, there is little reason to apprehend any imminent extinction of the art. We owe a word of acknowledgment, in conclusion, to M. Cadart for his catholicity as a publisher. It is not every publisher who would willingly issue work so various as this; yet it is most desirable for every fine art that he dealers who have so much influence over its course and destiny should remember, as M. Cadart does, the essential difference which subsists between art and industry, and protect the quality which is most in danger in times of great industrial production—individuality.

BOUGH STRUCTURE.

THE pleasant series of papers entitled 'The Sylvan Year,' designed especially for the perusal and consideration of those who feel sympathy with landscape art, bring to mind many things which have occupied my attention in my frequent sylvan walks, most of which are, I dare say, either too trivial or of too purely botanical interest to be put on record here. As, however, 'Truths of Vegetation' find most inadequate insistence in our accepted routine of art-teaching, it occurred to me that it might be worth while to follow up one or two special points referred to by M. Raoul Dubois. For example: M. Dubois mentions (PORTFOLIO, 1873, p. 102) as a 'great advantage of the winter season . . . . that it enables us to see the structure of trunks and branches so much better than we ever can do when they are laden with summer foliage.' But he does not happen to follow this opening far. Let me try here to call attention to some truths which have gradually grown upon me in this very connexion. In the first place I may remark, that we are too apt generally to look upon leaves as mere *appendages* of trees. M. Dubois speaks of them in the case of his favourite walnut, as constituting 'voluminous green sleeves!' I do not wish to write here too technically, but I may say that it is most true that, for general purposes of plant morphology, nothing is more noteworthy than the contrast in which we find stem and leaf, axis and appendage, from the first unfolding of the germinating embryo to its fullest attainment in the sylvan brotherhood. Note how curiously animal conditions are reversed in plants; we animals fulfilling all our needful functions in our axial portion, head and trunk, to which the limbs are in the relation of very needful but not absolutely essential ministrants. Plants, on the other hand, have nearly all their essential functions fulfilled in and by their appendicular organs,—by their *leaves* of one kind or other; whether the scaly leaves sheathing the winter buds, which are merely protective, or the broad delicate expansions of ribbed and tender green, which we speak of in ordinary language simply as the 'leaves,' which are indeed the kitchens of the plant, where all the food is cooked in the sun, with a complexity of chemical change we can but faintly appreciate; or the gaily coloured petal-leaves, clustered

together in close rings, which serve the plant a twofold purpose,—a *protective* function, protecting the delicate highly specialised leaves which they enclose, and an *attractive* function, calling to the bees, butterflies, moths, and other thirsty passers-by, to sip of their nectar-stores, and so scatter their golden pollen for far-sighted use ; or, lastly, the seed-leaves folded up for winter-storing and rest in the seed, 'which must die before it is quickened.' The stem we may look upon simply as a sort of platform or stage for the due unfolding of the leafy system, maintaining, too, a most necessary connexion between the root and the leaves as a channel for water conveyance, as the hand conveys the cup to the mouth.

Acknowledging, I say, all this functional contrast between stem and leaf, we must not overlook their close structural relation and continuity. Consider, for example, the constant relation between the mere size of the individual leaves and the degree of fineness to which the ramification of the branches is carried ; in other words, between the size of the individual members of the temporary system and the degree of complexity of the permanent system of the tree. Compare a spray of horse-chestnut with a spray of elm, and the mutual adaptation, in each case, of ramification to the leaf-surface which the ramification has to support, is apparent enough. There is a tree which the Chinese call the 'Tree of Heaven,' well known in France as the ailanthe (*Ailanthus glandulosa*), now much planted by public promenades : you may find a young tree of 10 to 15 feet in height with not over 5 to 10 ultimate branchlets, each branchlet as thick as the finger, and apt in winter-time to be looked upon as strangely uncouth. But the ailanthe bears a leaf often 2 to 3 feet in length, divided into 20 to 40 leaflets, set all along, right and left, a long midrib, strong enough and long enough when it falls in autumn to be mistaken for a willow wand. These noble leaves are disposed in enormous plumes around the extremities, which they nearly conceal. At farthest remove from such an example we have our own hornbeam, in which the ultimate ramification of the permanent system, the branches, attains, perhaps, a greater delicacy of reticulation, as traced against a winter sky, than any other of our trees—greater, perhaps, than even in the case of the birch. But then, in both hornbeam and birch we have the smallest leaves of our woodland, those of birch smaller than those of hornbeam ; only in the former the ultimate twigs droop all around, given off in a spiral succession, so that as a general rule they tend to arrange themselves in at least three vertical planes ; while in hornbeam, consequent upon the two-rowed arrangement of the leaves in a single plane, the ultimate twigs are necessarily disposed horizontally upon the opposite sides of a penultimate branch. (Let us keep in mind this convenient distinction, which may fall useful, between ultimate and penultimate branchlets—the branch-generation of last year and of the year before.) Before dismissing the hornbeam there is one more pretty peculiarity which it presents, brought most vividly home to me here on misty mornings—not few about London—when the trees are all dripping with moisture though without perceptible rainfall. Then we may note each ultimate twig to be bent up at its tip in a pretty curve, so that the lowest part of the curve is some inch or two behind the tip ; under this curve hangs a single drop of water, each delicate little twiglet with its sparkling gem—a sight to behold on a sudden burst of sunshine athwart the gloom, 'shattered' by the myriad prisms into burning ruby, amethyst and emerald.

Accepting, then, what is truly apparent enough when we once look for it, this constant relation between what we may speak of as relative coarseness and delicacy of ramification and the mere size of the leaves, let us go on to inquire into some of the causes which determine the peculiarities of ramification ; or, perhaps I may say rather, the specific character of ramification. All of us who love sylvan scenes identify our old friends in the winter-time easily enough, and far enough away not to be aided by the colouring or fissuring of the bark (about which another day). To take two familiar trees in strongest contrast in winter-time in regard to their form of spray—the beech and elm. The beech we can always distinguish by its innumerable spear or arrow-like extremities radiating in every direction, reminding one of the rocket tongues of spray we see in mighty waterfalls, but here with the vital energy overcoming the mere force of gravity, which only the water can acknowledge. A cultivator of long experience wrote a paper

not long ago, trying to make out that the beech enjoyed immunity from the lightning flash. How far this may be I cannot say from my own experience, but on reading his paper it struck me the beech, with its infinitude of pointed sprays, might, to a certain extent, act the part of a bunch of wires held towards the prime conductor of an electrical machine, and so draw away imperceptibly from the charged atmosphere the dangerous excess which near more rounded tree-forms might find sudden outbreak in harmful discharge. There may be something in this, or nothing: I should not like to be held in any way responsible for a life lost under the shelter of a beech.

Let us see how this spear or arrow-like expression of the beech contour is brought about. Now one thing I find in my sylvan experiences to hold as a probably safe guide in prying into the secrets of branch-building. It is to base observations mainly upon the behaviour of young, rapidly growing, healthy trees. These generally afford a true key to the conditions which obtain in the adult state. They offer a kind of normal, to which we have constant occasion to refer amidst incessant variation. Taking an ultimate twig of young beech in winter, we find it, say a foot in length, straight, with the exception of a delicate undulation or zigzag alternately right and left from leaf-scar to leaf-scar. It bears a terminal scale-covered bud, narrow and sharply pointed; then, at approximately equal intervals all the way down from the alternate leaf-scars to right and left, similar lateral buds. Let *fig.* 1 represent, a last year's twig; *a* the terminal bud, *b b* the lateral buds. Now gather a spray a year older. Here it is, *fig.* 2; *a* and *b* as before. The terminal bud *a* of *fig.* 1 has, by direct prolongation, repeated the parent shoot for our present purpose, equalling it in length. The lateral buds, *b b*, have also each of them grown out into the little twigs marked *c c*; all of them, observe apparently aiming to be nearly of the same length, the terminal bud only giving origin to a longer shoot from the advantage it possesses in readier and more direct communication with the root supplies. Let us go back to a third year (*fig.* 3), which explains itself, *d d* being in the same relation to *c c* as *fig.* 2 to 1. Observe the main features to be the persistent predominance of the growth from the terminal bud, the approximately equidistant intervals between the lateral shoots, and, lastly, the acquirement by all the lateral shoots of the same year of nearly the same length. Mind, I do not say that you may easily find any actual branch of beech fulfilling all these conditions at once, but I maintain that continued observation will lead you to regard this as a fair diagrammatic expression of the normal beech type. Connect now the tips of all the shoots by a dotted line, and note the lance or arrow-like outline of the entire bough.

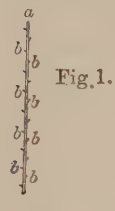

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3

Take now an ultimate branchlet of young, actively growing elm. If from a vigorous tree it may well be a foot in length at least. It is straight as the twig of beech, and bears in the same way, at fairly equidistant intervals, lateral leaf-buds, very much smaller than those of the beech, but apparent enough to the eye. It is not, however, provided with a truly terminal bud like beech. The apparently terminal one is really from the base of the uppermost leaf of last summer: the actual axis of each ultimate twig of elm is not itself prolonged year by year as in beech. This curious difference I may have to refer to further on: it does not matter to us for our present purpose one straw, since the uppermost, and, as we see, apparently terminal bud, does to all intents and purposes continue, almost in a right line, the direction of the shoot which bears it. *Fig.* 1 of beech may serve to re-

THE SYLVAN YEAR.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF RAOUL DUBOIS.

CHAPTER XVI.

AS an eloquent speaker dislikes interruption, and never attempts to display his eloquence when he cannot be sure of silence round about him, so the nightingale says nothing in the daytime, when a thousand other voices and noises of all kinds would interrupt his melodious utterance, but reserves it for the silence of the night, when he alone is king of the forest, and he may fancy that all other creatures are listening. His song was too original and too beautiful to be mixed with the vulgar noises of the day, and even the glare of sunshine would have been too violent an accompaniment; but when the woods lie dark in the broad shadows that are cast by the midnight moon, and only a leaf glitters here and there as it trembles in the soft, noiseless breezes of the summer night, then, on some thin high branch, the nightingale sits and sings alone. And what wonderful singing it is! Many a human reputation has been overdone, but this reputation of the nightingale, great as it has been in all countries that are favoured by his performances, and even in other countries, too, by hearsay, has never yet fully prepared any sensitive person to hear him for the first time without both delight and amazement. The wonder ever remains that a creature so small and weak, so little gifted with the graces of outward appearance, a little, thin, grey bird that only weighs half-an-ounce—the weight of a letter—should possess a voice as strong as the voice of a prima donna at the Opera, and at the same time so marvellously sweet and pure. But not alone for its strength and its purity is the song of the nightingale astonishing. Its variety and flexibility are more astonishing still. No musician ever better understood the value of *piano* and *pianissimo*, of *forte* and *fortissimo*, no musician ever developed a *crescendo* with more sure and delicate gradation. And then the clear shrill pipings, the long brilliant shakes, the sudden sharp strokes of sound like the crash of a violinist's bow upon the strings, the tender passionate cadences fading away into the night air and dying slowly in a prolonged agony till they grow so thin and faint that you know not whether yet they have wholly ceased or not! The bird runs over the whole range of emotional expression, from the intoxication of loudest triumph that can be heard as far as the shouting of a strong man, down to the sighing of an airy voice that seems like the lamentation of an inconsolable spirit. Often there is an evident artist-pride in consummate executive accomplishment, often the bird plays upon its own marvellous instrument as a musician plays the flute or the violin, seeking for the most varied and original effects, and rejoicing in them when they are found. Again, the song of the nightingale being his only utterance, it is not music simply as music is for us, but also poetry and eloquence. The nightingale is not merely a musician playing on an instrument, he is a singer, as we say that the poets themselves are singers. No one who listens can doubt that he expresses an original emotion. The abundant variety of his song is evidence that it is not simply mechanical, and the pauses that he allows himself are not merely to recruit from physical weariness, but much more to seek a fitting expression for the emotion that is beginning to succeed to that which has just been expressed. If the reader thinks that it is too much to claim for this the character of poetry, since there is no conscious exercise of creative intellect, he will scarcely deny to the bird a gift like that of some musician who in the late evening sits at his piano, and in a long series of unpremeditated improvisations gives expression to his feelings as they arise. He, too, in a certain sense, is a poet, though not in words. And the true ineffable charm of the nightingale's singing is

not in the quality of the sound, exquisite as it is, but in the wonder of the communication from the little bird to us. 'What!' thinks the human listener, 'can the bird feel all these mighty emotions? can he feel such glory of triumph, such tender melancholy, such languor of passion?' Man, as he listens, quite easily falls under the spell. The very hour and season conspire together against him. It is summer in its richness, it is night in its beauty and calm. The heart is hushed and subdued, the eyes are quite ready to moisten at any suggestion of melancholy, or the imagination to be aroused by any awakening voice. The voice comes mysteriously from an unseen being, the quiet of the night is filled and flooded with it, we are bathed in the sound as in moonlight, and then all our great human feelings are played upon by that tiny creature as an organ is played upon by the organist.

Some of the very sweetest lines in poetry have been suggested by the nightingale. Byron, from his residence in southern climates, where the song of the bird is bolder and more varied than in England, was familiar with it, and has celebrated it in two of his best-known and most beautiful passages. There is nothing in all poetry more exquisitely finished than the opening lines of 'Parisina.' Byron was always happy in his openings, but this one comes upon the reader with a sudden sweetness, that makes him feel in an instant the delicate firm touch of the master's hand. What a way of telling us that it is late evening!

'It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds and waters near
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave a deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.'

In this passage the 'nightingale's high note' is the dominant note of the whole composition, nor is there any more perfect example in the poetic art of the immense importance that a true master can give to a single line. The bird is only mentioned once, and then with the utmost brevity; but that 'high note' once sounded, fills the whole exquisite description in the succeeding verses. Byron seems to have been particularly impressed by the height from which the voice of the bird announced itself; and here, no doubt, is one of the elements of its effect, just as it is in the bell's note from a cathedral tower, or the Muezzin's voice from a minaret.*

Chaucer, always so alive to everything that could add a charm to the woods and fields where he delighted to wander, paid great attention to the songs of birds, and to the nightingale especially. He tells us in 'The Flower and the Leaf' how eagerly he listened for this bird, although many others were singing in a way that ought to have gladdened any one:—

'And eke the briddes songe for to here
Would have rejoiced any earthly wight,
And I that couth not yet in no manere
Heare the nightingale of all the yeare,
Full busily hearkened with herte and with eare,
If I her voice perceive coud any where.'

* Not to multiply quotations, I have omitted the beautiful passage near the beginning of the 'Giaour,' but may remind the reader of the well-known line,

'His thousand songs are heard *on high*.'

There is a charming description, in the same poem, of a conversation between a goldfinch and a nightingale; the goldfinch singing first when he had eaten 'what he eat wold,' and the nightingale answering him with so merry a note that all the wood rang suddenly. Then comes one of the most *naïf* passages in all Chaucer, when he tells us how he wanted to get sight of the nightingale, which at first was not easy (as any one knows who has tried); however, he managed it at last, and then felt so gladdened by seeing what he wanted to see that he fancied himself in Paradise :—

'Wherefore I waited about busily
On every side, if I might her see ;
And at the last I gan full well espy
Where she sat in a fresh grene laurer tree,
On the further side even right by me,
That gave so passing a delicious smell
According to the eglantere full well.

Whereof I had inly so great pleasure,
That, as methought, I surely ravished was
Into Paradise, where my desire
Was for to be.'

Beautifully, however, as the poets may have sung of the nightingale, I doubt whether it ever occurred to the most inventive of them to imagine such an exquisitely poetical reason for his choice of the night-time for singing as the simple peasants about the Val Ste. Véronique have handed down by a believed tradition. Some peasant-poet must have had this original fancy, and then been pleased with it, and told it to his neighbours, whose poetic sense preserved it with that inability to distinguish between history and fiction which always marks the uncultivated human being. They say, and believe, that long ago the nightingale sang in the daytime like other birds, but that once in a warm night of May, when the vine was growing quickly, a bird of this species went to rest upon a vine and fell asleep there; and whilst he slept the tendrils grew very fast, and as they grew they twined about his tiny legs and held them, so that when morning came he could not get away, though his comrades came to help him. The poor bird died in this miserable situation, and his comrades were so impressed by what they had seen that they dared no longer go to sleep at night, but watched in fear of the same sad fate, and sang to keep each other awake. Even now, in the early summer, they utter the same notes of warning, and what they say is this: '*La vigne pousse—pousse—pousse——vite vite vite vite vite vite vite!*' When a peasant tells this he always pronounces *pousse—pousse*—very slowly, and in a low voice, as if he were telling you a secret that deeply concerned you; but when he comes to the *vite vite vite* he breaks into louder and higher tones, and finishes in a hurried presto.

The finest and most complete description of the nightingale's song that I ever met with is in Buffon. It is remarkably accurate, and full of the closest study, whilst the mastery of language displayed in the literary workmanship is quite inimitable, so that after reading it no other author would venture to attempt any such piece of work with the hope of excelling it in the same way. The most astonishing thing, from the critical point of view, in this masterpiece, is, that although Buffon wrote in a language which is remarkably poor in words that express varieties of sound, we never feel this poverty in the least when reading it. The entire passage is too long to quote, but the following extract from it is sufficiently independent to be detached :—

'Il commence par un prélude timide, par des tons faibles, presqu'indécis, comme s'il voulait essayer son instrument et intéresser ceux qui l'écoutent; mais ensuite prenant de l'assurance, il s'anime par degrés, il s'échauffe, et bientôt il déploie dans leur plenitude toutes les ressources de son incomparable organe; coups de gosiers éclatants; batteries vives et légères; fusées de chant où la netteté est égale à la volubilité,

murmure intérieure et sourd qui n'est point appréciable à l'oreille, mais très propre à augmenter l'éclat des sons appréciables ; roulades précipitées, brillantes et rapides, articulées avec force et même avec une dureté de bon goût ; accents plaintifs cadencés avec mollesse ; sons filés sans art mais enflés avec âme ; sons enchanteurs et pénétrants,' &c.

Then follows a very sagacious observation on the artistic utility of those intervals of silence which the nightingale employs so well, and which answer, in his singing, to the spaces of smooth wall in architecture, to the spaces of blank paper in an etching.

After the month of June the nightingale sings no more, but cries and croaks—a lamentable change for the worse; and more than that, a loss of all that we care for in the creature. After that the bird is forgotten by those whom he once enchanted, and dwells in perfect obscurity under the shadows of the deep woods that were filled by his marvellous melody. Happier, however, than men who have been famous and are famous no longer, he lives on in a prosaic way, without regretting the wonderful nights when his voice was supreme beneath the moon, and all things that had ears must listen.

There is a popular superstition in the Val Ste. Véronique, and in the country for some miles round, that every bird repeats some phrase of its own in distinct French words, which we should all hear and understand if we were only clever enough. It is believed also that certain wise and elderly persons in the villages do really understand the language of the birds, and they seem to be disposed to profit by the popular illusion, which they are at no pains to dispel by disclaiming the knowledge imputed to them. Very probably this superstition may have had its origin in mere tales of infancy. Some parent may have pretended to know the language of the birds to amuse or govern his children, and afterwards the tradition of this may have remained. The same pretension is to be found in Oriental story. But there is one peculiarity about it in the neighbourhood of the Val Ste. Véronique, which is this. He who knows the bird-language is forbidden by the popular superstition to communicate it to any one until he lies upon his death-bed, when he may teach it to one member of his family; who, of course, is bound by the same law. Now as it generally happens that a man lying upon his death-bed has other things to think about than the transmission of bird-lore, the consequence, of course, is, that the knowledge of it is conveniently attributable to people who have not transmitted it. 'My father knew their language,' a peasant-girl will tell you, 'but when he came to die he did not teach it us.' In this way a pleasant and permanent mystery is maintained, and it is still believed that one or two ancient men and women know the bird-lore, and may possibly communicate it when they come to die, if any one is there to receive it.

P. G. Hamerton.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XI.—Joseph Mallord William Turner. (1775–1851.)

The Sun of Venice going to Sea.

ETCHED BY L. GAUCHEREL.

'Fair shines the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
Venezia's Fisher spreads her painted canvas gay,
Nor heeds the Demon who in grim repose
Expects his evening prey.'

THE *Sun of Venice* is the name of a Venetian fishing-boat. This name, 'Sol di Venezia,' is roughly inscribed on the sail of the boat, and though not skilfully ornamented the sail is certainly somewhat gaily painted. It represents Venice itself, with the sun rising gloriously just above the horizon; the boat, in company with others, is apparently in the canal of St. Mark, putting out to sea: Venice is seen in the background.

The poetical quotation appended to this picture is one of Turner's by no means uncommon variations of passages from standard poets. The idea is borrowed from Gray's 'Bard,' though the words are pretty much Turner's own, and they are sufficiently far behind their model. Gray has,—

'Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.'

Turner, like most painters, seems to have been much taken with Venice; the National Gallery possesses a considerable number of slight but brilliant sketches in colour, from its canals and palaces, made by him apparently about 1839–40, on a second visit to Venice. It has besides eleven of his oil-pictures, though of very unequal merit, of this 'glorious city in the sea,' once and again Childe Harold's

'fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea;
Of joy the sojourn and of wealth the mart.'

But of these eleven oil-paintings two seem to belong to an earlier period—that of his second visit to Italy, in 1829—namely, Nos. 370 and 372, in the Vernon Collection, which were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1833 and 1834, *The Dogana with the Campanile of St. Mark* (on wood); and the *Canal of the Giudecca, with San Giorgio Maggiore, &c.* These are much more carefully defined than the other nine, which belong to the painter's third—declining period.

The four latest, Nos. 541–4 (1845–46), *Noon, Sunset, Evening, Morning*, the two last

being known also as *Going to*—and *Returning from—the Ball*, are extremely vague, in fact mere effects too undefined to have any local interest. The most beautiful of all is No. 534, *The Approach to Venice, looking towards Fusina*, 'where the path lies o'er the sea, invisible,' exhibited in 1843, with its inferior companion, No. 535, *The Sun of Venice going to Sea*. The *Approach* is the picture, a sea of light and colour, with scattered buildings on either side, in which two gondolas appear to have fouled.

The *Bridge of Sighs*, No. 527, exhibited in 1840, is a careless matter-of-fact scene, with such obtrusive yet imperfect individuality that it is wanting as much in effect as accuracy. The *Canal of the Giudecca* and *Venice Quay*, Nos. 539 and 540, exhibited at the Academy in 1844, are other examples of the sacrifice of all detail to mere effect, and are of very little interest.

The *Sun of Venice going to Sea*, the subject of the present etching, has much the same class of beauty as its companion, *The Approach to Venice*, but in an inferior degree: it was, however, no doubt, a blaze of colour in its perfect state; it has now much suffered by cracks and discoloration.

All these Venetian oil-pictures are of (comparatively) small dimensions, the largest being only 2 ft. high by 3 ft. wide—the dimensions of the *Sun of Venice*—and nearly always on canvas. Nos. 372, 527, and 534, are engraved in the 'Turner Gallery.'

Grand and dreamlike as some of Turner's pictures are, other painters have better realized for us the exquisite word-paintings of the great poets of the Queen of the Ocean, than he; not that the matter-of-fact details of Canaletto, with their conventional water and garnishings, satisfy us any more, or give more pleasure than Turner's vagueness: they err in an opposite direction. They are too prosaic, and may, perhaps, be said to want genius, if such a phrase has a definite value. A happy mean, perhaps, has been hit off by Bonington, who painted Venice before Turner. The National Gallery possesses a fair example of his work in the *Column of St. Mark*, exhibited at the British Institution in 1826.

R. N. Wornum.

THE SYLVAN YEAR.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF RAOUL DUBOIS.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ash comes into full leaf in June, and is one of our finest and most artistic trees. The country people about the Val Ste. Véronique have a proverb to the effect that it neutralises poisons:—

'Dessous le frêne venin ne regne.'

Certain insects have also an especial belief in the salubrity of the ash, or at least in its suitableness to their own constitutions. Those remarkable insects, the cantharides, fix upon it as a lodging for their colonies. The Val is sufficiently far south for this to happen occasionally, and when it does happen the effect is most curious. The trees are entirely covered with the glossy green insects, which emit such a pungent odour that it is almost impossible to remain under them or near them.

A much more agreeable, yet rather heavy and intoxicating fragrance, is that of the elder-flower, which is abundant towards the middle of June. In grape-producing countries the wine made from this flower is always unknown, but in the north it yields its properties by infusion, and the product, after fermentation, is used as a substitute for champagne, often by very rich people. As is generally the case with substitutes, there is little real relation between the original wine and that which is made to replace it. Elder-flower wine is not champagne, nor anything

like it, but it has great claims to consideration on its own merits; and although no poet has ever sung its praises, they certainly ought to be sung, and not coldly spoken only, as in this pedestrian prose.* The closeness of the relation between taste and perfume is rarely more manifest than in this beverage, for to drink it is to drink perfume, the perfume of an elder-bush in June. I may add that the heaviness in the natural fragrance is maintained in the somnolence which the wine induces, for he who has indulged in it is sure to be overpowered by drowsiness unless he resists with all his might, or counteracts the sleepy drink by some awakening stimulant.

The elder-tree sometimes grows high enough to be of some importance in the near landscape, and its white corymbs of flowers are visible at a great distance. The way in which these corymbs are carried on the tree is one of its chief beauties, their flat surfaces being in so many different positions, but always in obedience to a regular law of growth; the foliage, too, is elegant and gracefully borne.

The honeysuckle begins to flower a little later than the elder-tree. When the elder is all covered with its corymbs the honeysuckle flowers are opening, a bud or two here and there entirely out, the rest not yet. Their pink and yellow are pleasant with the peculiar tertiary green of the older leaves, one of the best sober greens in landscape. The new leaves are brighter and cruder.

A flower strictly contemporary with the elder, and of some importance from its quantity, notwithstanding its extreme minuteness, is the forget-me-not, the *Myosotis* (called so because its leaf is like the ear of a mouse). The effect of the colour of this tiny flower is amazing when you consider how little there is of it; but this is due to a principle well known to modern painters, even *too* well known, the principle of stippling with pure colour in minute touches. Here is one of those instances in which Nature herself does this. If the flower were wholly blue it would still act in the foreground, when abundant, as a stippling with pure colour, but the principle is carried still farther. There is a central eye of yellow entirely surrounded by sky-blue, and the effect of the flower is due in great part to the purity of the central spot. Even the least observant are struck by the forget-me-not, and how much of the popularity of the flower is due to its bright colouring may be guessed if we suppose it green like its mouse-ear leaves. No lover would have paid much attention to it then.

I alluded in a preceding chapter to the intense dislike which some people feel for particular trees. Amongst the trees which have bitter enemies may be mentioned the acacia, or, more correctly, the robinia. It was brought into France from Canada by a botanist called Robin, in the reign of Henry IV., and has thriven so well that you find it all over the country. The remarkable rapidity of its growth is a great temptation to its use as an ornamental tree; but now come the objections. Its enemies dislike it because the leaves grow late in the spring, and some people cannot endure the odour of its flowers; which to me, however, is very agreeable, especially when it comes on the soft, mild, evening air of June, and is thus wafted from a little distance. Other objections are that the stem is ugly because so deeply furrowed, and that the thin light foliage gives but little shade. I confess that there is almost a contradiction in character between such a rude stem and such delicate leaves and flowers, or at least a very striking contrast, and I admit that the shade given is not comparable to that of the lime-tree or the horse-chestnut; still it may be answered, that we feel the delicacy of the leaves all the more from the roughness of the furrowed trunk, and that the robinia gives as much shade as the birch, whose beauty is generally appreciated. The branching of the robinia is rather straggling and wayward, so that the twigs do not compose so well together as those of the ash or birch; but even this is interesting as a special characteristic, for if all trees threw their branches out in exactly the same manner we should be wearied by their monotony. There is a great deal of *imprévu* in the branching of the robinia; no painter would invent such branching unless he had studied it in nature. Its spring

* Elder-flower wine is at least mentioned in a very well-known Scottish ballad, 'The Laird of Cockpen:'—

'Mistress Jean she was making the elder-flower wine.
Now what brings the Laird at sic a like time?'

colours, light green leaves, and white flowers, are gay and pleasant. As for the odour of the flowers, there are people who detest the perfume of the rose, so that it is difficult to please everybody.

Most people like the fragrance of wild thyme. There are often great quantities of it in dry stony places, where its tiny dull-green leaves make an agreeable sober foreground colour, not harshly interrupted by the modest violet of the flowers. Its strong perfume is due in part to the presence of camphor in the plant. It is beloved of hares and bees, and the scent is so refreshing that it will revive a weary or fainting person. It is constantly used by the clever French cooks to give flavour to their dishes. The poets have loved it since classic times, and with reason, for there is a great charm in the union of its modest appearance with so sweet and healthy a perfume. It is one of the humble plants which form the variegated carpet of the earth; a plant to be crushed under hoof and foot, yet so strong and spreading that it is never seriously injured, and in return for much ill-usage only yields its fragrance the more abundantly.

The later weeks of June are remarkably rich in flowers. The honeysuckle is then fully out (at least in the Val Ste. Véronique). We have the creeping bugle in abundance, with its fine blue corolla; the germander veronica, with its veined flowers of tender blue; the cross-wort galium, the 'slender galingale' of poetry, with yellow flowers, honey-scented; the emollient mallow; and the harsh thistle with its purple glories. It is curious that the thistle, which we so generally associate with donkeys, should have given, in one language at least, its name to that sweet singing-bird which, according to Chaucer, had a singing conversation with the nightingale—the goldfinch; in French, *chardonneret*, from *chardon*, because it frequents the thistle. The plant may also be associated with the fine arts, as its spiky forms are peculiarly rich and interesting in certain kinds of decorative drawing and silversmiths' work. They are excessively difficult to draw, from the complicated perspectives of the prickly wings on the leaf-margins. Few artists have ever drawn a thistle thoroughly, probably from a feeling that any complete rendering of such a plant would lead to hardness in execution.

Of the large plants which flower late the lime-tree deserves special mention, for its agreeable qualities as a shade-giving tree, and its pleasant colour and odour. Few trees are more intimately connected with human life than this. It is so constantly used to shade private and public walks, that most of us have recollections associated with it. The lime has also its heroic traditions. It has never supplied masts for warships like the fir, nor material for their strong hulls like the oak, but it was used in ancient times for bucklers; and its bark must have had a sacred character, as it was worn by sacrificing priests. The flower of the lime-tree is gathered in great quantities for medicinal purposes, and administered very extensively in France as an infusion.

Towards the end of July, if the year has not been exceptionally wet, the landscape of Eastern France loses its freshness, and acquires that rather dull and grey look which often astonishes English critics in the works of the most faithful French landscape-painters. From the artistic point of view I cannot think that this grey look is altogether a misfortune. The brightness of the spring colour is quite gone, much of the herbage is dried by a sun that is almost African in its severity; but what the landscape loses in gaiety it gains in sobriety, and the tints, quiet as they are, often go very well together, and richly deserve study. The greens all become tertiary greens, but there is great variety in them, and it is just the variety which a cultivated colourist is sure to pay great attention to, whilst a crude one will as surely neglect it. As an accompaniment to this dulling of all the greens, the sky changes from the clear blue of early summer and the dark blue of the first heats to a sort of grey, which is very well known to the inhabitants of southern climates—the dark grey of the hot weather. This particular kind of grey is never to be seen at all in northern countries. It is a real sky-colour, not cloud-colour; but it is far, indeed, from the blue which we most commonly associate with the open heaven. I have often matched it very carefully in oil and water colour, and always with renewed astonish-

ment at the quantity of red and yellow that it requires. These grey skies of the intensely hot weather are often most accurately rendered by the French landscape-painters, which makes northern critics affirm that they cannot colour.

There are long weeks of monotony in the fine summers that may be appreciated for their practical convenience by landscape-painters who work from nature, as the same effect of grey sunshine recurs day after day; but their influence upon the mind is rather a tranquillising than an exciting influence. The monotony of sunshine is like any other monotony; it tends to lull the mind into a condition of fixed routine in which activity is still possible, yet repeats itself as the days do. Through the long summer, which seems not merely long but endless, we do always the same things at the same hours, moving with the quiet regularity of the shadow on the sun-dial. When the physical constitution is inured to heat, there is no season of the year more favourable to regular work. The intense light does not weary the eyes—it is astonishing how easily they endure the solar glare—and it is easy to provide an artificial shadow. Then the mind, being entirely undisturbed by any considerations about the weather, settles into a routine of habits, and pursues its objects with a tranquil simplicity of purpose which is sure to lead to some tangible result. There is light enough, and there is time enough, for everything: thus, with plenty of work and a sustained energy, a man may pass through the long monotony of the southern summer without weariness, and even regret the conclusion of it when it breaks up at last in thunder: but if once the *ennui* of sunshine seizes you, it is very terrible and very difficult to contend against. Then the constant grey-blue of the sky becomes hateful, the well-known forms of the surrounding landscape, of which nothing is relieved and nothing veiled, sicken you like the mechanical repetition of a tune on the barrel-organ: day after day you look vainly for the change that will not come, and you sink at last into a kind of despondency, which looks upon the condition of the world as hopeless, a globe whose wretched inhabitants are slowly roasted before a steady central fire from which there is no escape. This temper has been accurately described, or rather the feeling of it has been conveyed to the reader, by Tennyson in 'Mariana in the South.' Over and over again, in the poem, recurs the oppression of sunshine, the wearisome monotony of light. She dreams of native breezes and runlets babbling down the glen, but awakes to the 'steady glare' of the south:—

'She woke: the babble of the stream
Fell, and without the steady glare
Shrank one sick olive sere and small.
The river-bed was dusty-white;
And all the furnace of the light
Struck up against the blinding wall.'

In the last stanza but one the same note recurs:—

'And flaming downward over all
From heat to heat the day decreased,
And slowly rounded to the east
The one black shadow from the wall.'

This last touch of the black shadow is a repetition of one given in the opening of the poem, where the black shadow is the very first thing mentioned. It was rightly chosen for two reasons, since not only did it prepare the reader for the black shadow dwelling steadily on a hopeless life, but it also truly depicted an effect of glaring sunshine upon landscape. Here, again, is a very common error of northern criticism. In the north the black shadow does not exist, because the sun is not glaring enough to produce it, and northern criticism denies the truth of it when adequately interpreted in painting. The poet is not scientifically exact in calling the shadow black, as a painter in studying from nature will find it to be grey or green, purple or brown, according to its situation; but as a poetical artist Tennyson chose the right word, for it is the word which conveys the idea of darkness best—'dark' not being

dark enough. It would be easy, too, to prove that a painter who conveys the impression of the black shadow paints it falsely. Auguste Bonheur may be mentioned as an example. He paints southern sunshine truly so far as the impression on the spectator is concerned, falsely as to imitation of particular tints. In very intense sunshine the eye adapts itself to circumstances, and for its own protection contracts so that a glaring thing, such as a white ox, shall not hurt it. Now, if you can look at a white ox at all in the glare of a Burgundy July, even the lighted side of an oak-tree will seem dark to you, and a cast shadow on foliage will seem what in popular language is called 'black.' Auguste Bonheur renders this effect with great truth, but necessarily in a much lower key than Nature's. And now comes the one important consideration which reconciles art with nature, and is always overlooked by writers on these subjects. The eye looking at nature in glaring light, and the eye looking at a picture in the quiet light of a gallery, is not in the same state; but a picture of sunshine painted on Auguste Bonheur's principles bears the same relation to the open pupil in a shaded room that the natural scene bore to the contracted pupil in the brilliant sunshine out of doors. The rule which affirms that if you match shades by holding the palette-knife up to nature you will get right relations of colour, is true only of figure-painting and still-life, when the model is carefully placed in a gallery light. In open sunshine such a practice would induce an artist to paint in too high a key, so that he could not convey the sense of darkness in shadow and local colour, which is one of the peculiar effects of really intense light. Thus Turner, working in a high key, expressed the sunshine of England; but his system, good as it was for the pale northern landscape, was inadequate to the expression of the southern summer, with its apparently dark dull-greens and greys, and shadows far darker still.*

The chief misery of a long hot season—the want of water—is entirely unknown in the Val Ste. Véronique, where the pure little streams rush over their clean granite beds with as much vivacity as if it had been raining the day before. They are fed by springs in the upper hills, which never fail in the hot weather, and the consequence is a perennial refreshment of the valleys for several miles: but if you follow these babbling rivulets farther down, you observe the gradual loss of their early freshness and brightness, till finally they are absorbed in the river of the plain, and in great part lost by evaporation. Nothing, even in winter scenery, is drearier than the bed of some broad southern river after the torrid months have dried it. The Loire, amongst French rivers, most abounds in dreary scenes of this kind. For hundreds of miles you may follow broad tracts of burning sand, or hot white pebbles, through which the stream finds its way tortuously, often breaking into several different channels, of which not one is navigable; whilst the occasional trees along the banks are too far from the water to get the slightest benefit from it, and their foliage is burnt to the semblance of a premature autumn. The most important affluents in such a time often cease to flow altogether, and consist of nothing but a long series of stagnant pools, which infect the air, with hot stones or baked mud between them. At such a time the great bridges seem nothing but lines of useless arches built long ago for some forgotten purpose. Leaves wither, flowers fade, the pastures are scorched, and animals droop and languish. Yet, even here, might the art of a true landscape-painter find motives, like that of the poet, in the very desolation of the persistent sunshine, which has its own melancholy like the gloom of the north, and, like it, cannot be borne without resignation. The starving herds resign themselves to a condition of nature beyond their power to alter; the peasants go to the priests and ask them to pray for rain, or get up some procession. At length, in some ancient city, the cathedral doors are opened wide, and out of the cool pleasant gloom within comes forth into the fierce heat of an August afternoon a mitred bishop, all gleaming with gold and jewels, behind a heavy shrine carried on eight priests' shoulders, with little windows in its gilded sides, through which you may

* This seeming darkness of certain tints in intense sunshine is chiefly, no doubt, due to contrast. As a matter of *fact* (not of human sensation), Tennyson's 'black shadows' must be lighter than a white object in dull daylight. But art ought always to go by impressions and sensations rather than scientific facts.

see the brown bones of a saint who died long ago, and a long procession winds slowly chanting about the quaint old streets. Then the evening comes with its short twilight, and the night without a breath in the motionless hot air. The day dawns just like yesterday and the unnumbered days before it. Will there ever be any change, or has the sea forgotten to send her clouds for the refreshment of the land? Is the sea dry like the rivers?

'Tout est morne, brûlant, tranquille; et la lumière
Est seule en mouvement dans la nature entière.'

Suddenly in the fiery sky rolled a black cloud, like volumes of smoke from a mine, and out of the cloud came a ball of fire that struck an ash-tree close to the house and split it, and sent fragments of the wood in every direction like scattered lucifer-matches. Half a second afterwards came a sound, not like thunder with its reverberations, but like a deafening explosion. The next day every leaf on that ash-tree was shrivelled and brown, and the tree died. Then began the usual series of thunderstorms, and every night the landscape was illuminated by the flames of farm-buildings in the distance, and every morning brought news of loss or ruin, of crops destroyed or animals too frightened to move burnt together in their stalls. So after the steady flame of the sunshine comes the far more terrible flame of the unavoidable lightning, and all night long the peasant, awake and anxious, goes watching about his barns.

P. G. Hamerton.

FRANS HALS.—UNGER'S ETCHINGS.*

THERE have been lately published ten very able etchings from the works of Frans Hals, one of the best masters of the Dutch school, whose reputation, strange to say, has been lately much on the increase. Rather perhaps we ought to say, Frans Hals has not been hitherto properly acknowledged and appreciated. While every certain picture by Rembrandt has been made known to all the world by numberless engravings, and hundreds of doubtful ones have brought fortunes to the dealers, the works of this contemporary painter of the same school, little inferior to him in some qualities and superior to him in others, have been passed over by both connoisseurs and writers. We say, superior in some qualities, because Rembrandt's power of representing the varieties of human character and shades of expression was limited by a mental status and training by no means of an elevated description; whereas Hals, although his smaller genre works most frequently deal with the lowest habits of his countrymen, shows himself in his larger pictures and portraits most at home in depicting the ruling classes, to which his own family belonged. Not that this difference of aptitude would, in any considerable degree, decide the position of their productions, especially in the Dutch school; but it is worth mentioning, as he is now compared, by his own countrymen, with the great master of chiaroscuro. Technical qualities must always decide the matter; at least have done so.

Frans Hals' *technique*, however, is of an excellence quite exceptional, and yet any time last century, when his productions appeared for sale, they brought only a few guineas, or less—20 or 30 florins; while those of any other Dutch or Flemish master of the first rank were immensely coveted. Picture-dealers have always lent their influence to raise the value in the market of those artists whose prolific brushes have given them the most frequent chance of profit, and this makes the very late appreciation of Hals the more remarkable, as his works are numerous, and are to be seen in the majority of foreign galleries. Even the public collection newly opened in New York possesses him, while we are unable to say what examples may exist in this country. At the present day, instead of the small sums already mentioned, his works bring five hundred, or even a thousand times as much.

* Etchings after Frans Hals by Professor William Unger; with a Notice of the Life and Works of the Master, by Mr. C. Vosmaer. Leyden: A. W. Lijthoff. 1873.

The change is attributed by Mr. Vosmaer partly to 'the sharp and original studies of Mr. Th. Thoré (W. Burger), who communicated his worship of Frans Hals to Europe;' but it is quite as much owing to the opening of the new Museum in Haarlem, whither his pictures were carried, and where they now appear with immense advantage. Hals was, by accident as we may say, born, most probably, in Antwerp; but he lived and died in Haarlem, and his larger pictures were, until lately, very imperfectly seen there in Townhall and Almshouse. The eight important works placed in the Museum date from 1616 to 1664, and show that his art throughout his whole career was sustained and powerful, although his life was one of the most irregular in the whole biographical history of painters. The locality of the original pictures is not mentioned in the descriptive matter accompanying the etchings, but I think these are all given here in the ten plates under review; which is, in fact, the first half of Professor Unger's undertaking. They begin with the *Banquet of the Civic Guard of St. George*, of the earliest date, 1616; and end with *The Governesses of the Hospital for Old Women*, a truly admirable portrait-composition of five good but severe elderly Dutch ladies sitting at their committee-table, from a picture done towards the end of his wild career, 1664; when he was a pensioner of the municipality, receiving the trifling sum of fifty florins a quarter, about sixteen pounds a-year, and three cart-loads of turf!

This last circumstance is inferentially mentioned by Mr. Vosmaer, but he gives very few details regarding his hero's private career, which was unhappily public enough. He is, however, rich in information relating to the period and its social aspect, as seen by Hals and his contemporaries, and his 'Notice' would be highly interesting and valuable were it not inadequately 'turned into English,' not, at all times, readily understood. The development of Dutch art took place within a very small circle; but fortunately without a central and authoritative school or public, such as a great capital, absorbing all the talent of a country, creates. There was thus preserved to the painters a very great variety of aim, and an individuality in their manners of rendering nature, as well as diversity of subject.

Instead of one there were many centres, and Haarlem was one of these, filled, like Leyden, Delff, and other towns at the beginning of the seventeenth century, with new life, political, literary, and artistic. It was the period in the national annals most fitted to bring out all the popular energies. The Spaniards and their loathed Inquisition were abolished for ever, and the Dutch rejoiced even more than the Flemings over their emancipation. The hatred of his southern oppressor had penetrated to the bottom of the Dutchman's heart, and is admirably expressed by some lines from a poet of that day, Daniel Heinsius, which I take the liberty to alter slightly, for clearness of expression, in quoting:—

> Take from us the countries where we dwell,
> We shall, without fear, betake ourselves to the sea.
> *Every where, where thou art not, there is our country!*
> The bird is made with wings to cleave the air,
> The horse is made to be ridden,
> And the ass to bear his burden and halter,
> And we—TO BE FREE.

Then the Renaissance, which had made a solid foundation in literature all over the country, had taken possession, in a degenerate way, of art, and Haarlem was the seat of one of the most strongly accented changes that the history of painting has to exhibit. This was the attempt to introduce an Italian manner and style, Michelangelo being the master whose influence was predominant, and whose grand contours were most admired. For a time, a generation or so, the exaggerated action and absurdly grandiose design of the imitators, who had abandoned themselves to this foreign influence, astonishes one in the drawing and invention of Heemskerck, Spranger, Goltzius, and others. This movement separates violently the character of northern design—that represented by Lucas of Leyden, Jan Schoorel, &c. in Holland, and Mabuse, Van Orley, and others in Flanders, from the age that followed, now

exhibited by Rembrandt and Frans Hals in the one country and by Rubens and Teniers in the other. The most of these innovators were living when Hals entered the *atelier* of Van Mander, who was partially under the same delusion. Van Mander was the Vasari of his own country, the translator of the 'Iliad' and many other classics, and also the first to make a poem on the principles and practice of the pictorial art, a kind of imitation of Horace's 'Ars Poetica;' an example again imitated by Du Fresnoy, and still later by Sir M. A. Shee.

The family of Hals may be called patrician, as its members appear in the magistracy for more than a century before his father became alderman on returning to his native city, and his son Frans began his career; a career of a double kind, as a painter and as a debauchee. He carried away very little from his highly cultivated but pedantic master, Van Mander, having an entirely independent and unmanageable nature. On the contrary, he very likely roamed about in search of knowledge and adventure, which may account for the singular fact that none of his works can be identified as earlier than 1614, when he must have been thirty, and had been a number of years married. Immediately after that date he became extraordinarily prolific. Very shortly, too, he is on record before the magistracy for ill-treating his wife, whose death took place alarmingly soon after, in about a month. This was in February, 1616, and exactly in twelve months we find him married again, to a lady who gives birth to a child nine days after! Mr. Vosmaer gives us some excellent description of the rough exuberant life of the street and tavern, in which Hals was so much at home, and which he depicted with so much spirit; as, indeed, other painters were then beginning to do. Almost always against a nearly black background, his faces are strongly lit, and painted with a full brush and vigorous hand, and are inspired by a momentary emotional expression, the smile becoming a laugh or the laugh a spasm, speech becoming song or the song a choral roar. This peculiarly transitional character is very difficult to analyse or account for. The main technical reason for the success, we may, however, venture to say, is in his rapid and rough *touch*, and this it is we require to see in the reproduction of his works by the hand of the etcher.

Whether Professor Unger has succeeded in retaining this mobile vitality, which is found in the action of the figures of Frans Hals, as well as in his faces, is the question. I affirm that he has, and that the vigour and decision of Unger's etching-point is exactly fitted for the task. The richness of his darks, too, is very essential in rendering the effect of Hals' pictures. He employs a strong and apparently rapid line, and intensifies his shade by a method adopted by French and German etchers of late years, which renders the character of certain surfaces—velvet, for example—with admirable effect. I allude to a tint which replaces the *burr* of the old masters with much more precision, and is evidently done by dropping the corrosive acid on the clean metal surface after the true etching is finished, so as to destroy the smoothness and whiteness of the remaining surface in printing. The incised line of the etching seen under this tint has an excellent effect. The subject we are able to give, by the kindness of the publisher, does not, indeed, show this peculiarity; but the first print in the series as published, the earliest *Civic Banquet of St. George*—the one we give being the banquet of the same body in 1627, and the one numbered six, a long composition of the portraits of the *Officers of the Cluveniers Guards*, painted in 1633—exhibit this enrichment with advantage, many of the figures having doublets or other portions of dress of black velvet.

Only two years ago Professor Unger completed the series, 'Die Galerie zu Cassel in ihren meisterwerken,' containing forty finished etchings. Those in the present work are quite equal to the other, and both are exceedingly delightful as showing the power and beauty, as well as the facility, of etching in a thoroughly accomplished hand. A few years ago such complete renderings of pictures would have had to pass through several hands, first that of the copyist and then of the engraver, whose method, infinitely difficult and elaborate, would have necessitated many assistants and many years to complete the number of plates.

The intrinsic superiority of the result needs no comment. It is a pity the thorough draughtsman and accomplished artist, possessing also the peculiar education and taste of Professor Unger or M. Rajon, should be so rare. The ability to give such expression and effect by etching is generally accompanied by indisposition to reproduce the works of other masters; we ought to be all the more glad to acknowledge it, when so usefully applied.

WILLIAM B. SCOTT.

ON THE PRESENT RELATIONS BETWEEN ART AND ANTIQUARIANISM.

THERE are some one or more elementary conditions of the practice of art in the present day to which it would seem superfluous to call attention, were it not that they are practically ignored in the theories of many who attempt to develope for us a philosophy of the subject. No such condition needs more constant recognition than the fundamental change of the relations between art and antiquity which this century has introduced; for it is upon the due comprehension of this relation that the soundness of criticism for the present, and theory for the future, must ultimately depend. It may be profitable, therefore, even at the risk of tedious repetition, to point out the present state of this relation once more, together with the varied consequences which it involves.

Antiquarianism, as it now exists, is a product of the modern spirit. The deliberate study of art which has long fallen into disuse, formerly an exceptional and unimportant fancy, has in our own day become an influence of immeasurable consequence. The predominance of the antiquarian spirit in all art is abundantly apparent, but especially so in architecture, upon which its influence is most immediate and direct; and it is with reference to this branch of art that I wish to trace its origin and estimate its influence and proper limitations.

It cannot be too constantly borne in mind, that art-creation of all kinds and in all ages has been a continuous process, towards which the contribution of each individual has been generally unimportant. The artist, instead of having invented, as some would seem to suppose, both the style in which he worked and the work itself, has generally done little more than, by infinitesimal modifications founded upon an absolute possession of the precedents contained in anterior work, to produce the effect he had conceived. The same limitation applies to the invention both of the present and of the former centuries, but its conditions are changed. In former ages, with the exception of some special and isolated periods wherein a somewhat abrupt interruption or transition occurred in the development of art, its progress was gradual and continuous, and was formed by the accumulation of the minor inventions of unrecognised individuals, rather than by the influence of any special pioneers of art. The art of such periods was alive, and its principles, precedents and experience formed an unwritten law, which was the possession, by birthright rather than by acquisition, of every artist or artisan from the highest to the lowest. There was but one style, which each generation received as it was left to it, and which it handed on, modified only by such changes as the spontaneous invention of individual minds had contributed. Development at such periods never paused or stood still, for change is as essential a condition of vitality in art as elsewhere; but such change was made spontaneously, without consciousness, and by infinitesimal degrees.

Early in the present century the last remains of traditional art may be said to have finally disappeared. Till then something like a continuity of development had, in spite of interruption and change, been on the whole preserved. The resuscitation of mediævalism, of which a foretaste had been given a century before, threw such strains of genuine later art as here and there still lingered among us into disrepute, and the Exhibition of 1851 illustrated and glorified the triumph of modernism over tradition, and of 'Brummagem' over art.

Tradition having been thus finally stamped out, the position of the artist became radically changed. Being born to no inheritance but that of mechanical monstrosities, he had consciously and laboriously to seek, in the relics of former periods, both a standard of beauty and a means of expression for such invention as was in him. Not only had he to assimilate such broader principles of art as he found embodied in the works of past times, but since the colour and character of architectural works must be essentially influenced by processes of workmanship, the very methods of handiwork formerly employed had to become patent to him if he were to have any mastery over the art which was to be his language. In such a pursuit of accurate and minute knowledge an immeasurable importance attached to the minutest features of ancient architecture, and even for purely practical reasons the artist was led to accept and to teach a theory of conservatism which was almost without limitation. But apart from practical considerations, the close and intimate relation which such study established between the artist and his objects of study, led also to a passive appreciation of many elements of effect in ancient art which had no direct practical application. The most important of such elements of interest is the historical; the value, namely, which attaches to buildings simply because they are old, without reference to their merits as works of art: such as the influence they have acquired for the imagination by the glimpses they afford of ancient ceremony, by the colour which they retain of a past phase of life, by their unbroken association with the aspect and memories of the locality in which they are found. Thus, then, the accurate study of ancient monuments which practical necessity has induced not only involved the appreciation of the most minute and subtile elements of artistic effect, but, further, resulted in an increased recognition of the influences which they exercise upon the sympathetic imagination.

It has often appeared to me that antagonistic theories of art might be traced to their sources, and found to proceed from varying degrees of accuracy in the perception of the object. The extreme theory of conservatism towards ancient monuments can only be clearly apprehended and justified by those whose relation to such things is most intimate. Thus, the strong feeling of reverence which is gaining ground in the present day has originated mainly with practical artists, who have necessarily been thrown on the art of the past for a language in which to express their conceptions. As, further, their success in such expression has necessarily in great measure depended upon their mastery of the *minutiæ* of their chosen language, their power in practical art has usually been in exact proportion to their appreciation of, and consequent reverence for, the works of former ages. And as a matter of experience, the artist whose inventive ambition is satisfied by the production of the normal villa or gin-palace will generally, with a light heart, either mutilate, transform, or destroy the most invaluable work of former days; whereas he whose ambition and power is greatest will treat the slightest monument of antiquity with the utmost reverence. Conservatism, then, which has originated with the artist, and by him been inculcated on the public generally, may be expected to become established with the latter, according as by increased accuracy of perception they are rendered capable of a nearer view of the subject.

Such is a very brief view of the relation at the present moment existing between art and antiquity. It remains only to ascertain how far this view affects certain questions which are often raised upon the subject. The scholarly, and sometimes pedantic, reproduction of ancient styles, which is characteristic of the present age, must be accepted as the result of present conditions; for freedom of invention must necessarily be subsequent in order to a complete mastery of the language in which the invention is to be expressed; and at the present moment such knowledge is grievously immature. For the present, the most successful efforts will be those founded on a limited ambition; and the premature effort to produce complete effects of obvious beauty, in the absence of any generally accepted modern standard, can only be premature, and therefore calamitous to the interests of art. The recklessness displayed by former ages towards the movements of times anterior to them, must be accepted in

the first place as a fact, in the second place as the inevitable result of a genuine and exclusive creative impulse; but cannot be taken as a precedent in our own time, when no such impulse exists and when our position towards different styles is almost equally exoteric. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that the former conditions necessarily established an equilibrium; unhesitating destruction of old went hand in hand with the spontaneous construction of noble new architecture; and that appears to be a whimsical view of the subject to which even the highest invention of modern times seems an analogous justification of change, to which Durham transformed by Pugin could appear, even in the loosest sense, a parallel to Winchester transformed by Wykeham. The vestiges of ancient architecture still are, and must for some time continue to be, the highest standard of artistic aim, as well as the foundation of artistic effort. So long as in any degree they continue to be either the one or the other they must retain a paramount importance. Until the standard of antiquity has been superseded in the opinion of all, 'obviously beautiful effects' attained independently, or at the expense of antiquity, must be precarious; until art has developed once more into a self-sustaining and progressive whole, and has left antiquity behind, no single feature of ancient buildings can be harmlessly sacrificed; and when such features have ceased to have a practical applicability they must still retain a value from their beauty as art, which no drawing can reproduce; they must still have their value as history from the evidence they bear of the character of mind and of hand of those who produced them, and from their unbroken association with the locality which possesses them—a value which, as catalogued articles in a museum, they must inevitably lose. Such are the arguments which we should use with one who had the elementary courage to ask for a reason for our conservatism. If the ground of decision were shifted, and we determined to adapt our treatment of ancient monuments to the probable wishes of posterity, our conclusions would be the same. Fifty years hence the position of the majority towards such subjects will unquestionably have shifted. Is it possible that at that date the preservation of a disused feature in an ancient building will be approved? Confident denial notwithstanding, we should assert that it is not only possible, but as certain as any future event can be; because the value of such things, as reproducing the ways and works of antiquity, must be patent to every cultivated imagination; because such conservatism would be endorsed at the present moment by all who are most sensitive to art; and finally, because, if art lives and grows, the opinion of those whose relation to it is at the present moment most close and intimate will inevitably, about fifty years hence, have become the received opinion of the general public.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

'ETCHING AND ETCHERS.'

A NEW and cheaper edition of 'Etching and Etchers' being now in the press, we have the opportunity of presenting our readers with two of the illustrations. It is not intended, in the new edition, to do more in the way of illustration than to give twelve examples of twelve different kinds of execution, adopted by as many different masters; and most of these will be copies of selected portions of their work, not entire plates. The two plates we publish to-day are portions of larger ones by Lalanne and Weirotter. That by Lalanne is a portion of the original copper, and is a very happy example of his best manner. That after Weirotter is a copy by the author of 'Etching and Etchers.' The original is interesting as one of the early examples of the modern picturesque in art, and few more recent artists have surpassed it in its own way. Weirotter had a very keen sense of the picturesque, and evidently revelled in such rich material as this cottage, whose ins and outs he could follow faithfully with the etching-needle.

ON THE ENJOYMENT OF UNPLEASANT PLACES.

IT is a difficult matter to make the best of any given place; and we have much in our own power. Things looked at patiently from one side after another, generally end by showing a side that is beautiful. A few months ago some words were said in the PORTFOLIO as to an 'austere regimen in scenery;' and such a discipline was then recommended as 'healthful and strengthening to the taste.' That is the text, so to speak, of the present essay. This discipline in scenery, it must be understood, is something more than a mere walk before breakfast to whet the appetite. For when we are put down in some unsightly neighbourhood, and especially if we have come to be more or less dependent on what we see, we must set ourselves to hunt out beautiful things with all the ardour and patience of a botanist after a rare plant. Day by day we perfect ourselves in the art of seeing nature favourably. We learn to live with her, as people learn to live with fretful or violent spouses: to dwell lovingly on what is good, and shut our eyes against all that is bleak or inharmonious. We learn, also, to come to each place in the right spirit. The traveller, as Brantôme quaintly tells us, 'fait des discours en soi pour se soutenir en chemin;' and into these discourses he weaves something out of all that he sees and suffers by the way: they take their tone greatly from the varying character of the scene; a sharp ascent brings different thoughts from a level road; and the man's fancies grow lighter, as he comes out of the wood into a clearing. Nor does the scenery any more affect the thoughts, than the thoughts affect the scenery. We see places through our humours as through differently coloured glasses. We are ourselves a term in the equation, a note of the chord, and make discord or harmony almost at will. There is no fear for the result, if we can but surrender ourselves sufficiently to the country that surrounds and follows us, so that we are ever thinking suitable thoughts or telling ourselves some suitable sort of story as we go. We become thus, in some sense, a centre of beauty; we are provocative of beauty, much as a gentle and sincere character is provocative of sincerity and gentleness in others. And even where there is no harmony to be elicited by the quickest and most obedient of spirits, we may still embellish a place with some attraction of romance. We may learn to go far afield for associations, and handle them lightly when we have found them. Sometimes an old print comes to our aid; I have seen many a spot lit up at once with picturesque imaginations, by a reminiscence of Callot, or Sadeler, or Paul Brill. Dick Turpin has been my lay figure for many an English lane. And I suppose the Trossachs would hardly be the Trossachs for most tourists, if a man of admirable romantic instinct had not peopled it for them with harmonious figures, and brought them thither with minds rightly prepared for the impression. There is half the battle in this preparation. For instance: I have rarely been able to visit, in the proper spirit, the wild and inhospitable places of our own Highlands. I am happier where it is tame and fertile, and not readily pleased without trees. I understand that there are some phases of mental trouble that harmonise well with such surroundings, and that some persons, by the dispensing power of the imagination, can go back several centuries in spirit and put themselves into sympathy with the hunted, houseless, unsociable way of life, that was in its place upon these savage hills. Now, when I am sad, I like nature to charm me out of my sadness, like David before Saul; and the thought of these past ages strikes nothing in me but an unpleasant pity; so that I can never hit on the right humour for this sort of landscape, and lose much pleasure in consequence. Still, even here, if I were only let alone, and time enough were given, I should have all manner of pleasures, and take many clear and beautiful images away with me when I left. When we cannot think ourselves into sympathy with the great features of a country, we learn to ignore them, and put our head among the grass for flowers, or pore, for long times together, over the changeful current of a stream. We come down to the sermons in stones, when we are

shut out from any poem in the spread landscape. We begin to peep and botanise, we take an interest in birds and insects, we find many things beautiful in miniature. The reader will recollect the little summer scene in 'Wuthering Heights'—the one warm scene, perhaps, in all that powerful, miserable novel—and the great figure that is made therein by grasses and flowers and a little sunshine: this is in the spirit of which I now speak. And, lastly, we can go indoors; interiors are sometimes as beautiful, often more picturesque, than the shows of the open air, and they have that quality of shelter of which I shall presently have more to say.

With all this in mind, I have often been tempted to put forth the paradox that any place is good enough to live a life in, while it is only in a few, and those highly favoured, that we can pass a few hours agreeably. For if we only stay long enough, we become at home in the neighbourhood. Reminiscences spring up, like flowers, about uninteresting corners. We forget to some degree the superior loveliness of other places, and fall into a tolerant and sympathetic spirit which is its own reward and justification. Looking back the other day on some recollections of my own, I was astonished to find how much I owed to such a residence; six weeks in one unpleasant country-side had done more, it seemed, to quicken and educate my sensibilities than many years in places that jumped more nearly with my inclination.

The country to which I refer was a level and treeless plateau, over which the winds cut like a whip. For miles on miles it was the same. A river, indeed, fell into the sea near the town where I resided; but the valley of the river was shallow and bald, for as far up as ever I had the heart to follow it. There were roads certainly, but roads that had no beauty or interest; for as there was no timber and but little irregularity of surface, you saw your whole walk exposed to you from the beginning: there was nothing left to fancy, nothing to expect, nothing to see by the wayside, save here and there an unhomely-looking homestead, and here and there a solitary, spectacled stone-breaker; and you were only accompanied, as you went doggedly forward, by the gaunt telegraph-posts and the hum of the resonant wires in the keen sea wind. To one who had learned to know their song in warm pleasant places by the Mediterranean, it seemed to taunt the country, and make it still bleaker by suggested contrast. Even the waste places by the side of the road were not, as Hawthorne liked to put it, 'taken back to Nature' by any decent covering of vegetation. Wherever the land had the chance, it seemed to lie fallow. There is a certain tawny nudity of the South, bare sunburnt plains, coloured like a lion, and hills clothed only in the blue transparent air; but this was of another description—this was the nakedness of the North; the earth seemed to know that it was naked, and was ashamed and cold.

It seemed to me to be always blowing on that coast. Indeed this had passed into the speech of the inhabitants, and they saluted each other when they met with 'Breezy, breezy,' instead of the customary 'Fine day' of further South. These continual winds were not like the harvest breeze, that just keeps an equable pressure against your face as you walk, and serves to set all the trees talking over your head, or bring round you the smell of the wet surface of the country after a shower. They were of the bitter, hard, persistent sort, that interferes with sight and respiration, and makes the eyes sore. Even such winds as these have their own merit in proper time and place. It is splendid to see them brandish great masses of shadow. And what a power they have over the colour of the world! How they ruffle the solid woodlands in their passage, and make them shudder and whiten like a single willow! There is nothing more vertiginous than a wind like this among the woods, with all its sights and noises; and the effect gets between some painters and their sober eyesight, so that, even when the rest of their picture is calm, the foliage is coloured like foliage in a gale. There was nothing, however, of this sort to be noticed in a country where there were no trees, and hardly any shadows, save the passive shadows of clouds or those of rigid houses and walls. But the wind was nevertheless an occasion of pleasure; for nowhere could you taste more fully the pleasure of a sudden lull, or a place of opportune shelter. The reader knows what I mean; he must remember how, when he has sat himself down behind a dike on a hill-side, he delighted to hear the wind hiss vainly

through the crannies at his back; how his body tingled all over with warmth, and it began to dawn upon him, with a sort of slow surprise, that the country was beautiful, the heather purple, and the far-away hills all marbled with sun and shadow. Wordsworth, in a beautiful passage of the 'Prelude,' has used this as a figure for the feeling struck in us by the quiet by-streets of London after the uproar of the great thoroughfares; and the comparison may be turned the other way with as good effect:—

> 'Meanwhile the roar continues, till at length,
> Escaped as from an enemy, we turn
> Abruptly into some sequestered nook,
> Still as a sheltered place when winds blow loud!'

I remember meeting a man once, in a train, who told me of what must have been quite the most perfect instance of this pleasure of escape. He had gone up one sunny, windy morning, to the top of a great cathedral somewhere abroad; I think it was Cologne Cathedral, the great unfinished marvel by the Rhine; and after a long while in dark stairways, he issued at last into the sunshine, on a platform high above the town. At that elevation, it was quite still and warm; the gale was only in the lower strata of the air, and he had forgotten it in the quiet interior of the church and during his long ascent; and so you may judge of his surprise when resting his arms upon the sunlit balustrade and looking over into the *Place* far below him, he saw the good people holding on their hats and leaning hard against the wind as they walked. There is something, to my fancy, quite perfect in this little experience of my fellow-traveller's. The ways of men seem always very trivial to us, when we find ourselves alone on a church top with the blue sky and a few tall pinnacles, and see far below us the steep roofs and foreshortened buttresses, and the silent activity of the city streets; but how much more must they not have seemed so to him as he stood, not only above other men's business, but above other men's climate, in a golden zone like Apollo's!

This was the sort of pleasure I found in the country of which I write. The pleasure was to be out of the wind, and to keep it in memory all the time, and hug oneself upon the shelter. And it was only by the sea that any such sheltered places were to be found. Between the black worm-eaten headlands there are little bights and havens, well screened from the wind and the commotion of the external sea, where the sand and weeds look up into the gazer's face from a depth of tranquil water, and the sea-birds, screaming and flickering from the ruined crags, alone disturb the silence and the sunshine. One such place has impressed itself on my memory beyond all others. On a rock by the water's edge, old fighting-men of the Norse breed had planted a double castle; the two stood wall to wall like semi-detached villas; and yet feud had run so high between their owners, that one, from out of a window, shot the other as he stood in his own doorway. There is something in the juxtaposition of these two enemies full of tragic irony. It is grim to think of bearded men and bitter women taking hateful counsel together about the two hall-fires at night, when the sea boomed against the foundations and the wild winter wind was loose over the battlements. And in the study, we may reconstruct for ourselves some pale figure of what life then was. Not so when we are there; when we are there such thoughts come to us only to intensify a contrary impression, and association is turned against itself. I remember walking thither three afternoons in succession, my eyes weary with being set against the wind, and how, dropping suddenly over the edge of the down, I found myself in a new world of warmth and shelter. The wind, from which I had escaped, 'as from an enemy,' was seemingly quite local. It carried no clouds with it, and came from such a quarter that it did not trouble the sea within view. The two castles, black and ruinous as the rocks about them, were still distinguishable from these by something more insecure and fantastic in the outline, something that the last storm had left imminent and the next would demolish entirely. It would be difficult to render in words the sense of peace that took possession of me on

these three afternoons. It was helped out, as I have said, by the contrast. The shore was battered and bemauled by previous tempests; I had the memory at heart of the insane strife of the pigmies, who had erected these two castles and lived in them in mutual distrust and enmity; and knew I had only to put my head out of this little cup of shelter, to find the hard wind blowing in my eyes; and yet there were the two great tracts of motionless blue air and peaceful sea looking on, unconcerned and apart, at the turmoil of the present moment and the memorials of the precarious past. There is ever something transitory and fretful in the impression of a high wind under a cloudless sky; it seems to have no root in the constitution of things; it must speedily begin to faint and wither away like a cut flower. And on those days the thought of the wind and the thought of human life came very near together in my mind. Our noisy years did indeed seem moments in the being of the eternal silence: and the wind, in the face of that great field of stationary blue, was as the wind of a butterfly's wing. The placidity of the sea was a thing likewise to be remembered. Shelley speaks of the sea as 'hungering for calm,' and in this place one learned to understand the phrase. Looking down into these green waters from the broken edge of the rock, or swimming leisurely in the sunshine, it seemed to me that they were enjoying their own tranquillity; and when now and again it was disturbed, by a wind-ripple on the surface or the quick black passage of a fish far below, they settled back again (one could fancy) with relief.

On shore, too, in the little nook of shelter, everything was so subdued and still, that the least particular struck in me a pleasurable surprise. The desultory crackling of the whinpods in the afternoon sun usurped the ear. The hot, sweet breath of the bank, that had been saturated all day long with sunshine and now exhaled it into my face, was like the breath of a fellow-creature. I remember that I was haunted by two lines of French verse; in some dumb way they seemed to fit my surroundings and give expression to the contentment that was in me; and I kept repeating to myself—

'Mon cœur est un luth suspendu,
Sitôt qu'on le touche, il résonne.'

I can give no reason why these lines came to me at this time; and for that very cause I repeat them here. For all I know, they may serve to complete the impression in the mind of the reader, as they were certainly a part of it for me.

And this happened to me in the place of all others where I liked least to stay. When I think of it I grow ashamed of my own ingratitude. 'Out of the strong came forth sweetness.' There, in the bleak and gusty North, I received, perhaps, my strongest impression of peace. I saw the sea to be great and calm; and the earth, in that little corner, was all alive and friendly to me. So, wherever a man is, he will find something to please and pacify him: in the town he will meet pleasant faces of men and women, and see beautiful flowers at a window, or hear a cage-bird singing at the corner of the gloomiest street; and for the country, there is no country without some amenity—let him only look for it in the right spirit, and he will surely find.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XII.—Nicolas Maes. (1632–1693.)

The Dutch Housewife.

ETCHED BY P. RAJON.

THE *Dutch Housewife* is a good example of Dutch genre painting, a class of painting somewhat stigmatized by this French term, as a style conferring little honour on the artist, although it nevertheless affords a field for both the highest technical excellence and the purest pathos. So, therefore, the full expression, *Peintre du genre bas*, can only be admitted to be true, relatively to the comparative rank convention gives to the various classes of painting. To represent a scene of ordinary domestic life is considered a far easier performance than the reproducing in colour an imaginary scene from the poet or the historian; if the two things are really done, this may be a fair estimate of the respective achievements. But what if one is thoroughly accomplished and the other is only attempted, if the *historical* or *poetical* scene is really a mere piece of affectation and a failure? then, surely, the ranks change, and the higher work of art is the genre picture, or faithful domestic scene: the only thing, perhaps, that can be positively predicated of the historical scene is, that it certainly did not happen as it is represented. There is something a little less uncertain in the poetical subject, for this may be so fair a representation of the theme taken in hand as to fully realise in the spectator the sentiment attempted to be depicted.

A genre picture, then, does not necessarily mean a picture of a low subject, but an ordinary domestic incident which belongs to no class of painting in particular; a picture that is neither portrait, history, poetry, nor landscape, but is of a kind undefined, *de genre*. The Greek term 'rhyparography,' or, literally, dirt-painting, was a term of contempt, applied to the commonly low subjects of many pictures of this class, and not to the painters or their style of painting. There are certainly many Dutch pictures to which the Greek term might be very appropriately applied.

Nicolas Maes, though we have no special account of him, was a painter of extraordinary skill. Houbraken has preserved a few of his dates, and tells us that he was one of the numerous school of Rembrandt: beyond this, we know almost nothing of him. Maes was born at Dort in 1632, and to have been Rembrandt's scholar he must have visited Amsterdam as a youth, for he was little more than a youth when a perfect master at Dort. Two of the works in the National Gallery by this master, the *Housewife* and the *Idle Servant*, bear the date 1655, when Maes was therefore in his twenty-third year only. Such perfect finish seems almost marvellous in so young a master, for the whole technic of these pictures is masterly; with a treatment of chiaroscuro worthy of Rembrandt himself: the colouring also is deep and vigorous, and equally good the drawing.

Maes was an admirable portrait-painter, and so sought after that Dort did not give him sufficient scope; he moved, therefore, in 1678, to Amsterdam, and there settled for the remainder of his life. He died in 1693, having suffered much from gout during his last few years; tempted,

perhaps, by his great success, to live in a much more generous style than was quite good for him. He died, leaving very many unfinished portraits in his studio. There are a few etchings by Maes. His name is sometimes written Maas, and sometimes Maes; the latter form is that adopted in the two signed examples in the National Collection: the pronunciation is the same either way. The subject of the etching, *The Dutch Housewife*, is one of a pair of small panels bequeathed to the National Gallery in 1838 by Lord Farnborough. The housewife is seated under a window scraping a parsnip; a child standing by her side is watching her with much interest: on a small dwarf cupboard on her right is standing the favourite Dutch kruik, or beer-jug, of blue-and-white earthenware, with a metal top. The effect of light and shade is powerful, but the colour is very quiet, being little more than white, grey blue, and a dull red—the red being the cullender into which the scraped parsnips are put.

The companion picture, the *Cradle*, of nearly the same dimensions, is somewhat richer in colour. A little girl is rocking a child to sleep in a cradle on the floor, by the side of a table, which is covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and on this carpet are an open book and another blue-and-white earthenware jug—a very effective object.

The *Housewife*, on wood, is 13½ inches high by 11½ inches wide. It is signed and dated, 'N. MAES, 1655.'

R. N. WORNUM.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

BIDA'S GOSPELS.*—THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS.—ROMAN IMPERIAL PORTRAITS.

AT the end of our notice of Unger's 'Etchings after Frans Hals' we mentioned the name of Rajon, as another eminent living artist applying himself to the finished reproduction of painters' works. We did so, remembering his lovely little subjects after Meissonier, and also his *Herodia*, the small but perfectly admirable rendering of Regnault's picture, so characteristic of that morbid painter whose career was destined to be cut short by the rifle-bullet. The readers of this journal do not need to be told there are others equally deserving of mention, and this superb English edition of the Gospels, illustrated from the designs of Bida, gives us specimens of the powers of many more.

The term applied to this work in the official report of the Vienna Exhibition, 'magnificent,' has been repeated frequently since, and we must repeat it again; these volumes being, in all material respects, a triumph. The woodcutting of the decorative vignettes, clear and sharp as if cut in steel, a kind of wood-engraving peculiar to Germany—at least it was so a few years ago—the printing, and the luxurious style of publication, are remarkable, and give the art of Bida and his engravers every advantage.

The character of M. Bida's design, however, his point of view of Scripture history, the sentiment of his work, and his power as an artist applying himself to the highest things, are the important matters. And here we find the work of very great interest, expressing so completely as it does the age in which we live, and having the very stamp of the time, the third quarter of the nineteenth century. It is now much more than a half century since a renaissance and new life began in the pictorial treatment of the life of Christ. Before that, it could not be worse; vapid to an extreme degree in England, and extinct in France. Our readers may remember the anecdote of David, at the head of all æsthetics in the latter country at the very beginning of the century. He was reluctantly persuaded to paint a sacred subject, wherein he represented our Lord under the action and expression of a Roman general, and excused himself with a sublime affectation, by saying 'he knew how it would be, he had no sympathy with such a character!' The new life proceeded from Germany, and was unhappily

* 'The Gospels. Bida's Illustrations.' Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. London, 1874. Second vol. St. Matthew.

connected with an Ultramontane tendency in the minds of some of the painters, and an unintellectual reproduction of the art of Ghirlandajo, Fra Angelico, and others. Allied with this, and in all walks of Munich art, there was great dignity and style, but withal a cold academic superiority which the world passes by with indifference. All this is now gone, and the school that has succeeded it, of which Director Piloty may be said to be the head, and to which we may ascribe M. Bida's art, is naturalistic and dramatic. Further than this, the Bible history, not only that in the Old Testament, as in the hands of Vernet after his journey to the East, but the Saviour Himself, the Holy Family and Apostles, have taken on an ethnological and Oriental clothing, which is exceedingly difficult to harmonise with the ideals of divinity and inspiration. This has been carried to its extremest limit only by one able painter, whose last picture, *The Shadow of Death*, or foreshadowing of the Cross, has been so attractive. But after all, in painting James and John, we must represent Apostles, not fishermen; and in representing Jesus of Nazareth, we must try to represent the divinity as well as the manhood. M. Bida, like M. Doré, does this, but in a conventional way. Perhaps we may ask, Has it ever been done in any other way?

To turn to the etchings. We find nearly a dozen different artists employed, and throughout the work of all these various hands—all exceedingly skilful and well educated—there prevails a common style, a similar treatment, preserving the unity of the work. Every nationality has its physiognomy in art as in life, each has its ideal, so that we know at once by intrinsic evidence to what school of thinking, as well as of painting, any figure and face of the Saviour belongs, and through what moral atmosphere the expression thereof has been seen. This speculation, however interesting, cannot be followed in the short space at our disposal. All we can do is to mention some of the etchings that strike at first sight as of extraordinary excellence. The best-known names in the volume now before us, 'The Gospel of St. Matthew,' are those of Flameng and Henriette Brown, the former of whom is represented here by many plates. Some of these show the most skilful treatment, indeed a mastery beyond all praise. That, for example, illustrating the tenth chapter, 'When ye come into an house, salute it,' showing the door opened for the visitor, with the scorching Eastern sunshine falling in, and crossing the face of the host, all the other figures being in shade with refracted lights, is very charming. Others by both these artists should be mentioned, did space permit; that of the *Transfiguration* is extraordinarily effective, both Bida and Flameng being there at their best. *The Beheading of John the Baptist*, by Veyrassat, is also very novel in design and admirable in execution. There is another we cannot help referring to, as one of the very best pieces of modern etching we know,—*The Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins*, a composition showing the five dark figures of the foolish shut out under the portico of a house, dimly lit by the moon. There is no index to the names, and that of the etcher of this plate is too indistinct to be read, but it deserves to be commemorated with special praise.

'The Bavarian Highlands.'* This is a large volume, fully illustrated on wood, mainly by landscape-painters, showing how much our English taste for mountain scenery is shared by southern Germans. It is more than this, as the landscape-painter in Munich goes through the same academic training as the figure-painter: so he can give much more importance to the living inhabitants, human or quadruped. Thus a considerable number of the large and careful illustrations represent groups of the natives, or of the tourist-visitors, combined with or independent of the scenery.

The district traversed is not so interesting, on the whole, as Switzerland; but, on the other hand, it is not so hackneyed. Indeed it is little known to us, splendid as it is, with mountains approaching Mont Blanc in height; such as the Zugspitze, the prospect from which extends from Carinthia into Switzerland, and from the Danube to the Italian border, and many lovely

* 'The Bavarian Highlands, and Salz Kammergut, profusely illustrated, with an account of the Habits and Manners of the People. By Herrn Schmid and Stieler.' Chapman & Hall. 1874.

lakes, such as the Starnbergersee, the Eibsee, the Walchensee. The most important drawings are by Raupp, Steffan, Closs, Höfer, and others. There is a chapter 'On the Animal and Vegetable World' of this limestone and dolomite region, mainly illustrated by L. Voltz, whose name is new to us, but who has a great deal of the power of Wolff, and a similar knowledge of the animals. In every German book of travels, and in every popular gossiping narrative, we are sure to find something about marriage; and here we have a very good design called *The Marriage Procession*, wherein an old woman is shaking hand with the bride, a *sonsy* lass, not one of the little ones celebrated in song for their enjoyment of the dance.

'The little ones are far the best,
They twirl and twist and whirl about
With never-failing zest.'

Mountaineers are fond of dancing. In the Scottish highlands, in former times, a few people of both sexes never met together without a dance. Here, in these Bavarian mountains, instead of the 'Highland fling,' they have an equally eccentric movement called the Schuhplattltanz, which is an imitation of the wood-grouse peculiar to the district. In spring, it seems, this entertaining lover is seen performing a sustained circular dance, till he sometimes topples over with fatigue! Every chapter being illustrated, it will be seen the work is considerably varied in its interest.

'Roman Imperial Profiles.'* We seized this book with avidity, the idea on which it is based being an excellent one, and one that has been attempted to be partially carried out from the days of Goltzius. The effigies on coins, indeed, furnish us with the most trustworthy authorities for the profiles of many illustrious Romans of the best time of the art, and in a considerable number of cases, especially of ladies, afford the only portraits remaining. The rarity of perfectly well-preserved coins, and the smallness of the heads upon them, make an enlarged consecutive series very desirable. This work begins with Pompeius Magnus, the Triumvir with Julius Cæsar, B.C. 60, and ends with Romulus, the son of Orestes, made Augustus and Emperor by his father in 475, about which time the coinage becomes entirely untrustworthy in respect to portraiture. Not only were the heads badly represented, they were not reliable, and the fashion began of frequently representing the front face—a singular thing, as this increased the artist's difficulty, just when that functionary was in rapid decadence. The series, therefore, comprehends five centuries. The later of these Cæsars, with their consorts and relatives, are comparatively little known, but are exceedingly interesting. Among these are four of Julian, called the 'Apostate,' and his wife Helena, the daughter of Constantine the Great. They appear here in the characters of Serapis and Isis, with the obscure legend, '*Deo Sarapidi*,' affording a curious glimpse of the confusion of ideas, theological and other, then prevalent. With regard to the way in which the good idea originating this volume has been carried out, by Mr. Lee and his artist Mr. Croft, we wish we could speak in more unqualified terms of praise. The attempt to reproduce portraits from antique sculptures or medals in a life-like modern manner has never been successful.

William B. Scott.

CHARING CROSS.

ETCHING BY L. GAUCHEREL, FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY I. W. INCHBOLD.

Mr. INCHBOLD, the well-known English landscape-painter, has during the last year or two executed a very interesting series of sketches upon the Thames and elsewhere in London. These sketches are in water-colour, and the colour is so important an element in them that no one who knows the originals will feel, at first, quite reconciled to a translation

* 'Roman Imperial Profiles, being a Series of more than One Hundred and Sixty Lithographic Profiles, enlarged from Coins.' Arranged by John Ed. Lee, F.S.A. F.G.S., Author of 'Isca Silurum,' and Translator of Keller's 'Lake Dwellings.' Longman & Co. 1874.

in black and white; yet this is certainly preferable to the false tones of the chromo-lithograph. In the present instance there is not only the loss just alluded to, but as the translation is the product of another mind, the result is quite as much a Gaucherel as an Inchbold. However, the author of the original drawing intends at some future time (we hope, not very far in the future) to translate his own designs in etching—a task which even he will probably find to be one of considerable difficulty, for they have the qualities of a washed water-colour in perfection, and it is not likely that these qualities can be imitated in etching without some previous attempts and failures. There is a lightness, a transparence, about good water-colour sketching, such as that of Mr. Inchbold, which are not easily imitable with the point, though it may be possible to render them ultimately, as the great etchers have imitated some of the qualities of oil.

Mr. Inchbold interprets his subjects with great taste and feeling, idealising always to some extent, so that his drawings tend rather to a spiritual and not quite substantial conception of things, than to a material solidity; but in times of a vulgar yet powerful realism, this refinement is like poetry after prose. It is far, however, from making the artist blind to the grandeur or beauty of reality. Nothing can be more real and matter-of-fact than a railway station; yet Mr. Inchbold sketches Charing Cross from the opposite side of the river as if it were an artist's dream of some great monument of the past, and makes the station hotel relieve itself very grandly against a beautiful after-glow in the sky. In his interpretation of the Tower of London we recognise a tendency to the pale unsubstantiality of Turner's *Tower;* but we hope to speak more fully of this and other designs on a future occasion, when the author shall have succeeded in interpreting his own work on copper, and we may have the pleasure of presenting the result to our readers.

GREEK ART IN THE KIMMERIAN BOSPOROS.

(*Continued.*)

IN the number of the PORTFOLIO for October last I gave some account of the remarkable discoveries of Greek and Greco-Scythian tombs, which have been made in the neighbourhood of Kertsch, and in other districts which once formed part of the kingdom of Bosporos. It will be seen by reference to the Plates of the two Russian works to which I referred in my previous memoir, that of the antiquities found in those tombs a large proportion belong to the period when Greek art was still in its bloom—say from B.C. 350 to B.C. 320. Some few objects may be ascribed to the earlier part of the fourth century B.C.; but, with the exception of a single archaic vase found at Temir Gora, near Kertsch ('Compte rendu,' 1870–1, Plate IV.), none of the antiquities from these tombs can be considered earlier than the age of Pheidias.

The three principal classes under which these antiquities may be arranged are Fictile Vases, Jewellery, and other works in gold, silver, and bronze, and Gems. There are also terra-cottas, remains of furniture inlaid with ivory and otherwise richly ornamented, and various other miscellaneous antiquities.

From the great care which has been taken by the Russian excavators to note, in every instance, what objects were found together in each tomb, and from the admirable exactness of the Plates and descriptions in the two Russian works already referred to, much light is thrown on the history of several branches of Greek art, respecting which our information up to the date of those Crimean discoveries was very imperfect. I shall endeavour in the following remarks to show how those several branches, and especially Fictile Art, the art of working in the precious metals, and gem-engraving, were developed contemporaneously in the fourth century B.C., and what characteristics they had in common.

To begin with Fictile Art. It is hardly necessary here to state that the interest of a Greek vase depends mainly on the picture with which it is adorned, and which was originally painted in black on a red ground, afterwards in red on a black ground. It is convenient to call both these primitive modes of painting monochromes, because, though other colours are sparingly introduced in the accessories, black or red constitutes the dominant colour of the figures. After a certain perfection of drawing had been attained in the later of these two styles, that in which the figures are painted in red, a great innovation took place in Greek Ceramography. White and other colours were introduced into the picture, not, as heretofore, sparingly and in subordinate details, but so prominently as to attract the eye and challenge comparison with the red; and the accessories were picked out with gold. It is evident that this innovation was due to the general development of the art of painting, which was brought about by Xeuxis and Parrhasios in the fourth, and by Apollodoros and Pamphilos in the fifth century. Through the influence of these great masters, aerial perspective and chiaroscuro came to be more generally studied, and more complicated foreshortenings and groupings were introduced. At first the change only affected mural and easel painting, but it would not be long before the subordinate art of Ceramography became subject to the same influence.

Up to the age of Pheidias, and probably for nearly a century after his time, the vase-painters kept strictly within the limits imposed upon them by the technical conditions under which they worked on fictile surfaces, and abstained, as a rule, in their designs from all combinations and groupings which could not be expressed without more chiaroscuro than was compatible with their simple monochrome outlines. Hence, in the earlier vases with red figures, we seldom see any part of the body foreshortened; and there is a marked preference for the profile view of the face, and for isolated figures rather than for groups when the limbs cross each other. It was probably about B.C. 350 that the vase-painters began to adopt the new style of drawing introduced by the great contemporary masters, and it is worth noting, that about the same time we find much bolder foreshortenings introduced in sculpture in relief, as, for instance, in the frieze of the Mausoleum; and in contemporary coinages some of the finest specimens of the engraver are heads in full face, as, for instance, the silver coins of Syracuse with the heads of Arethusa and Athene, those of Alexander of Pheræ, Amphipolis and Clazomenæ. So soon as the vase-painter began to introduce difficult foreshortenings and more intricate groups in his compositions, he was obliged, in order to make his design intelligible, to introduce more prominently colours which up to this time had been only applied to accessories, and thus it was that his style became polychrome instead of monochrome; and to heighten the effect he used gold, not as the mediæval painters used it, for a background, but to heighten the effect of subordinate details.

The new opaque colours and the gilding superadded to the original monochrome designs were much less permanent than the primitive red of the preceding style, and it is difficult in their present evanescent condition to judge of their original effect. It happens, however, that the British Museum possesses a specimen of this style, which, for beauty of composition and perfection of condition, is probably unsurpassed. I mean the vase found by Messrs. Biliotti and Salzmann in Camirus, in the island of Rhodes, to which I referred in my previous memoir, and which has been published by me with a Plate in the 'Fine Arts Quarterly' of 1864.

The polychrome picture on the obverse of this precious vase represents a well-known incident in the myth of Peleus and Thetis—the moment when Peleus, having succeeded in surprising the sea-goddess, seizes her in spite of her efforts to elude his grasp by sudden transformations.

The central figure in this composition, Thetis herself, is painted in opaque white, and the mantle which she is about to throw over her naked form is a kind of sea-green. Above her head flutters Eros, crowning Peleus with a diadem, the usual symbol of victory. He, too, has his body painted in opaque white, his wings being blue picked out with gold. The

cap of Peleus is gilt, but his body, and that of the several subordinate female figures on each side of the central group, are painted red, with no gilding except on the necklaces and armlets.

By thus reserving the white colour for the two figures round whom the main interest of the subject centres (Thetis and Eros), the painter has given due prominence and emphasis to the principal group; and this brilliant mass of colour in the centre of the composition may be considered as a sort of foreground, which helps to send back the eye to the two subordinate figures in the distance. Here we see the rude and simple expedient by which, in the absence of aerial perspective, the vase-painters indicated the background of their compositions. Figures more distant from the eye are always represented seated or standing on a higher level than figures in the foreground. Turning from the Camirus vase to the polychrome vases engraved in the 'Compte rendu,' we cannot fail to be struck with the remarkable resemblance, not only in the technical means employed, but also in the composition. I would here particularly invite attention to the following: (1.) A beautiful amphora ('Compte rendu,' 1859, Pl. III.), on which are two kindred subjects, Triptolemos sent forth by Demeter to till the ground, and the ascent from Hades of her daughter Kore, or Persephone, and the youthful Iacchos; which latter subject probably typifies the self-renewal of vegetation in the spring, and is thus obviously connected with the subject of Triptolemos on the obverse. (2.) The amphora (1865, Pl. IV.), of which the subject is Herakles killing a Centaur. This vase, which was found at Blitnitza, in the tomb of the priestess, is in the finest condition. Green colour appears on the garment of a female figure, and here, as on the Camirus vase, Eros is represented with blue wings. (3.) The amphora ('Compte rendu,' 1860, Pl. II.), having on one side Zeus on his throne, Athene, Nike, and Hermes.

The vases here compared are amphoræ of that particular form to which some archæologists assign the name Pelike; in the Plates of the 'Compte rendu' will be found many other specimens of polychrome vases of different forms. I would particularly draw attention to the two circular vases of the kind called Leikane ('Compte rendu,' 1860, Pl. I., and 1861, Pl. I.). On the covers of both are painted exquisite groups of female figures engaged in their toilette, with Loves fluttering about them. The nude forms, which are drawn with wonderful mastery and refinement, are painted white, some of the garments blue or variegated, and the wings of the Cupids blue.

In connexion with the polychrome vase pictures I would here notice another class of polychrome vases, which may be ascribed to the same period; those, namely, in which the composition was modelled on the vase instead of being coloured and gilt, or in which the vase itself was fashioned in some animal form more or less fantastic. The tombs near Kertsch have produced two marvellous examples of this class. One of these is a vase inscribed with the name of the artist, Xenophantos, an Athenian ('Compte rendu,' 1866, Pl. IV.), with a hunting-scene in relief. The figures, painted in several colours and gilt, are in Persian costume, with Persian names written over them. The other vase is a drinking-cup, fashioned in the form of a Sphinx ('Compte rendu,' 1870–1, Pl. I.). This appears from M. Stephani's description to be a most exquisite work, and in the finest condition. The colour of the body is a rich white, which, in the neck and face, passes into flesh colour by delicate gradations, so as to show a faint blush in the cheeks. The lips are dark red, the iris of the eye dark blue. The hair and tail are gilt. The head is encircled with a stephane, with gilt rosettes on a dark red ground. The wings are painted in transition shades of dark blue, light blue, and white. The ground on which the figure is seated is red. M. Stephani considers this to be the most beautiful representation of the Greek Sphinx which he has ever seen. The eyes, he remarks, have an indescribable charm, and the whole expression corresponds with the conception of the Sphinx as a being luring men to destruction by her fatal gift of beauty, which led the Greeks to liken her to those human sirens the Hetæræ.

It is interesting to turn from this description of the Crimean Sphinx to an example of the same type in the British Museum. In the splendid collection of rhytons recently purchased

from M. Castellani is a drinking-cup, fashioned in the form of a Sphinx, which was found in a tomb at Capua. This, too, has the body painted white, the ornaments gilt. It is exquisitely modelled and in the finest condition, but the style is rather more severe than that of the Sphinx in the Ermitage, and presents slight traces of archaicism.

Besides the vases which I have noticed are many others engraved in the 'Compte rendu,' for a notice of which I would refer the reader to the admirable memoir of the late Otto Jahn on the polychrome and gilt vases.* That distinguished archæologist agrees with M. Stephani in considering these vases to be of Athenian fabric, and to have been exported to the Crimea, Rhodes, and other places with which Athens traded, in the fourth century B.C. This opinion is grounded on the following reasons: In Athenian tombs are often found vases with similar polychrome and gilded designs, though these are generally on a smaller scale and less magnificent in their ornaments, as might be expected in vases not intended for exportation but for home use. Again, one of the vases from the Crimea is inscribed, as I have stated, with the name of an Athenian artist, Xenophantos. Moreover, vases similar in character have been found in the Cyrenaica, and from the same class of tombs were found a remarkable series of Panathenaic amphoræ, which bear the names of Athenian archons, and can hardly, therefore, be the product of any but Attic potteries. The date of these Panathenaic amphoræ, fixed by the names of the archons inscribed upon them, ranges from B.C. 367 to B.C. 313.

If we admit the polychrome vases to be probably of Athenian origin, the next question is their date. I am inclined to think that this style reached its acme about B.C. 350, and that some of the finest specimens published in the 'Compte rendu' may be of an earlier period, as M. Stephani believes. On the other hand, many of the smaller polychrome vases from Athens and Southern Italy are very inferior in their designs, and have a certain mannerism and effeminacy in the drawing, which belongs to the latter part of the fourth century B.C., when the decadence had commenced. This class of vases may for the most part, therefore, be assigned to the period between B.C. 350 and B.C. 300. If this date for the polychrome vases be admitted, we are justified in assuming that the greater part of the objects, such as terracottas, gold and silver vases, jewels, carvings in wood and ivory, which were found with them in the Crimean tombs, are of the same period. And here I must notice the great service which has been rendered to archæology by the Russian Government in entrusting these excavations to competent directors, who kept an accurate record of the contents of each tomb; a record which, unfortunately, has been seldom kept when tombs are explored by private enterprise. In the 'Compte rendu' we have, in the case of nearly every tomb, an exact description of all the objects found together; and the enlightened vigilance of a despotic government seems to have been very successful in preventing that dishonesty on the part of the workmen employed, which all excavators know to be a source of great anxiety and risk whenever the *auri sacra fames* is awakened by the sudden discovery of treasure in a tomb.

The record of the Crimean discoveries given in the 'Compte rendu' throws a new and welcome light on the history of ancient goldsmiths' work and jewellery, and also on that of gem-engraving. The personal ornaments found with the polychrome vases are certainly the finest specimens of ancient jewellery now extant. I have already described in my previous memoir some of the more striking objects, and I will now only point out the general characteristics of these ornaments. The gold is wrought with a delicacy which shows how well the artist understood its distinctive qualities of ductility, malleability, and incorruptibility; it is constantly inlaid with vitreous pastes, or enamels of various colours, but it is not so much the exquisite taste in the ornaments, or the delicate manipulation and incredible minuteness of the work, which calls for our admiration, as the consummate mastery of the modelling whenever repoussé work—the τορευτική of the Greeks—is used. I can best illustrate these remarks by reference to examples of ancient jewellery in the British Museum, which we may

* 'Ueber Bemalte Vasen mit goldschmuck.' Leipzig, 1865.

assign to the same age as the treasures of the Ermitage. The Melos necklace and the sceptre, from a tomb at Tarentum, are admirable specimens of that fine combination of filagree and vitreous enamels which characterises the Greek goldsmiths' art in the middle of the fourth century, and the bracelet and earrings from Capua, ornamented with lions' heads, are still more precious, as examples of repoussé work in its perfection.

Turning from these masterpieces of our own collection to the treasures of the Ermitage, we find (Pl. XII. *a* of the 'Antiquités du Bospore,' and Pl. II. of the 'Compte rendu' of 1865), two necklaces very similar in style to the Melian one in the British Museum. In these necklaces are one or more rows of pendents hanging from fine intersecting chains.

The fertility of invention of the Greek jeweller is shown in nothing more than in the variety of beautiful forms given to the earrings. Of these the Ermitage possesses an unrivalled collection, presenting so many different types that a systematic classification of them would be difficult. I would, however, mention two kinds which occur more constantly than the rest—the earrings formed of twisted wire, terminating at one end in the head of a lion or other animal, and the earrings attached to the ear by a hook, which is masked by a round disk. This disk bears generally a full face in relief, or some other subject suitable for a medallion. From the disk hang one or more little figures, which form the pendents. The figure most frequently preferred for these pendents is the little god of love; sometimes holding a phial and oinochoe in his hands, as if pouring a libation; sometimes playing on a musical instrument or unrolling a roll. Victories are also not unfrequently used as pendents. I have already noticed in the preceding memoir, the magnificent earrings of this class found in the Koul Oba ('Antiquités du Bospore,' Pl. XIX.), in which the disk is ornamented with the head of Athene, and those of the priestess ('Compte rendu,' 1865, Pl. II.); both pairs are too large to have been worn except on solemn occasions, when they must have been suspended to the head-dress. I would also note as exquisite specimens the pair ('Compte rendu,' 1870–1, Pl. VI. figs. 11, 12) composed of a rosette, from which hang three chains, the two outermost terminate in pendents; from the middle one hangs a goose, inlaid with granulated work about the feathers. In the centre of the rosette is a garnet, from which radiate leaves in blue enamel forming a star pattern. Another variety of this type is given ('Compte rendu,' 1868, Pl. I. figs. 1–3), in which the pendent is the goddess Artemis on a goat, with a torch in her right hand; the whole is so finely wrought, that the cunning hand of the goldsmith has not forgotten to adorn this minute figure with a necklace, a chain, and earrings: but perhaps the *chef-d'œuvre* of these exquisite subtleties is the earring ('Antiquités du Bospore,' Pl. XII. *a*. fig. 5), in which, below the disk, are two figures in a chariot with four horses, flanked by Victories, and below this group a crescent-shaped ornament, from which hang chains and pendent vases. The same combination of the crescent-shaped ornament is seen in the earring, Pl. XIX. fig. 4, of the 'Antiquités du Bospore.' Of the two classes of earrings here noticed, those terminating in lions' heads seem rather earlier than those with disks and pendents. Good specimens of both classes may be seen in the Gem Room of the British Museum.

In these personal ornaments the main effect is due to the combination of small figures and flowers in repoussé work, with fine filagree, granulated patterns, and vitreous inlays. Garnets are sometimes introduced, but in the best age of Greek art the jeweller obtained varied effects by his perfect mastery over the gold itself, and made comparatively little use of such precious stones as were then known, except in rings. From the Crimean tombs we learn that the favourite form of signet-ring in the fourth century was a scarab or scaraboid, mounted in a gold swivel ring, and having a subject in intaglio on the under side.

The collection of these in the Ermitage, which has been obtained from Greek tombs of the best period, furnishes a link in the history of gem-engraving which cannot be adequately supplied from other cabinets.

This lacune in the chronological sequence of gems is in some degree due to the fact

that hitherto collections have been formed principally from Italian sources, and contain for the most part only archaic scarabs or gems of the Roman and late Macedonian periods.

The gems from the Crimean tombs, from the fact that the circumstances of their discovery have been truly recorded, and that they have never been tampered with by modern engravers, have a special value from their authenticity, as well as from the beauty of their work. So far as I can judge from the few engravings in the 'Compte rendu,' these intaglios are characterised by a grace and simplicity of treatment such as might be expected in the best age of Greek art. I would particularly draw attention to the celebrated gem ('Compte rendu,' 1861, Pl. VI. fig. 10) on which a flying crane is cut in intaglio, with the name of the engraver, Dexamenos of Chios, inscribed over it, and the companion gem ('Compte rendu,' 1865, Pl. III. fig. 4), on which the crane is represented standing on one leg, as is the habit of these birds, and the same name is inscribed. The signatures on gems are so liable to forgery, that these two inscriptions from their perfect authenticity are of special interest. Another charming design is the Aphrodite suckling Eros on a gem, which has unfortunately suffered from the fire ('Compte rendu,' 1864, Pl. VI. fig. 1).

The more remarkable objects in repoussé work in the precious metals which have been obtained from tombs in the Crimea have already been noticed in my previous memoir, and therefore I will only allude in passing now to the buckler and quiver cover, from the Koul Oba, ('Antiquités du Bospore,' Pl. XXV. XVI.); the sphinxes which terminate the armlet (Ibid. Pl. XIII. fig. 1); the magnificent silver vase, with the frieze of Scythians taming horses, the gold scabbard, and the quiver, all from the tomb of a Scythian king ('Compte rendu,' 1864, Pl. I.–V.), and the kalathos, which formed the head-attire of the priestess of Demeter ('Compte rendu,' 1865, Pl. I.), on which a battle between Scythians and gryphons is represented in relief. Considering how liable repoussé work in gold is to be crushed in tombs, by the falling in of the roof and other accidents, it is marvellous that so many large works in this material should have been found in such fine condition. Of toreutic work in bronze these tombs seem to have yielded very little: at least, the only remarkable work in this metal, published by M. Stephani, is the relief on the mirror cover ('Compte rendu,' 1865, Pl. V.), representing Aphrodite embracing Eros. This seems to be beautiful work, more severe in style than any of the goldsmiths' work, and therefore probably of an earlier period; but it is difficult to judge of the character of this bronze, because the Plate is too much a facsimile of mere surface.

I have now noticed the principal heads under which the varied contents of these Crimean tombs may be arranged; but here and there in the Plates of the two Russian works which I have cited we get glimpses of other branches of Greek art, of which our knowledge hitherto has been little more than mere conjecture. Thus all students of ancient art have read how, about the middle of the fourth century B.C., Pamphilos, the great master of the Sikyonian school of painting, gave lessons in drawing on boxwood; but no such drawings had been seen by modern eyes till the discovery of the Koul Oba, where, as I mentioned in my previous memoir, fragments of an exquisite composition, graven in outline on boxwood, were found. (See 'Antiquités du Bospore,' Pl. LXXIX.) Again, there are some tantalizing notices of the lost works of the Greek painters in Pliny, and other ancient writers, but it has been reserved for Russian explorers to reveal to us what is believed to be a unique specimen of Greek mural painting in the fourth century B.C.; the female bust, surrounded by flowers, all painted in the natural colours on blue ground, a reduced facsimile of which forms the frontispiece to the 'Compte rendu' for 1865. Greek furniture, again, has been only hitherto known to us through the representations of scenes of domestic life on vases, but in the Crimean tombs have been found many precious fragments, showing how ivory inlays, gilding, and colour, were applied for the decoration of wood. (See 'Antiquités du Bospore,' Pl. LXXXI.–IV., 'Compte rendu' for 1866, Pl. I. II.)

In the foregoing remarks I have drawn attention only to the more beautiful and interesting objects in the collection of the Ermitage, without noticing the many rare and curious antiquities, of inferior merit as works of art, and evidently of later date, which are engraved in the two great Russian works here referred to. If, in studying these volumes, we confine our attention to those exquisite works of art which M. Stephani—justly, as it seems to me—assigns to the fourth century B.C., and to an Athenian source, we shall find in them characteristics which seem due to the influence of two contemporary schools, which, with much in common, had, in the judgment of ancient critics, essential differences. Throughout the Crimean antiquities here noticed, whether vases, terracottas, gems, or toreutic work, may be discerned the same perfect mastery of execution, the same refined taste, the same tempered luxury of ornament and self-contained richness of fancy, ever on the verge of the extravagant, but ever stopping short of it, as if restrained by some secret inner sense; but amid these common characteristics we may recognise differences in choice and treatment of subject which seem due to the influence of distinct though not antagonistic schools. Thus the great silver vase from the tomb near Nikopolis, with its frieze and projecting heads; the battle-scenes wrought in bold relief on the quiver and scabbard from the same tomb; the lions' heads, so nobly adapted as the general ornament of torcs and bracelets; the representations, in a word, of war and of animal life which so constantly recur in the works in metal from Crimean tombs, remind us of the characteristics of the school of Scopas, as we know them in the sculptures of the Mausoleum; while in the vases, the terracottas, and many of the smaller jewels, we seem to recognise that tender pathos of expression, that beauty of form, refined but not effeminate, appealing to the senses but not meretricious, which we believe to have been the attributes of the other great Athenian sculptor, Praxiteles, and which the painters, his contemporaries, probably shared with him.

C. T. NEWTON.

THE FORT OF ANDRESELLES AND THE RUE DU MACHICOULIS AT BOULOGNE.

ETCHED BY V. J. VAILLANT.

M. VAILLANT is an amateur of etching and an inhabitant of Boulogne, where he has found many subjects suitable for the exercise of his art. He has also produced a few plates in England and Wales. His manner of work appears to be founded more upon the study of old masters than upon contemporary art; this plate of the Fort of Andreselles looks quite as if it had been etched in the seventeenth century, and is equal to the good work of that time, in its rather quaint and simple way. M. Vaillant's etchings are always quite honest and unaffected in manner, and generally interesting from an intelligent appreciation of the subject, but his old-fashioned way of work differs greatly from the rather obtrusive cleverness of many contemporary aquafortists, and may sometimes hinder him in obtaining the recognition which he deserves. The following is a brief list of some of M. Vaillant's best plates.

1. *Porte Neuve et Tour Notre Dame, Boulogne.* Houses and trees on the town wall. Leafless tree in foreground. A luminous plate of very picturesque material, and well bitten.

2. *Tourelle sur les Remparts à l'ouest de la Porte des Dunes.* A vignette of a very good subject, simply executed, but rather overbitten, especially in a black cast shadow.

3. *Beaurepaire.* A little landscape, with farmhouse to the left, a clump of trees in the middle, and a church tower, with houses near it, in the distance, on the spectator's right. Very beautifully treated and luminous. Quite such work as the old masters would have approved.

4. *Porte Gayole, rue d'Aumont, Boulogne sur Mer.* An old Gothic city gateway seen from within, the gate open, showing a glimpse of landscape beyond. Thoroughly right in manner, full of simple and strong work, with an admirable effect of light.

The two plates we publish herewith, and the little plate of *Beaurepaire*, were exhibited, along with three others, in the Dudley Gallery this year.

THE SYLVAN YEAR.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF RAOUL DUBOIS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE is a time of the year, varying in date with the climate of different places, which is felt by all to be the richest and mellowest time, and that is when the wheat is garnered. The reapers go down from the hill-villages into the fertile plains, walking in bands through the sultry night when not a cloud obscures the starry sky, and the broad yellow harvest moon comes up in the east to light them. Many a league do they march, singing the old harvest songs, and at sunrise they are at work already in the ripe wheat, and their sickles are set to the harvest. O the toil and the endurance that are paid for the bread we eat! From dawn to dusk, in the full blaze of morning, noon, and afternoon, the reapers reap without ceasing, except their little half-hours for food, and in the late evening they load the harvest-wains. All that time they have to bend to their toil, with the heat of the earth in their faces and the heat of the sun upon their backs. Their food is poor indeed, and the wonder is how it supplies the waste of sweat and toil. And yet they all delight in the harvest-time, and keep to their work gaily with many a merry jest. The strength of the girls is surprising; often a girl will lead the line and keep up to her work quite steadily, which confirms the theory that women were made for labour. One of these strong girls was the subject of a picture by Jules Breton; but in his picture she has done with reaping, and sits apart from her companions, who are dancing, for they forget their fatigues in the dance. She has reasons of her own for not joining them; very likely some feeling of jealousy or disappointment; perhaps a certain youth may have invited another maiden, and now, according to peasant custom, is engaged to her for the whole evening. Jules Breton writes admirable verses, and in a little poem of his, which has been published, I find some stanzas which may refer to this very picture:—*

'Dans la poussière ardente et les rayons de flammes
Joyeusement, les mains aux mains, dansent les femmes,
Mais la plus belle rêve, assise un peu plus loin.
Elle est là seule . . . .'

No wonder that painters like the harvest-time, it is so rich in colour, and in the association of human life and labour with the bountiful gifts of nature. The toil that it brings is sweet and healthy toil, and the only labourers who are really to be pitied are the few weaker ones whose strength is hardly equal to the work. For the rest it is a time of merriment and gladness, a change of scene and of society for the labourers who come from a distance, and the pay is far higher than in ordinary times, which also disposes the heart of man to gaiety.

Wheat is almost sacred from the great service it yields to man, so that it is not surprising that the poets should speak of it with an especial tenderness and delicacy. Thus Alfred de Musset, in one of his most exquisite little songs, the 'Chanson de Fortunio,' compares the fairness of a fair lady to wheat, and with how pure a touch!

'Si vous croyez que je vais dire
Qui j'ose aimer,
Je ne saurais pour un empire
Vous la nommer.

* An etching from this picture appeared in the PORTFOLIO for May, 1874 (No. 53).

Nous allons chanter à la ronde
Si vous voulez,
Que je l'adore, et qu'elle est blonde
Comme les blés.'

And when Rossetti describes the *Blessed Damozel* in heaven, he can think of no more delicate comparison for her hair than to say that it was like ripe corn:—

'Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.'

A stalk of wheat is not a very strong thing; it can only just bear the weight of a very little bird, and even that seems wonderful till we reflect how light a small bird is, and how perfectly it is able to balance itself; and yet on these slender stalks what an enormous weight of bread-making material is carried! Many a great ship is deeply laden with it, many a granary-floor is covered till the great oak-beams visibly bend beneath the load! And what tons upon tons of it does the world needs! There are more or less acceptable substitutes, but always far inferior to the wheat that gives white bread. One of these, buckwheat, a cultivated polygonum, is now in much favour with the peasants, and ought to be with artists also, on account of its wonderfully rich colour. It is called *sarrasin* in France, because the Moors took it into Spain, whence it came northward. It grows easily on soil too poor for wheat, and you may now see many little fields of it up amongst the rocks in the poorer and wilder districts. Early in September it is in the full richness of its colour, the stalks being of a beautiful red, that is easily heightened when there are warm tones in the general light, which often happens at that season of the year.

Let us take a last look at the wild flowers before the season for them is quite over. We never could have omitted all mention of that handsome plant, the common soapwort, or *Saponaria*, which in August is prodigal of its large flowers, pink or nearly white, in dense corymbs at the summit of the stem. Every housewife in country places where the plant grows, and where people are simple enough and sensible enough to accept a benefit directly from nature without going to a shop for it, every housewife so situated well knows that to put this plant into her washing-tub is as good as a lump of soap. It grows abundantly by the streams here, so those two great aids to cleanliness, soap and water, are given by nature together. The saponaria is not only useful but beautiful: a stately, handsome plant, that holds quite an important place, especially on the little islets in the streams: but the pale tender colour of its flowers is not so conspicuous as the brilliant yellow of the senecio, for example, which abounds at the same season. However, it is not merely for brilliancy that a plant may have pictorial value: sometimes the very opposite of brilliancy may be the reason why a judicious artist would care for it. There is horsemint, whose pale cottony leaves are very valuable as a cool grey green. It makes great masses in some places, and has much the same qualities as the mullein, except as to the flowers; for whilst those of the mullein are of a fine lemon-yellow, the tiny flowers of horsemint merely make a sort of pale purplish grey. The flowers of common mint are much more visible, and have some effect in quantity. The large white umbel of the wild carrot is extremely common at this season, but cannot be said to add much to the beauty of foregrounds, except perhaps by giving a certain lightness. We must not omit that sacred plant, the vervein, which the Romans used in their religious ceremonies, and which in war-time was carried by heralds as the white flag of truce is now. The Druids had a great respect for it also, and only culled it after a sacrifice. This plant appears to make a great fuss at starting near the ground with very big leaves, to end meagrely at the top, where the twigs and flowers are so thin and small. The tiny pale violet flowers are, however, effective in the same way, though not to the same degree, as those of the forget-me-not. Sometimes they fill a ditch, for hundreds of yards, with their innumerable constellations.

One of the most beautiful and important of all aquatic plants is the amphibious polygonum. Its rosy flowers stand up boldly above the surface of the water, whilst its long

green leaves float upon it. This is a good plant to study for pictures that have a pond or a stream in the foreground, as it detaches itself well, and the flat leaves give a good horizontal surface, whilst the erect flower supplies a vertical object of the greatest use for contrast. There is a good contrast of colour, too, between the flower and the leaf.

It would be tiresome to prolong this into a mere catalogue, and the limits of these sylvan talks are nearly reached. Vegetation never stands still, but there is a time when it appears to pause, before the change towards decay. Yet even then the change has already begun, and you have only to look around you to find evidences of the coming destruction. In meadows and pastures the docks soon take their rich deep red of leaves and fruit, the stalks being yellowish streaked with red, and quite harmonious; they are a most important element of landscape. The curled dock makes especially magnificent colour, with its dark red stalks and leaves. Some of the leaves of hornbeam turn *pale* yellow, and others dark red. You have them pale yellow, dark red, and fresh green, quite on the same branch or twig. The juniper turns red altogether, much resembling the tint known to painters and colourmen as light red; but this happens capriciously, as it seems, to one plant, whilst others in the same place remain quite green as in summer. At the same time the bracken is just beginning to turn yellowish brown at the tips and edges of the leaves. The crude violet purple of the heather is entirely gone, and in its place we have a sad brown in the flowers. The leaves of the wild cherry-trees are beginning to turn red, and the robinia leaves are turning pale yellow. But where in all nature is there such a red as the vermilion berries of the rowan-tree, or mountain-ash, the *sorbier des oiseaux?* There are such prodigal quantities of it, too! I know a little village churchyard, with a tiny old grey church, and just along the wall there grows a row of rowan-trees that look like the trees in the garden of Aladdin when the fire of sunset is upon them; and there is a place near a mountain village where the road winds between an avenue of them—a sight to see in the autumn!

I spoke just now of vermilion berries bathed in the flame of sunset, and will add another observation about sunset-light. One of the finest sights in nature is a field of thistles in September, with the level rays of a golden sunset striking across and catching the down of the heads. The light is detained by them, and in them as it were, so that each thistle-head becomes a distinct source of light; not with glittering reflection like the ripples on water, but with a charming softness, as if the rays were entangled in meshes of floss silk.

The reader may think, that after saying so much about flowers I dismiss fruits very summarily; but it so happens that fruits (I use the word, of course, in the large botanical sense) are, as a general rule, less visible than flowers, and in these chapters we have talked almost exclusively of what is visible. Some fruits are conspicuous, like those of the rowan-tree lately mentioned; and the black, bitter fruit of the common cornel, or dogwood, is visible enough at the beginning of autumn in the hedges, the smooth leaves turning pale as the fruit ripens. The elder-berries are out at the same time, berries from which a wine is made greatly inferior to that from the flowers of the same tree. It may be mentioned as a little detail worth remembering for foreground colour, that the fruit of the blackberry is red before it turns black. The leaves of the bramble are, however, more important than the fruit, as they have quite a peculiar way of changing colour in autumn. Many of them turn bright red quite suddenly, whilst quantities of others will be spotted with dark purple. The isolation of the red leaves may be of use to an artist who wants an intense colour in small quantities. A very valuable cause of colour in some situations is the small polygonum, which, with its red stalk and leaves just turning yellow, produces the most beautiful dark gold in mass. The ferns begin to take autumnal colour rather capriciously; it seems to seize upon some leaves to the neglect of others, and these leaves will be entirely affected by it, passing from dark brown near the root to yellow at the end. One of the latest flowering plants is the fine polygonum called *Persicaria*, often nearly two feet high, with a red stalk and spikes of rosy flowers; but the stalk strikes the eye more than the flowers do. A very familiar plant, the wild hop, has an appearance at this season which bears some

resemblance to flowers. The scales of the spike become enlarged so as to entirely conceal the fruit; and these dry scales are visible in September as a pleasant light brown, the leaves being still green.

As we get deeper into autumn the changes of vegetation accelerate. The ferns turn red and yellow to begin with, to end in a uniform dry light red; generally the change is completed about the middle of October. Some trees turn yellow in places, a leaf or two at a time, like the walnut; the robinia does the same: indeed, in the robinia it is not by leaves but by leaflets that the process begins. Oak, birch and ash, begin by showing yellow leaves here and there, like a sudden attack of disease; but, considered as a whole, an ash-tree passes from green through pale yellowish-green to yellow. The poplar yellows all over gradually. Chestnuts at this time are much denuded of leaves; those which remain are green, or brown, or yellow, about one-third of each, and the yellow ones are often brown about their edges. Cherry and pear-trees give most of the red in the woods, the latter often reaching a bright scarlet, which tells with great effect in the distance. Some pear-trees turn darker than others, and there are often both vivid red and fresh green together on the same tree. So in hornbeam; you have pale yellow leaves and leaves of reddish gold, whilst the rest are fresh green. In beech there are three colours,—light red, yellowish red, and green. A few days later the pale yellow tinge of hornbeam is entirely gone, and has given place to a rusty brown. Meanwhile the willows remain still perfectly green.

Of foreground plants, the angelica may be mentioned for its important size. The leaves are but little seen, being for the most part low down upon the stem, but they become a very pale green, and turn whitish or yellowish, often also inclining to purple. At the same time the angelica becomes brown in the umbels, because the fruit is ripening fast; in doing which it turns from green to brown. A little later, the leaves turn pure Naples yellow. Once more, for the last time, we must mention the bramble, now most rich in colour with deep crimson or bright vermilion, passing to russet and green, and the abundant black fruit for a rich dark at the bottom of the scale. When the morning mists of October clear away and the bright sunshine succeeds, as it does regularly about eleven o'clock, all the blackberry leaves glitter in the bright light, and many of them show a coloured transparence like jewels. At the same time they are often covered with threads of gossamer, on which are hung millions of minute drops, each of them clearer than a diamond, and with a sparkle of light inside it. Even so late as this you may occasionally find a flower in all its perfection—the scabious, for instance—which preserves for us the memory of summer. A few honeysuckle flowers may be found in October, although the plant is generally in berry. The tall grasses become very beautiful at this season; the tufted hair-grass may be mentioned specially for the remarkable way in which it catches the light. Under the sun it seems full of warm yellow light, almost as if it were luminous by a light of its own; indeed the sunshine seems to get entangled amongst it as in the down of a thistle, and this often gives great splendour to a foreground, but the effect is to be seen only when you are looking towards the sun.

Here, perhaps, it is well that these notes should come to an end, for we began them with the late autumn, and have now completed our cycle. Our year of retirement, our *sylvan year*, is drawing to its close, and we leave the Val Ste. Véronique to return to the outer world. We always begin by expecting too much from the time that lies before us, as if the experience of the past were not there for a warning, with its long list of schemes unrealised, its losses (especially of time), and its disappointments. When I came with Alexis to our lonely house in the valley I expected more from this space of calm and peace than it appears to have yielded now that it lies behind me in a retrospect. 'A year,' I thought, 'will do much towards the healing of my sorrows, and in a year I can learn much, and acquire a beneficial influence over Alexis.' But what is a year in the life of a mature man? All the old impressions remain just as vivid after it as before, and the more painful they were then, the more vivid they are now. Still the study of nature has been good for me, and it is agreeable to have renewed or increased one's acquaintance with the sylvan world. My plans for doing something in science, and art, and literary study,

were larger than my powers of realisation in so limited a space of time; however, they have constantly and not unprofitably occupied me. The paternal scheme, with reference to Alexis, has been farther from any perfect realisation than the others. I had counted upon his companionship in my pursuits, and hoped that I might be able to teach him a good deal without his suspecting that he was being instructed; but he very soon found this out, and by calling everything a lesson compelled me to fix regular hours for study, exactly as if we had been master and pupil at a school: in fact, he called them 'school-hours,' and asked for his liberty at other times, or took it. He had full holiday on Thursday and Saturday, on which days I was in no danger of being disturbed by him, for he never made his appearance, but went great distances on foot with my keeper (who had been known as a famous poacher under the nickname of 'the Weasel'). In a word, I discovered that my didactic propensities must be greatly restrained if I did not wish to frighten this young bird away into the woods altogether. On the other hand, it was impossible to suspend his education for twelve months. In this perplexity I took a neighbour (who lived ten miles off) into my confidence, and he recommended a private tutor for the young gentleman. The plan seemed feasible, and the more so that there were so many spare rooms at the Val Ste. Véronique; so one day a young abbé arrived who knew, I suppose, what every abbé knows, but who was utterly incapable of conversation, and replied always in monosyllables, with a modesty that was perfectly irritating. My dinner-table had been tolerable with Alexis, when I did not put him out of humour by attempting to convey instruction to his mind; but it was not tolerable with the abbé, and the long spaces of silence must have been as uncomfortable to him as to me, for he made a request that he might be served in his own apartments—a relief both to him and me. He had not been accustomed, however, to solitude, so that the silence of the big house, where we never heard anything but the whistling of the wind, or the cry of a bird or wild animal in the forest, ended by preying upon his mind, and one day, pale with terror, he declared he had seen a ghost, and announced his sudden departure. From a malicious look of Alexis I suspected that he knew more about the ghost than he chose to tell; however, the abbé left us with an unearthly expression on his otherwise not very interesting physiognomy, and when he was gone I attempted to resume my former office of pedagogue. My young pupil, however, affirmed that it was now the long vacation, when nobody learned anything, and no sooner had the shooting season begun than he got himself invited to a château twenty miles off, where, with a merry party of young gentlemen, he did nothing but shoot from morning till night. I was vexed with him at first for his indifference to learning, his insensibility to the melancholy events which had happened in our family, and his pleasure in escaping from my own paternal society; but a little reflection soon set me right on these points. His was not the age when learning of any kind is a solace or a pleasure, nor does the fortunate elasticity of youth accept any bereavement, however terrible, as a sufficient reason for perpetual sadness; whilst as to the charms of my own society, I quite understood that a lad who for nine months had sat at table opposite to a grave old face like mine, might wish to see younger faces and merrier. However, I confess that what Alexis learned during our time at the Val Ste. Véronique was not of a very intellectual nature. He picked up a good deal of natural history from the keeper, and acquired something of the knowledge which distinguishes Red Indians—at least in Cooper's novels; and he educated his legs, for he became an excellent pedestrian. All this is excellent in its way; but another year of our wood-life would turn the boy into a half-savage, and unfit him for any other society than that of his dear friend, the Weasel. So our experiment of sylvan retirement is not likely to be repeated, except for briefer spaces. We may, in the future, permit ourselves the enjoyment of sylvan weeks or months, but this long stay in the Val Ste. Véronique will remain alone in our memory as—THE SYLVAN YEAR.

P. G. HAMERTON.

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